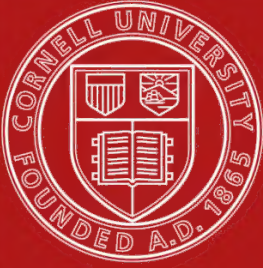


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LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON.





L I F E
OF
A N D R E W J A C K S O N.
IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY JAMES PARTON,
AUTHOR OF "LIFE OF AARON BURR," "HUMOROUS POETRY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE," ETC.

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"DESPERATE COURAGE MAKES ONE A MAJORITY."  
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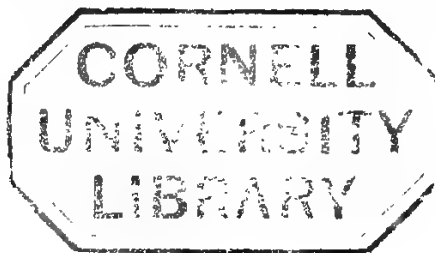
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CHAPTER I.

NEW ORLEANS.

ONE would have thought to find the entrance to the great Valley of the Mississippi far more imposing than any of our continent's Atlantic portals, such as New York harbor, Delaware bay, the Chesapeake, the St. Lawrence. It might, at least, have been expected that such a river as the Mississippi would have poured itself into the sea with a certain grandeur and decision. Once it may have done so. Forty thousand years ago, as Sir Charles Lyell computes, when whales sported where now the alligators of the Delta bask in the sun upon wet land, when the line of Gulf coast was two hundred miles north of where it now is, and the river's mouth was near the bluffs of Baton Rouge, the Father of Waters may have ended his wonderful course in a manner answerable, in some degree, to his volume and importance. Not so in these latter centuries.

When the geologist just named was pursuing his researches at the mouth of the Mississippi, an old pilot pointed out to him an island where, he said, deer could be found, and which he described as "*very high land.*"

"How high above the sea?" asked the innocent geologist.

"*Three or four feet,*" was the pilot's reply.

And thinking it unreasonable to expect a stranger to believe so startling an assertion on the credit of a single individual, he appealed to the bystanders for confirmation.

"It 's all that," said one of them; "for it was only just covered during the great hurricane."

It is such a dead level throughout the Delta of the Mississippi that the forests, as seen in the distance from the river, look like a line of highlands. In all Louisiana there is not a hill two hundred feet high. The streets of New Orleans are only nine feet above the level of the Gulf of Mexico.

The Mississippi is apparently the most irresolute of rivers; the bed upon which it lies cannot long hold it in its soft embrace. Wearing away the concave side of its numberless bends, rushing through new channels, slicing off acres in an hour, leaving lakes where it found forests, holding dissolved in its yellow tide land enough for a plantation, and carrying down in one season more trees than the Black Forest can boast, it reaches at last the Delta—that cesspool and general emptying-place for half a continent. Arriving there with its deep, narrow volume of waters—two hundred rivers in one—it can no longer contain itself, but breaks into several channels, and pushes its way through the black ooze of its own depositing, in a manner which looks helpless and sprawling, but which is in reality the shortest and directest way by which that prodigious torrent could find its way to the deep waters of the Gulf. There are so many streams, bayous, lagoons and branches of the great river in the Delta, that it looks on the map like a damaged spider’s web, with New Orleans in the midst thereof representing the spider.

This dismal and amphibious region, this great Slough of Despond, is the crowning marvel and mystery of the Mississippi river. It is a forming world. Nature is there, as at Niagara, caught in the act. That dreary scene of impassable swamp, trembling prairie, firm prairie through which men dig for fish, stagnant bayou, rank reeds, dense forest, and habitable land, is geology transacting openly before men’s eyes. The materials with which nature works are lying about loose, subject to inspection. Dead level as it is, the mass of deposited matter is inconceivable. They have bored down into the Delta six hundred feet, without piercing through to the original bottom of the Gulf; finding still the trunks and stumps of forests that once waved their foliage over the

stream. Yet nearly the entire mass is as incohesive as when the river first left it on the shore.

The explanation of the simple process by which a narrow strip of land along the banks of the main river became, in the progress of ages, firm enough for man's uses, will best describe the scene of the events about to be related. The banks of the Mississippi in the Delta, says Lyell, are higher than the swamps adjacent, because, when the river overflows, the coarser part of the sediment is deposited first where the speed of the current is first checked. "The water usually runs there with a gentle current among herbage, reeds and shrubs; and is nearly filtered of its earthy ingredients before it arrives at the swamps." Thus, the features of the scene along the river are four in number: first, there is the river itself, half a mile wide; secondly, the levee, or edge of the river banks, now increased in height and breadth by the hand of man; thirdly, a strip of arable, rich land, a mile wide; fourthly, the swamp, impassable, though thickly wooded. That long strip of firm land, pleasant now to look upon, with its planters' villas and fields of sugar, is the wealth of the Delta. Except where the city interrupts, it was and is a series of plantations, which usually extend from the river to the swamp, and are separated from each other by canals, ditches and fences.

Water, water everywhere; not only on, under, and in the earth, but in the air also. The water of the river, flowing down from colder regions, meets in the Delta the south wind from the Gulf. Fog is the instantaneous result. In the winter months, fogs of the densest description frequently overspread the river and the line of plantations, coming and going with the south wind. In a few minutes every object is hidden from view. As speedily, when the wind changes or the warm sun rises, the mist breaks away and disappears. In all the affairs of man transacted during the winter months in this singular, unfinished region, whether those affairs be peaceful or warlike, fog plays an important part.

On the last of the great bends of the Mississippi, one hun-

dred and five miles from its mouth, in a part of the line of habitable land, selected originally by chance, but which proved to be the best spot in the Delta for a city, with the Mississippi in front of it, and those two large, shallow bays, called Lake Pontchartrain and Lake Borgne, close behind it, stands the city of New Orleans. It is, necessarily, a crescent city. Though it now extends back in one direction seven miles, yet it can never have a general breadth of more than two until the river has filled in the shores of Lake Borgne.

In 1814, when the cotton trade and sugar culture were in their infancy, and when no steamboat had yet ascended the Mississippi, New Orleans was neither a rich nor a populous city. It contained twenty thousand inhabitants. Its merchants were but petty traders, compared with the sugar lords and cotton kings of the present day. Nolte, the veracious, declares that not a merchant of New Orleans then possessed an independent capital of an amount sufficient for speculative operations in cotton. The war, moreover, had deprived the city of all its business, and nearly the whole population was reduced to idleness and ill humor. Of money there was so little in the city that dollars were cut into small pieces for change.

Yet New Orleans would have been a rich prize to the enemy. Cotton was then selling in England at two shillings a pound, and the manufacturing interest was beginning to be clamorous for a freer supply and lower prices. At New Orleans were stored one hundred and fifty thousand bales of cotton, the product of two years culture, worth in England more than half a million sterling ; all of which, a London ministerial paper informed the manufacturers of Manchester, would soon be thrown into the market. And so it was ; but not precisely in the manner hinted at in the London newspaper. Besides this vast store of cotton, there were ten thousand hogsheads of sugar in the city, worth a million and a quarter of dollars, and a great number of sea-going vessels lying along the levee, uninhabited, their seams yawning in the sun. As the attempt to capture New Orleans cost England

a million sterling, the expedition might have paid its expenses in mere plunder, if the attempt had succeeded.

The twenty thousand inhabitants of New Orleans—who and what were they? Precise information on this point can not be procured at this late day. French Creoles were the basis and majority of the population; an indolent, pleasure-loving race, devoid of enterprise, and hard to move from the luxurious routine of their existence. Many Spaniards were resident there, the relics of the ancient regime. But the American residents were the life and enterprise of the place; men of an adventurous cast of character, many of whom had left their native States for reasons which they were not accustomed to mention in polite companies. The rascals of all nations were largely represented. For fugitives and adventurers, it was the Texas of a later day, and the San Francisco of the present. And there was a floating multitude of sailors, merchants, supercargoes, and other miscellaneous individuals, detained in the city by the war, unemployed, restless, discontented.

It has been asserted a thousand times that the attachment of the Louisianians to the United States was neither general nor decided at this period. Governor Claiborne himself was of that opinion, which he communicated to General Jackson, and through him to history. Not only did the events of the succeeding winter gloriously disprove the charge, but investigation now enables us to show precisely how it arose.

Between Governor Claiborne and a majority of the legislature there existed a bitter and long-standing feud. It dated as far back as 1806, when the Governor gave deep offence to a large number of the people by zealously seconding the measures of General Wilkinson, in crushing the enterprise of Aaron Burr against Texas and Mexico. In 1812, when Louisiana was admitted into the Union, Claiborne was elected the first governor of the State, but soon found himself involved in fierce hostility with the legislature. A complete history of this difference would lead us too far from our

object, and would be alike needless and uninteresting ; but a single occurrence of the spring session of 1814 will suffice to show the state of feeling existing between the executive and legislative powers. The resignation of a judge left a vacancy on the bench of the supreme court, to supply which the governor sent a respectable nomination to the legislature. That body refused to confirm the nomination. A second name was sent in by the governor with the same result. A third, a fourth, a fifth nomination was made, and still the irate legislature refused to confirm. Then the legislature sent a name to the governor, intimating that *that* was the gentleman, and he only, who would be acceptable. The governor, resenting this interference with his prerogative, declined to nominate the legislative favorite. After a "stormy session of two months," the legislature adjourned, leaving the judgeship vacant, and Governor Claiborne in the worst possible humor.*

Each of these hostile powers had, as a matter of course, embittered partisans among the people. To this cause is partly to be attributed an event of which Governor Claiborne complains in one of his letters to Jackson. A requisition of a thousand militia had been made to assist in avenging the massacre of Fort Mims and reducing the Creeks to subjection. The militia refused, point-blank, to leave the State, alleging that the forces of Louisiana were no more than sufficient for its own protection. If the State should be invaded, of which there was danger, they would be found prompt to expel the invader, but until that occurred they should remain at home.

That the people and their rulers were divided among themselves ; that party spirit ran high ; that personal animosities were numerous and bitter ; that the old population distrusted the new settlers, and the new settlers the old population, *neither believing that the other would risk life and fortune in defense of their homes and country*, is evidently true. But that there was any considerable or respectable

* Letter from New Orleans in N. Y. Evening Post, summer of 1814.

party in the State ill-affected or disloyal to the United States, will never be asserted by any one who looks closely into the history of the period. Governor Claiborne, a worthy son of Virginia, a man of revolutionary ancestry, was entirely patriotic in his feelings and well-intentioned in his measures. The Legislature was factious and inefficient. It contained a strong French element, and the French are wanting in the legislative faculty. The people were divided among themselves, fond of their ease, incredulous of the threatened danger, distrustful of their rulers and of one another, and in such a temper generally that no power within themselves could reunite or rouse them to exertion.

Accordingly, nothing effective was done, or proposed, for the defense of the city as late as the middle of September. The British force that was beaten off and put to flight by the little garrison of Fort Bowyer could have taken New Orleans, if they had known exactly where to land, and by what road to march. They could have gone quietly into the public square of New Orleans and there encamped, without firing a shot or seeing an armed man.

The singular effects produced upon the official mind by the arrival of Jean Lafitte's pregnant packet of papers we have seen. The publication of those papers, however, about the 12th of September, had results of a different character. There was a man among the people of New Orleans who knew too well the character of the Barratarian chiefs not to believe implicitly their word, and too intelligent not to comprehend all the importance of their communications. That man, as before intimated, was Edward Livingston, the legal adviser of the Lafittes.

Edward Livingston plays a first part in the career of Andrew Jackson. They met upon the threshold of their public life, and it so chanced that at each of the three great crises of Jackson's life Edward Livingston was by his side, always his able, his faithful, his eloquent ally. He is a man whose character needs elucidation and should have it. He was a much abler and better man than most of the American statesmen whose

names are as familiar in our ears as household words. Touching his moral character, some evil things are said—many noble and heroic things are known. To his talents and energy all his contemporaries testify.

Born upon one of the hereditary estates of the Livingstons in the State of New York, his early career at the bar and in Congress gave promise of the most splendid results to himself and to his country. Among the young men who believed in Jefferson and democracy there was none whose services in battling with the reactionary ideas of Hamilton and Adams were more highly valued by Mr. Jefferson than his. His speech against the Alien Bill was printed on satin, and hung up in thousands of the taverns and parlors of the democratic States. He saw them himself in the western country years after the odious law was repealed. He was one of the intimates of Aaron Burr, and I infer, from several particular circumstances, as well as from the general course of his early life, that the showy character of Burr was not without its influence upon him. But this is only inference. Burr's lavish and wrong generosity, his fondness for dashing speculation, his skill in the subtleties of the law and the mysteries of politics, his interest in codifying, as evinced by his passionate admiration of Jeremy Bentham, his perfect courage and wonderful tenacity of purpose, I am reminded of in reading of the character and deeds of Edward Livingston. I see no credible traces of that laxity of moral principle, partly his own, partly belonging to his age, which marred much of Burr's career, and rendered his ruin irremediable.

Livingston, too, was a ruined man, when Burr *fell* at Weehawken. Returning from Congress in 1801, he was appointed by President Jefferson Attorney for the United States for the State of New York, and by the Governor of that State Mayor of the city; offices which yielded him a large revenue. It was Edward Livingston who, in 1803, as Mayor of the city, laid the foundation stone of our fine City Hall, in the presence of a vast assemblage, and gave, says the old newspapers, a hundred dollars as drink-money to the

workmen. During the prevalence of the yellow fever in New York, in 1803, the conduct of the Mayor was all that it could be of daring and humane. He kept a list of all the infected houses, and visited them every day, saving lives that have not yet all run their course. At length his own turn came. He was prostrated with the fell disease. "Then," he used to say,* "I received the reward of what I had done for the people. As soon as it was known that I was in danger, the street in which my house was situated was blocked by the crowd." Young people strove for the privilege of watching by his bed side, and every delicacy the city afforded was sent in to him. He recovered to find himself a defaulter to the general government to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, through the misconduct of his subordinates. He resigned both his offices; gave up his property; left his home and the scene of his early triumphs; and did what Aaron Burr ought to have done, but had not the moral strength to do; he went to New Orleans, and began again the practice of the law at the bottom of the ladder.

It was not difficult for a man of his endowments and celebrity to reach speedily the first position at the bar of the South-west. But he was in search of rapid fortune, and engaged in a great land speculation, which embroiled him with Jefferson, involved him in long litigation, and made him unjustly odious to the Creoles of New Orleans. Sympathizing, as it appears, with the schemes of Burr for the conquest of Mexico, he led the American residents in their opposition to the high-handed measures of Wilkinson in crushing that enterprise, and defended the confederates at the bar. He gave the Lafittes the aid of his legal talents; and the moral feeling of that time does not seem to have revolted at the connection between those smugglers and a man who had been a conspicuous member of Congress, and was the leader of the bar and of the society of New Orleans. Nolte, it is true, speaks of Livingston as a man of no principle, and retails

* Democratic Review, vol. viii.

much scandal respecting his alleged sharp and unscrupulous practice of the law. But Nolte, besides being evidently the mere echo of the floating gossip of New Orleans, is a man who is incapable by nature of uttering, because he is incapable by nature of knowing, the unadulterated truth.

But if the professional life of Edward Livingston presents him sometimes in a doubtful light, his public actions seem to be altogether great and noble, and worthy of his honorable name. As a defender in arms of his adopted State, as a leader of the people in the day of peril, as the codifier of their laws, as a wise and humane writer upon penal law, as the potent ally of Jackson, when Jackson was most in the right, he rendered such services as neither Louisiana nor the United States can forget.

An anecdote, showing the quiet strength of this man's character, will be pardoned here, before we proceed. He had completed his great work on penal law, the result of three years' arduous toil. "Before it was delivered to the printer, anxious that no errors might remain in it, he passed a great part of the night in comparing it himself with the original draught. He went to bed at a late hour, with the pleasing reflection of having finished a most laborious task. Not long afterwards he was awakened by a cry of fire, which was found to proceed from the room where his papers had been left. They were all consumed. Not a note or memorandum was saved. Though stunned at first by the sudden misfortune, his equanimity and industry soon led him to repair it. Before the close of the same day he quietly commenced the task of re-composition; and, in two years afterward, he presented his work to the Legislature of Louisiana, in a shape more perfect than that in which it originally was." *

Upon reading the papers forwarded by Lafitte, Livingston caused a meeting of the citizens of New Orleans to be convened at Tremoulet's coffee-house, to concert measures for defense, and to repel the insinuations of Nichol's proclamation. The meeting occurred on the 15th of September. Upon tak-

* National Portrait Gallery.

ing the chair, Livingston presented a series of spirited resolutions, breathing union and defiance, and supported them by a speech of stirring eloquence. They were passed by acclamation. A Committee of Public Defense, nine in number, with Edward Livingston at its head, was appointed, and directed to prepare an address to the people of the State. The meeting adjourned ; and the spirit that was to save the city began to live in the hearts of the people. The address of the Committee of Public Defense, written by the master-hand of the chairman, was soon promulgated, and contributed powerfully to rouse the apathetic and discordant community.

This address, considering the circumstances, was really a masterpiece of composition. With all the requisite swell and animation of style, it was chiefly an artful appeal to self-interest, a play upon the fears of the slow and incredulous Creoles. "Fellow-citizens," began the concluding and clinching paragraph, "the navigation of the Mississippi is as necessary to two millions of our western brethren as the blood is to the pulsation of the heart. Those brave men, closely attached to the Union, will never suffer, whatever seducing offers may be made to them—they will never suffer the State of Louisiana to be subject to a foreign power, and should the events of war enable the enemy to occupy it, they will make every sacrifice to recover a country so necessary to their existence. A war ruinous to you would be the consequence. The enemy, to whom you would have had the weakness to yield, would subject you to a military despotism, of all others the most dreadful ; your estates, your slaves, your persons would be put in requisition, and you would be forced at the point of the bayonet to fight against those very men whom you have voluntarily chosen for fellow-citizens and brethren."

This address was widely circulated throughout the State, and served as a preparer-of-the-way for active operations. More than that it could not do. The publication of the address, and the gift of a saber to the commandant of Fort Bowyer, were the only acts of the Committee of Public Defense that I find recorded. It may have induced the forma-

tion of new uniformed companies of volunteers ; it may have stimulated the militia to a more vigorous drill ; it may have induced the Governor to convene the Legislature ; but its main effect was upon the feelings and the fears of the people.

On the 5th of October the Legislature, in obedience to the summons of Governor Claiborne, assembled at New Orleans. Factionous and incredulous of danger, it did nothing, it attempted nothing for the defense of the city. Disputes of the most trivial character engrossed the minds of the members. One faction so hated the Governor that it was enough for him to propose or desire a measure for them to vote it down. A committee was named to inquire what was needful to be done for defense, but four weeks passed away before it reported, and then there was no need of its reporting. Thanks were voted to General Jackson for his recent services, and then the vote was reconsidered. It was proposed that the members should take an additional oath of fidelity to the United States ; and after wasting precious days in debate, the question was postponed. No money was appropriated ; no new forces were raised ; no law designed to annoy the enemy or preserve the city was passed. Not that there were not efficient and patriotic men in the Legislature ; but what can a few individuals effect in a body whose minds are as lethargic as their ill-temper is chronic, active and bitter ? Louis Louallier well described the state of things, in his Report as chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, presented on the 22d of November, after the Legislature had been in session six weeks. "Are we always," he asked, "to see the several departments intrusted with our defense languishing in inactivity, which would be inexcusable even in time of peace ? No proof of patriotism appears but in a disposition to avoid all expense, all fatigue. Nothing has yet been done. No success can be hoped for but by a course the very opposite of that hitherto. If the Legislature superadds its inaction to that of the community, capitulation, like that of Alexandria, must, before long, be the result of such culpable negligence."

Their leaders thus divided and inert, what could be expected of the people? It was a time of universal fault-finding. The people denounced the Legislature. The Legislature accused the Governor. The Governor divided the blame between the Legislature and the people. The Creoles said the Americans were mere adventurers, who would not fight for the soil they did not love. The Americans had faith neither in the efficiency nor the loyalty of the Creoles. Both Americans and Creoles distrusted the floating population of Irish and French emigrants. All had some fear of an insurrection of the slaves. Every man had his scheme, or his system of measures, which, he *knew*, would save the city, if it were adopted. But none could bring any plan to bear, or get all the opportunity he wanted for making it known.

In a word, there was no central power or man in New Orleans in whom the people sufficiently confided, or who possessed the requisite lawful authority, to call out the resources of the State and direct them to the single object of defeating the expected invader. There was talent enough, patriotism enough, self-forgetting zeal enough. The uniting MAN alone was wanting; a man of renown sufficient to inspire confidence—a man unknown to the local animosities, around whom all parties could rally without conceding anything to one another.

Precisely such an individual, the very man of all others for such a time and scene, was close at hand.

CHAPTER II.

ARRIVAL OF GENERAL JACKSON.

OF the mode of General Jackson's entrance into New Orleans we have a pleasant and picturesque account from the pen of Mr. Alexander Walker, a resident of the Crescent city, and author of the little work, entitled, "Jackson and New Orleans;" one of the best-executed and most entertaining

pieces of American history in existence. What Mr. Walker has told so interestingly and well need not be told again in any words but his :—

“The Bayou St. John empties into Lake Pontchartrain at a distance of seven miles from the city. Here, at its mouth, may be seen the remains, in an excellent state of preservation, of an old Spanish fort, which was built many years ago by one of the Spanish governors, as a protection of this important point ; for, by glancing at the map of New Orleans and its vicinity, it will be seen that a maritime power could find no easier approach to the city than through the Bayou St. John. This fort was built, as the Spaniards built all their fortifications in this State, where stone could not be procured, of small brick, imported from Europe, cemented with a much more adhesive and permanent material than is now used for building, and with walls of great thickness and solidity. The foundation and walls of the fort still remain, interesting vestiges of the old Spanish dominion. On the mound and within the walls stands a comfortable hotel, where, in the summer season, may be obtained healthful cheer, generous liquors, and a pleasant view of the placid and beautiful lake, over whose gentle bosom the sweet south wind comes with just power enough to raise a gentle ripple on its mirror-like surface, bringing joy and relief to the wearied townsman and debilitated invalid. What a different scene did this fort present forty years ago ! Then there were large cannon looking frowningly through those embrasures, which are now filled up with dirt and rubbish, and around them clustered glittering bayonets and fierce-looking men, full of military ardor and fierce determination. There, too, was much of the reality, if not of ‘the pomp and circumstance’ of war. High above the fort, from the summit of a lofty staff, floated not the showy banner of old Spain, with its glittering and mysterious emblazonry, but that simplest and most beautiful of all national standards, the stars and stripes of the republic of the United States.

“From the Fort St. John to the city the distance is six

or seven miles. Along the bayou, which twists its sinuous course like a huge dark green serpent through the swamp, lies a good road, hardened by a pavement of shells, taken from the bottom of the lake. Hereon city Jehus now exercise their fast nags and lovely ladies take their evening airings. But at the time our narrative commences it was a very bad road, being low, muddy, and broken. The ride, which now occupies some twenty minutes very delightfully, was then a wearisome two hours' journey.

"It was along this road, early on the morning of the 2d December, 1814, that a party of gentlemen rode at a brisk trot from the lake towards the city. The mist, which during the night broods over the swamp, had not cleared off. The air was chilly, damp and uncomfortable. The travelers, however, were evidently hardy men, accustomed to exposure, and intent upon purposes too absorbing to leave any consciousness of external discomforts. Though devoid of all military display, and even of the ordinary equipments of soldiers, the bearing and appearance of these men betokened their connection with the profession of arms. The chief of the party, which was composed of five or six persons, was a tall, gaunt man, of very erect carriage, with a countenance full of stern decision and fearless energy, but furrowed with care and anxiety. His complexion was sallow and unhealthy; his hair was iron grey, and his body thin and emaciated, like that of one who had just recovered from a lingering and painful sickness. But the fierce glare of his bright and hawk-like eye betrayed a soul and spirit which triumphed over all the infirmities of the body. His dress was simple and nearly threadbare. A small leather cap protected his head, and a short Spanish blue cloak his body, whilst his feet and legs were encased in high dragoon boots, long ignorant of polish or blacking, which reached to the knees. In age he appeared to have passed about forty-five winters—the season for which his stern and hardy nature seemed peculiarly adapted.

"The others of the party were younger men, whose spirits

and movements were more elastic and careless, and who relieved the weariness of the journey with many a jovial story.

“Arriving at the high ground near the junction of the Canal Carondelet with the Bayou St. John, where a bridge spanned the Bayou, and quite a village had grown up, the travelers halted before an old Spanish villa, and throwing their bridles to some grinning negro boys at the gates, dismounted and walked into the house. On entering the gallery they were received in a very cordial and courteous manner by J. Kilty Smith, Esq., then a leading New Orleans merchant of enterprise and public spirit, and who, a few months ago, still survived, one of the most venerable of that small band of the early American settlers in the great commercial emporium of the South, who, outliving several generations, still linger in green old age amid the scenes of their youthful struggles, and survey, with proud satisfaction, the greatness to which that city has grown, whose tender infancy they witnessed and helped to nurse and rear into a sturdy and robust maturity. On the bayou, in an agreeable suburban retreat, Mr. Smith had established himself. Here he dispensed a liberal hospitality, and lived in such a style as was regarded in those economical days, and by the more frugal Spanish and French populations, as quite extravagant and luxurious.

“Ushering them into the marble-paved hall of his old Spanish villa, Mr. Smith soon made his guests comfortable. It was evident that they were not unexpected. Soon the company were all seated at the breakfast table, which fairly groaned with the abundance of generous viands, prepared in that style of incomparable cookery for which the Creoles of Louisiana are so renowned. Of this rich and savory food the younger guests partook quite heartily; but the elder and leader of the party was more careful and abstemious, confining himself to some boiled hominy, whose whiteness rivaled that of the damask table-cloth. In the midst of the breakfast, and whilst the company were engaged in discussing the news of the day, a servant whispered to the host that he was wanted in the ante-room. Excusing himself to his guests,

Mr. Smith retired to the ante-room, and there found himself in the presence of an indignant and excited Creole lady, a neighbor, who had kindly consented to superintend the preparations in Mr. Smith's bachelor establishment for the reception of some distinguished strangers, and who in that behalf had imposed upon herself a severe responsibility and labor.

“‘Ah ! Mr. Smith,’ exclaimed the deceived lady, in a half reproachful, half indignant style, ‘how could you play such a trick upon me ? You asked me to get your house in order to receive a great General. I did so. I worked myself almost to death to make your house *comme il faut*, and prepared a splendid *déjeuner*, and now I find that all my labor is thrown away upon an ugly, old Kaintuck-flat-boatman, instead of your grand General, with plumes, epaulettes, long sword, and moustache.’

“It was in vain that Mr. Smith strove to remove the delusion from the mind of the irate lady, and convince her that that plainly-dressed, jaundiced, hard-featured, unshorn man, in the old blue coat and bullet buttons, was that famous warrior, Andrew Jackson.

“It was, indeed, Andrew Jackson, who had come fresh from the glories and fatigue of his brilliant Indian campaigns, in this unostentatious manner, to the city which he had been sent to protect from one of the most formidable perils that ever threatened a community. Cheerfully and happily had he embraced this awful responsibility. He had come to defend a defenseless city, situated in the most remote section of the Union—a city which had neither fleets nor forts, means nor men—a city whose population were comparatively strangers to that of the other States, who sprung from a different national stock, and spoke a different language from that of the overwhelming majority of their countrymen—a language entirely unknown to the General—to defend it, too, against a power then victorious over the conqueror of the world, at whose feet the mighty Napoleon lay a prostrate victim and chained captive.

“After partaking of their breakfast, the General, taking

out his watch, reminded his companions of the necessity of their early entrance into the city. In a few minutes carriages were procured, and the whole party rode toward the city by the old Bayou road. The General was accompanied by Major Hughes, commander of the Fort St. John, by Major Butler, and Captain Reid, his secretary, who afterwards became one of his biographers, Major Chotard, and other officers of the staff. The cavalcade proceeded to the elegant residence of Daniel Clark, the first representative of Louisiana in the Congress of the United States, a gentleman of Irish extraction, who had acquired great influence, popularity, and wealth in the city, and died shortly after the commencement of the war of 1812. Here Jackson and his aids were met by a committee of the State and city authorities and of the people, at the head of whom was the Governor of the State, who, in earnest but rather rhetorical terms, welcomed the General to the city, and proffered him every aid of the authorities and the people, to enable him to justify the title which they were already conferring upon him of "Saviour of New Orleans." His Excellency, W. C. C. Claiborne, the first American Governor of Louisiana, a Virginian of good address and fluent elocution, then in the bloom of life, was supported by the leading civil and military characters of the city. There in the group was that redoubtable naval hero, Commodore Patterson, a stout, compact, gallant-bearing man, in the neat undress naval uniform. His manner was slightly marked by *hauteur*, but his movement and expression indicated the energy and boldness of a man of decided action, as well as confident bearing.

"Here, too, was the then Mayor of New Orleans, Nicholas Girod, a rotund, affable, pleasant old French gentleman, of easy, polite manners. There, too, was Edward Livingston, then the leading legal character in the city—a tall, high-shouldered man, of ungraceful figure and homely countenance, but whose high brow, and large, thoughtful eyes, indicated a profound and powerful intellect. By his side stood his youthful rival at the bar—an elegant, graceful, and showily-dressed gentleman, whose figure combined the com-

pact dignity and solidity of the soldier with the ease and grace of the man of fashion and taste, and who, as the sole survivor of those named, retained, in a remarkable degree, the elegance and grace which characterized his bearing forty years ago to the day of his very recent and lamented decease. We refer to John R. Grymes, so long the veteran and chief ornament of the New Orleans Bar.

“Such were the leading personages in the assembly which greeted Jackson’s entrance into New Orleans.

“The General replied briefly to the welcome of the Governor. He declared that he had come to protect the city, and he would drive their enemies into the sea, or perish in the effort. He called on all good citizens to rally around him in this emergency, and, ceasing all differences and divisions, to unite with him in the patriotic resolve to save their city from the dishonor and disaster which a presumptuous enemy threatened to inflict upon it. This address was rendered into French by Mr. Livingston. It produced an electric effect upon all present. Their countenances cleared up. Bright and hopeful were the words and looks of all who heard the thrilling tones and caught the heroic glance of the hawk-eyed Général. The General and staff then reëntered their carriages. A cavalcade was formed, and proceeded to the building, 106 Royal-street—one of the few brick buildings then existing in New Orleans, which now stands but little changed or affected by the lapse of so many years. A flag unfurled from the third story soon indicated to the population the headquarters of the General who had come so suddenly and quietly to their rescue.”

Jackson has come ! There was magic in the news. Every witness, living and dead, testifies to the electric effect of the General’s quiet and sudden arrival. There was a truce at once to indecision, to indolence, to incredulity, to factious debate, to paltry contentions, to wild alarm. He had come, so worn down with disease and the fatigue of his ten days’ ride on horseback that he was more fit for the hospital than the field. But there was that in his manner and aspect which

revealed the master. That will of his triumphed over the languor and anguish of disease, and every one who approached him felt that the man for the hour was there.

He began his work without the loss of one minute. The unavoidable formalities of his reception were no sooner over than he mounted his horse again, and rode out to review the uniformed companies of the city. These companies consisted then of several hundred men, the *élite* of the city—merchants, lawyers, the sons of planters, clerks and others, who were well equipped, and not a little proud of their appearance and discipline. The General complimented them warmly, addressed the principal officers, inquired respecting the numbers, history and organization of the companies, and left them captivated with his frank and straight-forward mode of procedure.

The new aid-de-camp, Mr. Livingston, as he rode from the parade-ground by the General's side, invited him home to dinner. The General promptly accepted the invitation. It chanced that the beautiful and gay Mrs. Livingston, the leader of society then at New Orleans, both Creole and American, had a little dinner party that day, composed only of ladies, most of whom were young and lively Creole belles. Mr. Livingston had sent home word that General Jackson had arrived, and that he should ask him to dinner; a piece of news that threw the hospitable lady into consternation. "What shall we do with this wild General from Tennessee?" whispered the girls to one another; for they had all conceived that General Jackson, however becomingly he might comport himself in an Indian fight, would be most distressingly out of place at a fashionable dinner party in the first drawing-room of the most polite city in America. He was announced. The young ladies were seated about the room. Mrs. Livingston sat upon a sofa at the head of the apartment, anxiously awaiting the inroad of the wild fighter into the regions sacred hitherto to elegance and grace. He entered. Erect, composed, bronzed with long exposure to the sun, his hair just beginning to turn grey, clad in his uniform of coarse blue cloth and yellow buck-

skin, his high boots flapping loosely about his slender legs, he looked, as he stood near the door of the drawing-room, the very picture of a war-worn noble warrior and COMMANDER. He bowed to the ladies magnificently, who all rose at his entrance, as much from amazement as from politeness. Mrs. Livingston advanced toward him. With a dignity and grace seldom equaled, never surpassed, he went forward to meet her, conducted her back to her sofa, and sat by her side. The fair Creoles were dumb with astonishment. In a few minutes dinner was served, and the General continued, during the progress of the meal, to converse in an easy, agreeable manner, in the tone* of society, of the sole topic of the time, the coming invasion. He assured the ladies that he felt perfectly confident of defending the city, and begged that they would give themselves no uneasiness with regard to that matter. He rose soon from the table and left the house with Mr. Livingston. In one chorus, the young ladies exclaimed to their hostess,

“ Is *this* your back woods-man ? Why, madam, he is a prince ! ”*

Returning to his quarters, the General summoned the engineers resident in the city ; among others, Major Latour, afterwards the historian of the campaign. The vulnerable points and practicable approaches were explained and discussed, and the readiest mode of defending each was considered and determined upon. Every bayou connecting the city with the adjacent bays, and through them with the Gulf of Mexico, was ordered to be obstructed by earth and sunken logs, and a guard to be posted at its mouth to give warning of an enemy's approach. It was determined that the neighboring planters should be invited to aid in the various works by gangs of slaves. Young gentlemen pressed to head quarters offering to serve as aids to the General. Edward Livingston, whose services in that capacity had been previously offered and accepted, was with the General from the first, doing duty as aid-de-camp, secretary, translator, confidential

* To a lady present at the dinner party the reader is indebted for this pretty story.

adviser, and connecting link generally between the Commander-in-Chief and the heterogeneous multitude he had come to defend. Never before, in the space of a few hours, did such a change come over the spirit of a threatened and imperiled city. The work to be done was ascertained and distributed during that afternoon and evening ; and it could be said, that before the city slept, every man in it able and willing to assist in preparing for the reception of the enemy, whether by mind or muscle, had his task assigned him, and was eager to enter upon its performance.

The demeanor of General Jackson on this occasion was such as to inspire peculiar confidence. It was that of a man entirely resolved, and entirely certain of being able to do what he had come to do. He never admitted a doubt of defeating the enemy. For his own part, he had but one simple plan to propose, nor would hear of any other ; to make all the preparations possible in the time and circumstances ; to strike the enemy wherever, whenever, in what force soever, he might appear ; and to drive him back headlong into the sea, or bring him prisoner to New Orleans. A spirit of this kind is very contagious, particularly among such a susceptible and imaginative people as the French Creoles—a people not wise in counsel, not gifted with the instinct of legislation, but mighty and terrible when strongly commanded. The new impulse from the General's quarters spread throughout the city. Hope and resolution sat on every countenance.

Jackson was up betimes on the following morning, and set out in a barge, accompanied by aids and engineers, to see with his own eyes the lower part of the river. The principal mouth of the Mississippi was naturally but erroneously the first object of his solicitude and he had dispatched Col. A. P. Hayne from Mobile to the Balize, to ascertain whether the old fort there commanded the mouth of the river, and whether it could be made available for preventing the entrance of a hostile fleet. Colonel Hayne reported it useless. Some miles higher up the river, however, at a point where the navigation was peculiarly difficult, was Fort Philip, which,

it was supposed, and the event proved, could be rendered an impassable barrier to the enemy's ships. Thither Jackson repaired. He perceived the immense importance of the position, and, with the assistance of Major Latour, drew such plans, and suggested such alterations of the works, as made the fort entirely equal to the defense of the river. The stream, as every one knows, is narrow and swift, and presents so many obstacles to the ascent of large vessels, that an enemy unprovided with steamboats, would scarcely have attempted to reach New Orleans by the river, even if no fort was to be passed. Jackson returned to the city after six days absence, with little apprehension of danger from that quarter.

Desirous of seeing every thing for himself, he proceeded immediately upon a rapid tour of inspection along the borders of Lake Pontchartrain and Lake Borgne, those broad, shallow bays which afford to the commerce of New Orleans so convenient a back gate. He visited every bayou and fortification, suggesting additional works, and stimulating the zeal of the people. He had then completed the first survey of his position, and, upon the whole, the result was assuring. He thought well of his situation. At least he had little fear of a surprise.

One glance at the lake approaches to the crescent city, before we proceed. Lake Pontchartrain is land-locked, except where a narrow strait connects it with Lake Borgne. That strait was defended by a fortification which, it was hoped, was capable of beating off the enemy. But not by that alone. Lake Borgne, too shallow for the admission of large sea-going vessels, would be crossed by the enemy, if crossed at all, in small coasting craft or ships' boats. Accordingly, on that lake Commodore Patterson had stationed a fleet of gun-boats, six in number, carrying in all twenty-three guns and one hundred and eighty-two men, the whole under the command of Lieutenant Thomas Ap Catesby Jones. Lieutenant Jones was ordered to give prompt notice of the enemy's coming, and if threatened with attack to retire before the enemy, and lead him on to the entrance of the strait that led into Lake Pont-

chartrain, and there anchor, and fight to the last extremity. With the peculiar advantages of position which the place afforded, it was confidently expected that he would be able to defeat any force of small craft that the enemy were likely to have at command.

It is evident that Lake Pontchartrain was universally regarded at the time as the most natural and obvious means of reaching the city, and the gun-boats were chiefly relied upon for its defense. Upon them, too, the General mainly relied for the first information of the enemy's arrival. If the gun-boats failed, the fort upon the strait was open to attack. If the gun-boats failed, the vigilance of the pickets at the mouths of the bayous was the sole safeguard against a surprise. If the gun-boats failed, Lake Borgne offered no obstacle to the approach of an enemy, except its shallowness and its marshy shores. If the gun-boats failed, nothing could hinder the enemy from gaining a foothold within a very few miles of the city, unless the sentinels should descry their approach in time to send ample notice to the General. While the gun-boats continued to cruise in the lake, the city had a certain ground of security, and could sleep without fear of waking to find British regiments under its windows.

But where was the army with which General Jackson was to execute his design of hurling into the Gulf of Mexico the invading host? Let us see what force he had, and what forces he expected.

The troops then in or near New Orleans, and its sole defenders as late as the middle of December, were these: two half-filled, newly-raised regiments of regular troops, numbering about eight hundred men; Major Planché's high-spirited battalion of uniformed volunteers, about five hundred in number; two regiments of State militia, badly equipped, some of them armed with fowling pieces, others with muskets, others with rifles, some without arms, all imperfectly disciplined; a battalion of free men of color; the whole amounting to about two thousand men. Two vessels-of-war lay at anchor in the river, the immortal little schooner Caro-

lina and the ship *Louisiana*, neither of them manned, and no one dreaming of what importance they were to prove. Commodore Patterson and a few other naval officers were in the city ready when the hour should come, and, indeed, already rendering yeoman's service in many capacities. General Coffee, with the army of Pensacola, was approaching the city by slow marches, contending manfully with an inclement season, swollen streams, roads almost impassable, and scant forage. He had three hundred men, nearly a tenth of his force, sick with fever, dysentery, and exhaustion. But he was coming. General Carroll, burning with zeal to join his old friend and commander, had raised a volunteer force in Tennessee early in the autumn, composed of men of substance and respectability, and, after incredible exertions and many vexatious delays, had got them afloat upon the *Cumberland*. The State had been so stripped of arms that Carroll's regiment had not a weapon to every ten men. So many men had gone to the wars from Tennessee, that Peter Cartwright, that valiant son of the Methodist Church militant, found his congregations thin, and his ingatherings of new members far below the average—"So many of our members," he says, "went into the war, and deemed it their duty to defend our common country under General Jackson." An extraordinary rise of the *Cumberland*, such as seldom occurs in November, enabled General Carroll to make swift progress into the Ohio, and thence into the Mississippi, where another piece of good fortune befel him, so important that it may almost be said to have saved New Orleans. He overtook a boat load of muskets which enabled him to arm his men, and drill them daily in their use on the roofs of his fleet of arks.

And thereby hangs a tale, only brought to light within the last year. That priceless load of muskets was one of two boat-loads that left Pittsburgh for New Orleans about the same time. For economy's sake, their captains were permitted by the contractor to stop at the river-towns for the purpose of trading. On one of the boats, however, there chanced to take passage a merchant of Natchez, Mr. Thomas

L. Scroop, who had visited New York on business, and was then on his return home. When he left New York, that city was in a ferment on account of Mr. Gallatin's warning letter, and extensive preparations were in progress for the defence of the city against the expected expedition. But Mr. Scroop had received letters from the delegate in Congress from the Mississippi territory, which convinced him that New Orleans, not New York, was the enemy's object. Full of this idea, he urged the captain of his boat, by every means in his power, to hasten along without stopping. Captain, crew and passengers, all worked together for this object, and with such success, as to reach the lower Mississippi in time to supply General Carroll's regiment. The other boat, on those days when Jackson would have bought its precious freight with half its weight in gold, was four hundred miles up the river; and its astonished captain was soon after brought down to the city in irons to answer for his supposed dilatoriness.

Two thousand Kentuckians, under General Thomas and General Adair, were also on their way down the Mississippi; the worst provided body of men, perhaps, that ever went fifteen hundred miles from home to help defend a sister State. A few rifles they had among them, but no clothing suitable for the season, no blankets, no tents, no equipage. Besides food, they were furnished with just one article of necessity, namely, *a cooking kettle to every eighty men!** In a flotilla of boats, hastily patched together on the banks of the Ohio, they started on their voyage, carrying provisions enough for exactly half the distance. They were agreeably disappointed, however, in their expectation of living a month on half rations, by overtaking a boat loaded with flour; and, thus supplied, they went on their way, ragged but rejoicing.

Such was General Jackson's situation—such the posture of affairs in New Orleans—such the means and prospects of defense—on the fourteenth of December: two or three thousand troops in the city; four thousand more within ten or fif-

* Letter of General Adair to General Jackson, in Kentucky Reporter, 1817.

teen days' march ; six gun-boats on Lake Borgne ; two armed vessels on the river ; a small garrison of regulars at Fort St. Philip ; another at the fort between the two lakes ; the obstruction of the bayous still in progress ; the citizens hopeful and resolute, most of them at work, every man where he could do most for the cause ; the General returning to his quarters from his tour of inspection.

CHAPTER III.

RENDEZVOUS OF THE BRITISH FLEET.

At the western extremity of the island of Jamaica there are two headlands, eight miles apart, which inclose Negril Bay, and render it a safe and convenient anchorage. If the good Creoles of New Orleans could have surveyed, from the summit of one of those headlands, the scene which Negril Bay presented on the twenty-fourth of November, 1814, it is questionable if General Jackson could have given them the slightest confidence in his ability to defend their native city. The spectacle would have given pause even to the General himself.

It was the rendezvous of the British fleet designed for the capture of New Orleans. The day just named was the one appointed for its final inspection and review, previous to its departure for Lake Borgne. A fleet of fifty armed vessels, many of them of the first magnitude, covered the waters of the bay. There lay the huge *Tonnant*, of eighty guns, one of Nelson's prizes at the battle of the Nile, now exhibiting the pennant of Sir Alexander Cockrane, the admiral in command of this imposing fleet. Rear-Admiral Sir Edward Codrington was also on board the *Tonnant*, a name of renown in the naval history of England. There was the *Royal Oak*, a seventy-four, the ship of Rear-Admiral Malcolm. Four other

seventy-fours, the Norge, the Bedford, the Asia, the Rami-lies, formed part of the fleet ; the last-named in command of Sir Thomas Hardy, the beloved of Nelson, to whom the dying hero gasped those immortal words, " Kiss me, Hardy ; I die content." There, too, were the Dictator, of fifty guns ; the Gorgon, of forty-four ; the Annide, of thirty-eight, commanded by Sir Thomas Trowbridge, of famous memory ; the Sea-horse, of thirty-five, under Captain James Alexander Gordon, late the terror of the Potomac ; the Belle Poule, of thirty-eight, a ship of fame. Nine other ships, mounting thirty-eight, thirty-six, and thirty-two guns ; five smaller vessels, each carrying sixteen guns ; three bomb craft and eleven transports completed the formidable catalogue. Nor were these all the vessels destined to take part in the enterprise. A fleet from Bordeaux was still on the ocean to join the expedition at the entrance of Lake Borgne, where, also, Captain Percy's squadron from Pensacola, with Nichols and the brave Captain Lockyer, were to effect a junction. And yet other vessels, direct from England, with the general appointed to command the army, were expected.

The decks of the ships in Negril Bay were crowded with red-coated soldiers. The four regiments, numbering, with their sappers and artillerymen, three thousand one hundred men, who had fought the battle of Bladensburg, burnt the public buildings of Washington, and lost their general near Baltimore, the summer before, were on board the fleet. Four regiments, under General Keane, had come from England direct to reinforce this army. Two regiments, composed in part of negro troops, supposed to be peculiarly adapted to the climate of New Orleans, had been drawn from the West Indies to join the expedition. The fleet could furnish, if required, a body of fifteen hundred marines. General Keane found himself, on his arrival from Plymouth, in command of an army of seven thousand four hundred and fifty men, which the marines of the fleet could swell to eight thousand nine hundred and fifty. The number of sailors could scarcely have been less than ten thousand, of whom a

large proportion could, and did, assist in the operations contemplated.

Here was a force of nearly twenty thousand men, a fleet of fifty ships, carrying a thousand guns, and perfectly appointed in every particular, commanded by officers some of whom had grown gray in victory. And this great armament was about to be directed against poor, swamp-environed New Orleans, with its ragged, half-armed defenders floating down the Mississippi, or marching wearily along through the mire and flood of the Gulf shores, commanded by a general who had seen fourteen months' service, and caught one glimpse of a civilized foe. The greater part of General Keane's army were fresh from the fields of the Peninsula, and had been led by victorious Wellington into France, to behold and share in that final triumph of British arms. To these Peninsular heroes were added the ninety-third Highlanders, recently from the Cape of Good Hope; one of the "praying regiments" of the British army; as stalwart, as brave, as completely appointed a body of men as had stood in arms since Cromwell's Ironsides gave liberty and greatness to England. Indeed, there was not a regiment of those which had come from England to form this army which had not won brilliant distinction in strongly-contested fields. The *élite* of England's army and navy were afloat in Negril Bay on that bright day of November, when the last review took place.

The scene can be easily imagined—the great fleet of ships spread far and wide over the bay, gay with flags and alive with throngs of red uniforms; boats rowed with the even stroke of men-of-war's-men gliding about among the ships, or going rapidly to and from the shore. On board all was animation and movement. The most incorrigible croaker in the fleet could not, as he looked out upon the scene on that bright day of the tropical winter, have felt a doubt that the most easy and complete success awaited the enterprise. As every precaution had been taken to conceal the destination of the expedition, the officers expected to find the city wholly unprepared for defense. To occupy, not to conquer Louisiana, was

supposed to be but the preliminary business of the army. From New Orleans, as the basis of operations, they expected to ascend the Mississippi, pushing their conquests to the right and left, and, effecting a junction with the army of Canada, to overawe and hem in the western States. So certain were they of taking New Orleans, that several gentlemen with their families were on board the fleet who had been appointed to civil offices in the city of New Orleans. Among others, a collector for the port, accompanied by his five beautiful daughters. Many wives of officers were on board, anticipating a pleasant winter among the gay Creoles of the Crescent City. Music, dancing, dramatic entertainments, and all the diversions of shipboard, were employed to relieve the monotony of the voyage.

The day after the review, the *Tonnant*, the *Ramilies*, and two of the brigs weighed anchor and put to sea. The next morning the rest of the fleet followed.

The voyage to Lake Borgne, the landing of the army on its marshy shores, and indeed every incident of the campaign, so far as the English were concerned, has been graphically described by officers who served in the expedition. These gentlemen evidently had no thought but to tell the unvarnished truth. The candor and modesty, the highbred, unaffected kindness of tone which mark all of those personal narratives that I have been able to procure, give the reader many a pang to think that the stupidity or the ambition of cabinets should have made it the duty of such men, so valiant and good-humored, to go to the Delta of the Mississippi for a purpose so unnatural and absurd. It may also be truly said that the English personal narratives, both of the revolutionary war and of the war of 1812, give us a higher idea of American courage and endurance than is always afforded by our own too eulogistic historians. This is partly owing to the fact that we read the English narrative without any suspicion that the good conduct of Americans is overstated, or their failures concealed, and partly because it belongs to the character of genuine Englishmen to do justice to an enemy

that defeats them, as well as to a rival by whom in peaceful pursuits they are surpassed. In unfolding, therefore, the wonderful series of events which followed the sailing of the fleet from Negril bay, I shall, as often as possible, let English officers, who took part in them, tell their side of the strange, the almost incredible story.

The following is from that singularly interesting work by the "Subaltern," entitled "The British Campaigns at Washington and New Orleans," published at London in the year 1836.* The passage contains some errors, which will be obvious to the reader, and omits several important circumstances, which will be supplied hereafter.

The fleet was weighing anchor, and standing down Negril Bay :

"It is impossible," says the Subaltern, "to conceive a finer sea view than this general stir presented. Our fleet amounted now to upwards of fifty sail, many of them vessels-of-war, which, shaking loose their topsails, and lifting their anchors at the same moment, gave to Negril Bay an appearance of bustle such as it has seldom been able to present. In half an hour all the canvass was set, and the ships moved slowly and proudly from their anchorage, till, having cleared the head-lands, and caught the fair breeze which blew without, they bounded over the water with the speed of eagles, and long before dark the coast of Jamaica had disappeared.

"There is something in rapidity of motion, whether it be along a high road, or across the deep, extremely elevating ; nor was its effect unperceived on the present occasion. It is true that there were other causes for the high spirits which now pervaded the armament, but I question if any proved more efficient in their production than the astonishing rate of our sailing. Whether the business we were about to undertake would prove bloody, or the reverse, entered not into the calculations of a single individual in the fleet. The sole subject of remark was the speed with which we got over the ground, and the probability that existed of our soon reaching the point of debarkation. The change of climate, likewise, was not without its effect in producing pleasurable sensations. The further we got from Jamaica, the more cool and agreeable became the atmosphere ; from

* The Duke of Wellington, as we learn from Mr. Samuel Rogers' Recollections, had a high opinion of the writings of the Subaltern. "The Subaltern," said the duke, "is excellent, particularly in the American expedition to New Orleans. He describes all he sees."

which circumstance we were led to hope that, in spite of its southern latitude, New Orleans would not be found so oppressively hot as we had been taught to expect."

"It is not, however, my intention to continue the detail of this voyage longer than may be interesting; I shall therefore merely state that, the wind and weather having undergone some variations, it was the 10th of December before the shores of America could be discerned. On that day we found ourselves opposite to the Chandeleur Islands, and near the entrance of Lake Borgne. There the fleet anchored, that the troops might be removed from the heavy ships into such as drew least water; and from this and other preparations it appeared that to ascend this lake was the plan determined upon."

. "To reduce the forts which command the navigation of the river was regarded as a task too difficult to be attempted; and for any ships to pass without their reduction seemed impossible. Trusting, therefore, that the object of the enterprise was unknown to the Americans, Sir Alexander Cochrane and General Keane determined to effect a landing somewhere on the banks of the lake; and, pushing directly on, to take possession of the town before any effectual preparation could be made for its defense. With this view the troops were removed from the larger into the lighter vessels, and these, under convoy of such gun-brigs as the shallowness of the water would float, began on the 13th to enter Lake Borgne. But we had not proceeded far when it was apparent that the Americans were well acquainted with our intentions and ready to receive us. Five large cutters, armed with six heavy guns each, were seen at anchor in the distance; and, as all endeavors to land, till these were captured, would have been useless, the transports and largest of the gun-brigs cast anchor, whilst the smaller craft gave chase to the enemy.

"But these cutters were built purposely to act upon the lake. They accordingly set sail, as soon as the English cruisers arrived within a certain distance, and, running on, were quickly out of sight, leaving the pursuers fast aground. To permit them to remain in the hands of the enemy, however, would be fatal, because, as long as they commanded the navigation of the lake, no boats could venture to cross. It was, therefore, determined at all hazards, and at any expense, to take them; and since our lightest craft could not float where they sailed, a flotilla of launches and ships' barges was got ready for the purpose.

"This flotilla consisted of fifty open boats, most of them armed with a carronade in the bow, and well manned with volunteers from the different ships-of-war. The command was given to Captain Lockyer, a brave and skilful officer, who immediately pushed off; and about noon came in sight of the enemy, moored fore and aft, with broadsides pointing towards him. Having pulled a considerable distance he resolved to refresh his men be-

fore he hurried them into action; and, accordingly, letting fall grapplings just beyond the reach of the enemy's guns, the crews of the different boats coolly ate their dinner.

"As soon as that meal was finished, and an hour spent in resting, the boats again got ready to advance. But, unfortunately, a light breeze which had hitherto favored them now ceased to blow, and they were in consequence compelled to make way only with the oar. The tide also ran strong against them, at once increasing their labor and retarding their progress; but all these difficulties appeared trifling to British sailors; and, giving a hearty cheer, they moved steadily onward in one extended line.

"It was not long before the enemy's guns opened upon them, and a tremendous shower of balls saluted their approach. Some boats were sunk, others disabled, and many men were killed and wounded; but the rest pulling with all their might, and occasionally returning the discharges from their carronades, succeeded, after an hour's labor, in closing with the Americans. The marines now began a deadly fire of musketry; while the seamen, sword in hand, sprang up the vessels' sides in spite of all opposition; and sabring every man that stood in their way, hauled down the American ensign, and hoisted the British flag in its place.

"One cutter alone, which bore the commodore's broad pennant, was not so easily subdued. Having noted its preëminence, Captain Lockyer directed his own boat against it; and happening to have placed himself in one of the lightest and fastest sailing barges in the flotilla, he found himself alongside of his enemy before any of the others were near enough to render him the smallest support. But nothing dismayed by odds so fearful, the gallant crew of this small bark, following their leader, instantly leaped on board the American. A desperate conflict ensued, in which Captain Lockyer received several severe wounds; but, after fighting from the bow to the stern, the enemy were at length overpowered; and other barges coming up to the assistance of their commander, the commodore's flag shared the same fate with the others.

"Having destroyed all opposition in this quarter, the fleet again weighed anchor and stood up the lake. But we had not been many hours under sail when ship after ship ran aground; such as still floated were, therefore, crowded with the troops from those which could go no further, till finally the lightest vessel stuck fast; and the boats were of necessity hoisted out to carry us a distance of upwards of thirty miles. To be confined for so long a time as the prosecution of this voyage would require in one posture was of itself no very agreeable prospect; but the confinement was but a trifling misery, when compared with that which arose from the change in the weather. Instead of a constant bracing frost, heavy rains, such as an inhabitant of England cannot dream of, and against which no cloak could furnish protection, began. In the midst of these were the troops

embarked in their new and straitened transports, and each division, after an exposure of ten hours, landed upon a small desert spot of earth, called Pine Island, where it was determined to collect the whole army, previous to its crossing over to the main.

"Than this spot it is scarcely possible to imagine any place more completely wretched. It was a swamp, containing a small space of firm ground at one end, and almost wholly unadorned with trees of any sort or description. There were, indeed, a few stunted firs upon the very edge of the water, but these were so diminutive in size as hardly to deserve a higher classification than among the meanest of shrubs. The interior was the resort of wild ducks and other water fowl; and the pools and creeks with which it was intersected abounded in dormant alligators.

"Upon this miserable desert the army was assembled, without tents or huts, or any covering to shelter them from the inclemency of the weather; and in truth we may fairly affirm that our hardships had here their commencement. After having been exposed all day to a cold and pelting rain, we landed upon a barren island, incapable of furnishing even fuel enough to supply our fires. To add to our miseries, as night closed, the rain generally ceased, and severe frosts set in, which, congealing our wet clothes upon our bodies, left little animal warmth to keep the limbs in a state of activity; and the consequence was that many of the wretched negroes, to whom frost and cold were altogether new, fell fast asleep, and perished before morning.

"For provisions, again, we were entirely dependent upon the fleet. There were here no living creatures which would suffer themselves to be caught; even the water fowl being so timorous that it was impossible to approach them within musket shot. Salt meat and ship biscuit were, therefore, our food, moistened by a small allowance of rum; fare which, though no doubt very wholesome, was not such as to reconcile us to the cold and wet under which we suffered.

"On the part of the navy, again, all these hardships were experienced in a four-fold degree. Night and day were boats pulling from the fleet to the island, and from the island to the fleet; for it was the 21st before all the troops were got on shore; and as there was little time to inquire into men's turns of labor, many seamen were four or five days continually at the oar. Thus, they had not only to bear up against variety of temperature, but against hunger, fatigue, and want of sleep, in addition; three as fearful burdens as can be laid upon the human frame. Yet, in spite of all this, not a murmur nor a whisper of complaint could be heard throughout the whole expedition. No man appeared to regard the present, whilst every one looked forward to the future. From the general down to the youngest drum-boy, a confident anticipation of success seemed to pervade all ranks; and in the hope of an ample reward in store for them, the toils

and grievances of the moment were forgotten. Nor was this anticipation the mere offspring of an overweening confidence in themselves. Several Americans had already deserted, who entertained us with accounts of the alarm experienced at New Orleans. They assured us that there were not at present five thousand soldiers in the State; that the principal inhabitants had long ago left the place; that such as remained were ready to join us as soon as we should appear among them; and that, therefore, we might lay our account with a speedy and bloodless conquest. The same persons likewise dilated upon the wealth and importance of the town; upon the large quantities of government stores there collected; and the rich booty which would reward its capture;—subjects well calculated to tickle the fancy of invaders, and to make them unmindful of immediate afflictions, in the expectation of so great a recompense to come.

“It is well known, that at the period to which my narrative refers an alliance, offensive and defensive, subsisted between the government of Great Britain and the heads of as many Indian nations, or tribes, as felt the aggressions of the settlers upon their ancient territories, and were disposed to resent them. On this side of the continent our principal allies were the Choctaws and Cherokees, two nations whom war and famine had reduced from a state of comparative majesty to the lowest ebb of feebleness and distress. Driven from hunting-ground to hunting-ground, and pursued like wild beasts wherever seen, they were now confined to a narrow tract of country, lying chiefly along the coast of the Gulf, and the borders of the lakes which adjoin to it. For some time previous to the arrival of the expedition, the warriors of these tribes put themselves under the command of Colonel Nickolls, of the Royal Marines, and continued to harass the Americans by frequent incursions into the cultivated districts. It so happened, however, that, being persuaded to attempt the reduction of a fort situated upon Mobile Point, and being, as might be expected, repulsed with some loss, their confidence in their leader, and their dependence upon British aid, had begun of late to suffer a serious diminution. Though not very profitable as friends, their local position and desultory mode of warfare would have rendered them at this period exceedingly annoying to us as enemies; it was accordingly determined to dispatch an embassy to their settlements, for the purpose of restoring them to good humor, or at least discovering their intentions.

“Whilst the troops were assembling upon Pine Island a cutter, having proper officers on board, and carrying presents of clothing, arms, and rum, was dispatched upon this business. It reached its place of destination in safety, and the ambassadors found very little difficulty in bringing back the fickle Indians to their wonted reliance upon British support. Several of the chiefs and warriors, indeed, requested and obtained permission to visit our admiral and general, and to follow the fortunes of our troops; and a

very grotesque and singular appearance they presented as they stood upon the quarter-deck of the *Tonnant*. But the costume, habits and customs of these savages have been too frequently and too accurately described elsewhere to render any account of them, on the present occasion, desirable. It is sufficient to observe, that whilst they gazed upon everything around them with a look expressive of no astonishment whatever, they were themselves objects of eager curiosity to us; and that they bore our close inspection and somewhat uncourteous deportment with the most perfect philosophy. But to my tale.

"The enemy's cutters having fallen into our hands, at an early hour on the morning of the 16th the disembarkation of the troops began. So deficient, however, was the fleet in boats and other small craft fit to navigate the lakes, that it was late on the evening of the 21st before the last division took up its ground upon Pine Island, and even then the inconveniences of our descent were but beginning. The troops had yet to be arranged in corps and brigades; to each of these its proportion of commissaries, purveyors and medical attendants, etc., etc., required to be allotted; and some attempt at establishing depôts of provisions and military stores behoved to be made. In adjusting these matters the whole of the 22d was occupied, on which day the general likewise reviewed the whole of the army. This being ended, the force was next distributed into divisions, or corps, and the following is the order it assumed.

"Instead of a light brigade, the general resolved to set apart three battalions as an advanced guard. The regiments nominated to that service were the 4th, the 85th Light Infantry, and the 95th Rifles, and he selected Colonel Thornton of the 85th, as an officer of talent and enterprise, to command them. Attached to this corps were a party of rocket-men, with two light three-pounders—a species of gun convenient enough where celerity of movement is alone regarded, but of very little real utility in the field. The rest of the troops were arranged, as before, into two brigades. The first, composed of the 21st, 44th, and one black regiment, was intrusted to Colonel Brook; and the second, containing the 93d, and the other black corps, to Colonel Hamilton, of the 7th West India regiment. To each of these a certain proportion of artillery and rockets was allotted; whilst the dragoons, who had brought their harness and other appointments on shore, remained as a sort of body-guard to the general, till they should provide themselves with horses.

"The adjustment of these matters having occupied a considerable part of the 22d, it was determined that all things should remain as they were till next morning. Boats, in the meantime, began to assemble from all quarters, supplies of ammunition were packed so as to prevent the possibility of damage by moisture, and stores of various descriptions were got ready. But it appeared that, even now, many serious inconveniences must

be endured, and obstacles surmounted, before the troops could reach the scene of action. In the first place, from Pine Island to that part of the main towards which prudence directed us to steer was a distance of no less than eighty miles. This of itself was an obstacle, or at least an inconvenience of no slight nature; for, should the weather prove boisterous, open boats, heavily laden with soldiers, would stand little chance of escaping destruction in the course of so long a voyage. In the next place, and what was of infinitely greater importance, it was found that there were not, throughout the whole fleet, a sufficient number of boats to transport above one-third of the army at a time. But to land in divisions would expose our forces to be attacked in detail, by which means one party might be cut to pieces before the others could arrive to its support. The undertaking was, therefore, on the whole, extremely dangerous, and such as would have been probably abandoned by more timid leaders. Ours, however, were not so to be alarmed. They had entered upon a hazardous business, in whatever way it should be prosecuted; and since they could not work miracles, they resolved to lose no time in bringing their army into the field, in the best manner which circumstances would permit.

“With this view, the advance, consisting of sixteen hundred men and two pieces of cannon, was next morning embarked. I have already stated that there is a small creek, called the Bayou de Catiline, which runs up from Lake Pontchartrain through the middle of an extensive morass, about ten miles below New Orleans. Towards this creek were the boats directed, and here it was resolved to effect a landing. When we set sail the sky was dark and lowering, and before long a heavy rain began to fall. Continuing without intermission during the whole of the day, towards night it as usual ceased, and was succeeded by a sharp frost; which, taking effect upon men thoroughly exposed and already cramped by remaining so long in one posture, rendered our limbs completely powerless. Nor was there any means of dispelling the benumbing sensation, or effectually resisting the cold. Fires of charcoal, indeed, being lighted in the sterns of the boats, were permitted to burn as long as daylight lasted; but as soon as it grew dark they were of necessity extinguished, lest the flame should be seen by row-boats from the shore and an alarm be thus communicated. Our situation was, therefore, the reverse of agreeable; since even sleep was denied us, from the apprehension of fatal consequences.

“Having remained in this uncomfortable state till midnight, the boats cast anchor and hoisted awnings. There was a small piquet of the enemy stationed at the entrance of the creek by which it was intended to effect our landing. This it was absolutely necessary to surprise; and while the rest lay at anchor, two or three fast-sailing barges were pushed on to execute the service. Nor did they experience much difficulty in accomplishing their object. Nothing, as it appeared, was less dreamt of by the Ameri-

cans than an attack from this quarter, consequently, no persons could be less on their guard than the party here stationed. The officer who conducted the force sent against them, found not so much as a single sentinel posted! but having landed his men at two places, above and below the hut which they inhabited, extended his ranks so as to surround it, and closing gradually in, took them all fast asleep without noise or resistance.

"When such time had been allowed as was deemed sufficient for the accomplishment of this undertaking, the flotilla again weighed anchor, and without waiting for intelligence of success pursued their voyage. Hitherto we had been hurried along at a rapid rate by a fair breeze, which enabled us to carry canvass; but this now left us, and we made way only by rowing. Our progress was therefore considerably retarded, and the risk of discovery heightened by the noise which that labor necessarily occasions; but in spite of these obstacles we reached the entrance of the creek by dawn, and about nine o'clock were safely on shore.

"The place where we landed was as wild as it is possible to imagine. Gaze where we might nothing could be seen except one huge marsh, covered with tall reeds; not a house nor a vestige of human industry could be discovered; and even of trees there were but a few growing upon the banks of the creek. Yet it was such a spot as, above all others, favored our operations. No eye could watch us, or report our arrival to the American General. By remaining quietly among the reeds we might effectually conceal ourselves from notice; because, from the appearance of all around, it was easy to perceive that the place which we occupied had been seldom, if ever before, marked with a human footstep. Concealment, however, was the thing of all others which we required; for be it remembered that there were now only sixteen hundred men on the main land. The rest were still at Pine Island, where they must remain till the boats which had transported us should return from their conveyance, consequently many hours must elapse before this small corps could be either reinforced or supported. If, therefore, we had sought for a point where a descent might be made in secrecy and safety, we could not have found one better calculated for that purpose than the present, because it afforded every means of concealment to one part of our force, until the others should be able to come up.

"For these reasons, it was confidently expected that no movement would be made previous to the arrival of the other brigades; but, in our expectations of quiet, we were deceived. The deserters who had come in, and accompanied us as guides, assured the general that he had only to show himself, when the whole district would submit. They repeated that there were not five thousand men in arms throughout the State; that of these not more than twelve hundred were regular soldiers, and that the whole force was at present several miles on the opposite side of the town, expect-

ing an attack on that quarter, and apprehending no danger on this. These arguments, together with the nature of the ground on which we stood, so ill calculated for a proper distribution of troops in case of attack, and so well calculated to hide the movements of an army acquainted with all the passes and tracks which, for aught we knew, intersected the morass, induced our leader to push forward at once into the open country. As soon, therefore, as the advance was formed, and the boats had departed, we began our march, following an indistinct path along the edge of the ditch or canal. But it was not without many checks that we were able to proceed. Other ditches, similar to that whose course we pursued, frequently stopped us by running in a cross direction, and falling into it at right angles. These were too wide to be leaped, and too deep to be forded; consequently, on all such occasions, the troops were obliged to halt, till bridges were hastily constructed of such materials as could be procured and thrown across.

"Having advanced in this manner for several hours, we at length found ourselves approaching a more cultivated region. The marsh became gradually less and less continued, being intersected by wider spots of firm ground; the reeds gave place by degrees to wood, and the wood to inclosed fields. Upon these, however, nothing grew, harvest having long ago ended. They accordingly presented but a melancholy appearance, being covered with the stubble of sugar cane, which resembled the reeds which we had just quitted in every thing except altitude. Nor as yet was any house or cottage to be seen. Though we knew, therefore, that human habitations could not be far off, it was impossible to guess where they lay, or how numerous they might prove; and as we could not tell whether our guides might not be deceiving us, and whether ambuscades might not be laid for our destruction, as soon as we should arrive where troops could conveniently act, our march was insensibly conducted with increased caution and regularity.

"But in a little while some groves of orange-trees presented themselves, on passing which two or three farm-houses appeared. Towards these our advanced companies immediately hastened, with the hope of surprising the inhabitants, and preventing any alarm from being raised. Hurrying on at double-quick time, they surrounded the buildings, succeeded in securing the inmates, and capturing several horses; but, becoming rather careless in watching their prisoners, one man contrived to effect his escape. Now, then, all hope of eluding observation might be laid aside. The rumor of our landing would, we knew, spread faster than we could march, and it only remained to make that rumor as terrible as possible.

"With this view the column was commanded to widen its files, and to present as formidable an appearance as could be assumed. Changing our order, in obedience to these directions, we marched, not in sections of eight or ten abreast, but in pairs, and thus contrived to cover with our small

division as large a tract of ground as if we had mustered thrice our present numbers. Our steps were likewise quickened, that we might gain, if possible, some advantageous position, where we might be able to cope with any force that might attack us; and, thus hastening on, we soon arrived at the main road, which leads directly to New Orleans. Turning to the right, we then advanced in the direction of that town for about a mile, when, having reached a spot where it was considered that we might encamp in comparative safety, our little column halted, the men piled their arms, and a regular bivouac was formed.

“The country where we had now established ourselves answered, in every respect, the description which I have already given of the neck of land on which New Orleans is built. It was a narrow plain of about a mile in width, bounded on one side by the Mississippi, and on the other by the marsh from which we had just emerged. Towards the open ground, this marsh was covered with dwarf-wood, having the semblance of a forest, rather than of a swamp; but on trying the bottom it was found that both characters were united, and that it was impossible for a man to make his way among the trees, so boggy was the soil upon which they grew. In no other quarter, however, was there a single hedge-row, or plantation of any kind, excepting a few apple and other fruit-trees in the gardens of such houses as were scattered over the plain, the whole being laid out in large fields for the growth of sugar-cane, a plant which seems as abundant in this part of the world as in Jamaica.

“Looking up towards the town, which we at this time faced, the marsh is upon your right, and the river upon your left. Close to the latter runs the main road, following the course of the stream all the way to New Orleans. Between the road and the water is thrown up a lofty and strong embankment, resembling the dykes in Holland, and meant to serve a similar purpose; by means of which the Mississippi is prevented from overflowing its banks, and the entire flat is preserved from inundation. But the attention of a stranger is irresistibly drawn away from every other object to contemplate the magnificence of this noble river. Pouring along at the prodigious rate of four miles an hour, an immense body of water is spread out before you, measuring a full mile across, and nearly a hundred fathoms in depth. What this mighty stream must be near its mouth I can hardly imagine, for we were here upwards of a hundred miles from the ocean.

“Such was the general aspect of the country which we had entered;—our own position, again, was this. The three regiments, turning off from the road into one extensive green field, formed three close columns within pistol-shot of the river. Upon our right, but so much in advance as to be of no service to us, was a large house, surrounded by about twenty wooden huts, probably intended for the accommodation of slaves. Towards this

house there was a slight rise in the ground, and between it and the camp was a small pond of no great depth. As far to the rear again as the first was to the front, stood another house, inferior in point of appearance, and skirted by no out-buildings: this was also upon the right; and here General Keane, who accompanied us, fixed his head-quarters; but neither the one nor the other could be employed as a covering redoubt, the flank of the division extending, as it were, between them. A little way in advance, again, where the outposts were stationed, ran a dry ditch and a row of lofty palings, affording some cover to the front of our line, should it be formed diagonally with the main road. The left likewise was well secured by the river; but the right and the rear were wholly unprotected. Though in occupying this field, therefore, we might have looked very well had the country around us been friendly, it must be confessed that our situation hardly deserved the title of a military position."

Two questions occur to the reader during the perusal of this narrative: First, why did Lieutenant Jones, instead of returning to the pass leading into Lake Pontchartrain, give battle elsewhere, and so lose his gun-boats? Secondly, how was it that an army could land twelve miles below New Orleans, at the mouth of such an important stream as the Bayou Bienvenue, without opposition from a general so vigilant as General Jackson?

With regard to the battle of the gun-boats, the official dispatch of Lieutenant Jones, which does justice to every circumstance except his own gallantry, supplies the requisite explanation. "About 1, A.M., on the 14th," says Lieutenant Jones, in his sailor-like and straight-forward dispatch, dictated as soon as he was sufficiently recovered from his wound, "*the wind having entirely died away*, and our vessels become unmanageable, came to anchor in the west end of Malheureux island's passage. At daylight next morning, still a perfect calm, the enemy's flotilla was about nine miles from us, at anchor, but soon got in motion and rapidly advanced on us. The want of wind, and the strong ebb-tide which was setting through the pass, left me but one alternative, which was, to put myself in the most advantageous position to give the enemy as warm a reception as possible. The commanders were all called on board and made acquainted with my inten-

tions, and the position which each vessel was to take, the whole to form a close line abreast across the channel, anchored by the stern, with springs on the cable, etc., etc. Thus we remained anxiously awaiting an attack from the advancing foe, whose forces I now clearly distinguished to be composed of forty-two heavy launches and gun-barges, with three light gigs, manned with upward of one thousand men and officers. About 9 30, the Alligator (tender) which was to the southward and eastward, and endeavoring to join the division, was captured by several of the enemy's barges, when the whole flotilla came to, with their grapnels, a little out of reach of our shot, apparently making arrangements for the attack. At 10 30, the enemy weighed, forming a line abreast in open order, and steering direct for our line, which was unfortunately in some degree broken by the force of the current, driving Nos. 156 and 163 about one hundred yards in advance. As soon as the enemy came within reach of our shot, a deliberate fire from our long guns was opened upon him, but without much effect, the objects being of so small a size. At ten minutes before eleven, the enemy opened a fire from the whole of his line, when the action became general and destructive on both sides. * * * * The action continued with unabating severity until forty minutes past twelve o'clock, when it terminated with the surrender of No. 23, all the other vessels having previously fallen into the hands of the enemy."

Captain Lockyer's dispatch coincides with that of Lieutenant Jones in all essential particulars. He reports his loss at seventeen killed and seventy-seven wounded. The American loss, in killed and wounded, was about sixty; all the commanders of gun-boats being wounded except one. The combat over, the Americans were taken on board of one of the enemy's ships, where the wounded were cared for with the assiduity and tenderness which their situation required. For many a day of agonizing suspense they lay in their hammocks, listening to every sound, and scanning the faces of their at-

tendants to read in their ever deepening seriousness the history of what was passing on shore.

The mouth of the Bayou Bienvenue, where the British so easily and secretly landed, had early attracted the attention of General Jackson. It was, and is, a lonely, desolate place, resorted to only by fishermen and tourists. A little colony of Spanish fishermen had built a few rude huts there for their accommodation during the fishing season. A picket, consisting of a sergeant, eight white men and three mulattoes, had been stationed in the village by General Villeré, a planter of the neighborhood, to whom Jackson had assigned the duty of guarding the spot. No one anticipating danger in that quarter, the picket gradually relaxed their vigilance. Two British officers, Captain Spencer of the *Carron* and Lieutenant Peddie of the army, disguised in blue shirts and old tarpaulins, landed without exciting suspicion, bought over the Spanish fishermen and their boats, rowed up the bayou, reached the firm land along the banks of the great river, and drank of its waters. Having carefully noted all the features of the scene, questioning the negroes and others whom they met, they returned to Pine Island, whence they guided the advance of the British army to the fatal plain.

It is denied by all American writers that the picket at the fisherman's village was surprised in the manner stated by the "Subaltern." Mr. Alexander Walker, who collected his information from the men themselves, gives this account of what transpired on the night of the landing :

"Nothing occurred to attract the notice of this picket until about midnight on the 22d, when the sentinel on duty in the village called his comrade, and informed him that some boats were coming up the bayou. It was no false alarm. These boats composed the advanced party of the British, which had been sent forward from the main body of the flotilla, under Captain Spencer, to reconnoitre and secure the village.

"The Americans, perceiving the hopelessness of defending themselves against so superior a force, retired for concealment behind the cabin, where they remained until the barges had passed them. They then ran out and endeavored to reach a boat by which they might escape. But they were observed by the British, who advanced towards them, seized the boat be-

fore it could be dragged into the water, and captured four of the picket. Four others were afterwards taken on land. Of the four remaining, three ran into the cane-brake, thence into the prairie, where they wandered about all day, until, worn down with fatigue and suffering, they returned to the village, happy to surrender themselves prisoners. One only escaped, and after three days of terrible hardships and constant perils, wandering over trembling prairies, through almost impervious cane-brakes, swimming bayous and lagoons, and living on reptiles and roots, got safely into the American camp.

"The prisoners were shut up in one of the huts and closely guarded. One of them, a native Louisianian (Mr. Ducros), was separated from his companions and placed in a boat, in which were Captain Spencer and other British officers. The boat returned to the lake, and near the mouth of the bayou was met by the main body of the British flotilla, when Captain Spencer introduced his prisoner to a tall, black-whiskered, youthful man, in military undress, as General Keane, and to another rough and stern-looking, white-haired old gentleman, in plain and much worn clothes, as Sir Alexander Cochrane. These two distinguished officers then proceeded to interrogate Mr. Ducros very closely. But with the prompt Irish wit of the one, and the deep Scotch calculation of the other, they did not succeed in extracting any very valuable or pleasing intelligence from the shrewd Creole.

"Valuable the information was not to the British, but as the sequel will show, invaluable to the Americans was one item of news which Mr. Ducros succeeded in passing off upon the inquisitive British. It was the statement that Jackson had from twelve to fifteen thousand armed men to defend the city, and four thousand at the English Turn. By a preconcert the other prisoners confirmed this estimate. It greatly surprised the general and admiral, and led them to doubt the character and veracity of the fishermen, who had made so light of the defenses of the city, and rendered it necessary that the greatest caution and prudence should be observed in their movements. Thus it is that traitors and renegades are distrusted, even when they have truth on their side. The timely fiction of the prisoners proved a shield for the city."

Major Latour, however, gives a different account of the origin of the timely fiction. He intimates that, during the evening of the twenty-second, the pickets, when assembled in one of the huts, fell into conversation respecting the number of men under Jackson's command. As General Jackson was not the man, in such circumstances, to understate his resources, the number of his troops, arrived and coming, was

really supposed by the people to be three times as great as it was. The picket, adopting the rumored numbers of the various corps, honestly computed the army at fifteen or twenty thousand men, and so stated it to the British officers. This version is less romantic, but more probable, than that of Mr. Walker, and has the additional merit of being thirty years older ; Major Latour having published in 1816, Mr. Walker in 1856.

Be that as it may—there the British were, sixteen hundred of them, within eight miles of New Orleans, and not a man in the city suspecting their arrival.

CHAPTER IV.

THE AMERICAN TROOPS.

WHILE Lieutenant Jones and Captain Lockyer were battling so fiercely for the mastery of Lake Borgne at midday, on the fourteenth of December, General Jackson was returning to New Orleans from his tour of inspection, not ill-content with what he had seen. Bad news traveled fast that day. Before he reached the city he had heard that the gunboats were lost ; that the enemy were masters of the lake ; that a fleet such as the Gulf of Mexico had never borne before covered the deep waters nearest New Orleans ; and that the city was panic-stricken at the intelligence.

It was at such moments that General Jackson appeared to most striking advantage. Comprehending the full extent of the disaster, he was neither dismayed nor discouraged. All the warrior was aroused, and the “light of battle” shone in his worn and meager countenance. With that calm impetuosity, that composed intensity, which belonged to him at such times, he began at once, and there, on the spot where the ill news met him, to adjust his plans to the altered cir-

cumstances. Orders were issued on the instant, and conveyed away as soon as issued, to strengthen with men and cannon the fort which guarded the access to Lake Pontchartrain, and that which defended the Chef-Menteur, a bayou emptying into Lake Borgne. The substance of his swift orders to Captain Newman, who commanded in the pass between the lakes, was, "Defend the post to the last extremity. *At* the last extremity, spike guns, blow up fort, retire to the Chef-Menteur, and fight again!"

Now, Forward, gentlemen! Before night-fall the General reached the frightened city, reassuring it in some degree by his presence. The pen first, the sword afterwards, was invariably the way with this indomitable son of Mars. There was rapid writing that night at head-quarters, and eloquent writing, too, that can not now be read without a stirring of the blood. The next day, more writing, and a hurried dispatching of expresses to all the points of the compass. The letters written and dictated by the General on this occasion are alive in every line with the high-wrought feeling of the hour.

To the officer in command of Fort Philip he wrote, acquainting him with the arrival of the enemy, and ordering him to hold the fort while a man remained alive to point a gun. To General Coffee: "You must not sleep until you reach me, or arrive within striking distance. Your accustomed activity is looked for. Innumerable defiles present themselves where your services and riflemen will be all important. An opportunity is at hand to reap for yourself and brigade the approbation of your country." To General Winchester, who commanded at Mobile: "The enemy will attempt, through Pass Huron, to reach you; watch, nor suffer yourself to be surprised; haste, and throw sufficient supplies into Fort Bowyer, and guard vigilantly the communication from Fort Jackson, lest it be destroyed. Mobile Point must be supported and defended at every hazard. The enemy has given us a large coast to guard; but I trust, with the smiles of heaven, to be able to meet and defeat him at every point he

may venture his foot upon the land." To General Carroll he sent a steamboat, to hasten his descent of the river, and a dispatch, concluding, "I am resolved, feeble as my force is, to assail the enemy on his first landing, and perish sooner than he shall reach the city." General Thomas, who commanded the expected Kentuckians, and Colonel Hinds, of the coming Mississippi dragoons, were addressed in a similar strain. The Secretary of War was promptly advised of the new posture of affairs. "But," said the General to him, "the country shall be defended, if in the power of the physical force it contains, with the auxiliary force ordered. There are no arms here. Will the government order a supply? If it will, let it be speedily." From these last words, it is evident the General anticipated a long campaign—certainly did not anticipate a single event of the next twenty-four days.

The consternation that prevailed in the city, and that was fast spreading into the country, was not forgotten amid the labors of the busy and exciting night that followed the General's return. The wildest rumors were abroad. The enemy's fleet was generally believed to consist of three hundred vessels. Treason was said to be working in the city. The old fear of an insurrection of the slaves was revived. To allay apprehensions and to strike terror to traitors, if traitors there were in the town, a proclamation was published on the morning of the 15th, which was eminently Jacksonian in spirit, though probably penned by Edward Livingston:—

"TO THE CITIZENS OF NEW ORLEANS:

The Major General commanding has, with astonishment and regret, learned that great consternation and alarm pervade your city. It is true the enemy is on our coast, and threatens an invasion of our territory; but it is equally true, with union, energy, and the approbation of heaven, we will beat him at every point his temerity may induce him to set foot upon our soil. The General, with still greater astonishment, has heard that British emissaries have been permitted to propagate seditious reports among you, that the threatened invasion is with a view of restoring the country to Spain, from a supposition that some of you would be willing to return to your ancient government. Believe not such incredible tales—your government is at peace with Spain—it is the vital enemy of your country, the common

enemy of mankind, the highway robber of the world that threatens you, and has sent his hirelings among you with this false report to put you off your guard, that you may fall an easy prey to him;—then look to your liberties, your property, the chastity of your wives and daughters—take a retrospect of the conduct of the British army at Hampton and other places, where it has entered our country, and every bosom which glows with patriotism and virtue will be inspired with indignation, and pant for the arrival of the hour when we shall meet and revenge those outrages against the laws of civilization and humanity.

The General calls upon the inhabitants of the city to trace this unfounded report to its source, and bring the propagator to condign punishment. The rules and articles of war annex the punishment of death to any person holding secret correspondence with the enemy, creating false alarms, or supplying him with provisions; and the General announces his unalterable determination rigidly to execute the martial law in all cases which may come within his province.

The safety of the district intrusted to the protection of the General, must and will be maintained with the best blood of the country; and he is confident that all good citizens will be found at their posts, with their arms in their hands, determined to dispute every inch of ground with the enemy; that unanimity will pervade the country generally; but should the General be disappointed in this expectation, he will separate our enemies from our friends—those who are not for us are against us, and will be dealt with accordingly."

Events now follow one another with a rapidity that puzzles and distracts the narrator. Later in the day on which this ominous proclamation appeared, the measure was concluded upon which was hinted at in its closing sentences. The General determined to place the city under martial law.

This important step was not the act of a moment, though the final decision to venture it was sudden. Nor does it appear to have been suggested by General Jackson. Before Jackson arrived, it was the general expectation among the leading men, that the coming of General Jackson and the proclamation of martial law would be events nearly simultaneous. The subject was daily talked of at head-quarters. The measure was recommended at a meeting of judges and members of the bar. The opinion was general among the American residents, that nothing short of the possession of

absolute power would enable the General to wield the entire resources of the town, and direct them undiminished against the foe. The written opinion given by Edward Livingston probably expressed the feeling of the bar upon the subject : " Martial law can only be justified by the necessity of the case. The General proclaims it at his risk, and under his responsibility, not only to the government, but to individuals ; because it is a measure unknown to the Constitution and laws of the United States. The effect of its proclamation is to bring all persons in the district comprised by it within the purview of such law, so that all those in that district capable of defending the country are subject to such law by virtue of the proclamation, and may be tried by it during its continuance." That is to say, the measure is utterly unlawful ; but if the General adopts it, the people must be made to submit. The opinion was not calculated to hasten the measure, and the General hesitated.

Meanwhile, the British fleet arrived, the gun-boats were captured, the people were in alarm, rumors of disaffection and treason pervaded the city. Sailors abounded in the streets, but Commodore Patterson could procure no sufficient force to man his two armed vessels, the *Carolina* and *Louisiana*, the possible importance of which to the defense of the city was beginning to be conjectured. The Commodore, at length, despairing of milder measures, proposed to Governor Claiborne, and Governor Claiborne to the Legislature, that the habeas corpus act be suspended, in order that sailors might be impressed. The Legislature refused to comply with the Governor's recommendation, but proceeded, instead, to pass an act offering twenty-four dollars a month to any sailors that might engage in the public service. This act appeared to the General totally inadequate to a crisis in which the delay of an hour might prove fatal. In a moment of disgust at the apparent lukewarmness and inefficiency of the Legislature, General Jackson determined to take all power into his own hands.

In conversing with Major Eaton upon this desperate

measure, General Jackson once expressed himself in terms like these : “ I very well knew the extent of my powers, and that it was far short of that which necessity and my situation required. I determined, therefore, to venture boldly forth, and pursue a course correspondent to the difficulties that pressed upon me. I had an anxious solicitude to wipe off the stigma cast upon my country by the destruction of the Capitol. If New Orleans were taken, I well knew that new difficulties would arise, and every effort be made to retain it ; and that, if regained, blood and treasure would be the sacrifice. My determination, therefore, was formed not to halt at trifles, but to lose the city only at the boldest sacrifice ; and to omit nothing that could assure success. I was well aware that calculating politicians, ignorant of the difficulties that surrounded me, would condemn my course ; but this was not material. What became of me was of no consequence. If disaster did come, I expected not to survive it ; but if a successful defense could be made, I felt assured that my country, in the objects attained, would lose sight of and forget the means that had been employed.”

Martial law was proclaimed on the sixteenth of December, converting the city of New Orleans into a camp, and all its citizens into soldiers.

The proclamation was in the words following :

“ Major-General Andrew Jackson, commanding the seventh United States military district, declares the city and environs of New Orleans under strict martial law, and orders that in future the following rules be rigidly enforced, viz. :

“ Every individual entering the city will report to the adjutant-general's office, and, on failure, to be arrested and held for examination.

“ No persons shall be permitted to leave the city without a permission in writing, signed by the General or one of his staff.

“ No vessels, boats, or other craft will be permitted to leave New Orleans or Bayou St. John without a passport in writing from the General or one of his staff, or the commander of the naval forces of the United States on this station.

“ The street lamps shall be extinguished at the hour of nine at night, after which time persons of every description found in the streets, or not

at their respective homes, without permission in writing, as aforesaid, and not having the countersign, shall be apprehended as spies and held for examination."

In a word, all the inhabitants of New Orleans were subjected to the rules and restrictions which govern soldiers in presence of the enemy. All able-bodied men, of whatever race, color, rank or condition, were also compelled to serve either as soldiers or sailors. The old men and the infirm were formed into a veteran guard for the police of the town and the occupation of its forts, a venerable body, including in its rolls many men of the highest social and political distinction. Men of English birth were alone exempt from service.

The proclamation of martial law was wholly, greatly, and immediately beneficial. The panic subsided. Confidence returned. Cheerfulness was restored. Faction was rendered powerless; treason, on any considerable scale, impossible. While the danger lasted, not a voice was raised against a measure which united the people as one man against the invaders of their soil. It was felt to be a measure that grew inevitably out of the necessities of the crisis, and one which alone was adequate to it.

It seemed to have a good effect even upon the Legislature, for, soon after, they passed an act suspending the legal enforcement of debts for four months. The judges closed their courts, and discharged without bail some of the prisoners awaiting trial. Criminals, even, whose term of imprisonment was within two months of expiring, were set at liberty and enrolled among the volunteers. The governor recommended the Legislature to adjourn for fifteen or twenty days, as the times were unpropitious for deliberation. That sapient body replied that it would cost them more to go home and return than it would to remain, and therefore they remained, passing their time in the most ordinary and frivolous legislation. Their doorkeeper expressed his sense of their conduct by requesting leave of absence that he might shoulder a musket and go against the enemy, and the Legislature, without taking the hint or suspecting the satire, granted leave.

On one of these stirring and eventful days it was that Jean Lafitte reappeared upon the scene. A large number of his band were in prison ; others were concealed in the city and its vicinity to avoid arrest. Forgetting in the excitement of those hours that Jackson had stigmatized the Barratarians as a "hellish banditti," and was thus publicly committed to their exclusion from the ranks of honor, Lafitte sought an interview with the General, and offered him his services and those of his companions. The General was, at first, disinclined to receive them. But the judge before whom they had been arraigned, a committee of the Legislature, the district attorney who was to try them, Edward Livingston, and a large number of the American residents, all uniting in recommending the acceptance of Lafitte's offer, the General consented, and the whole band was formed into two most efficient companies of artillery-men, who rendered more essential service in the defense than any other companies of equal number. So destitute at this time was the city of the munitions of war, that the very flints of these privateers' pistols were received as a precious prize, and transferred to muskets.

On Sunday, the 18th of December, one of those balmy, brilliant days that are the glory of a southern winter, General Jackson reviewed the troops then assembled in the city. Though the presence of the General had pervaded New Orleans, and his name had been the theme of every tongue, he had shown himself but seldom to the people. Partly from curiosity to see a chief so renowned, and partly to behold the military spectacle, the entire population thronged the public square where the review was to take place. The uniformed companies, the State militia, the veteran guard, the new volunteers, a company of marines, the bronzed and stalwart Barratarians, were drawn up under the walls of the ancient Spanish cathedral, clad in their best attire, and decorated with bouquets ; while from the windows, piazzas, and roofs around, bright eyes and gay costumes gave memorable brilliancy to the scene. The evolutions and exercises were per-

formed with an accuracy and promptness which surprised and delighted the vast concourse, and elicited from the General the warmest commendations. At the close of the review, Edward Livingston advanced from the group that surrounded the General, and read in fine, sonorous tones, and with an energy and emphasis worthy of the impassioned words he spoke, that famous address to the troops which contributed so powerfully to enhance their enthusiasm, and of which the survivors, to this hour, have the most vivid recollection. This address, like that previously quoted, was Jackson's spirit in Livingston's language: *

TO THE EMBODIED MILITIA.—*"Fellow Citizens and Soldiers:* The General commanding in chief would not do justice to the noble ardor that has animated you in the hour of danger, he would not do justice to his own feeling, if he suffered the example you have shown to pass without public notice. Inhabitants of an opulent and commercial town, you have, by a spontaneous effort, shaken off the habits which are created by wealth, and shown that you are resolved to deserve the blessings of fortune by bravely defending them. Long strangers to the perils of war, you have embodied yourselves to face them with the cool countenance of veterans; and with motives of disunion that might operate on weak minds, you have forgotten the difference of language and the prejudices of national pride, and united with a cordiality that does honor to your understandings as well as to your patriotism. Natives of the United States! They are the oppressors of your infant political existence with whom you are to contend; they are the men your fathers conquered whom you are to oppose. Descendants of Frenchmen! natives of France! they are English, the hereditary, the eternal enemies of your ancient country, the invaders of that you have adopted, who are your foes. Spaniards! remember the conduct of your allies at St. Sebastians, and recently at Pensacola, and rejoice that you have an opportunity of avenging the brutal injuries inflicted by men who dishonor the human race.

"Fellow-citizens, of every description, remember for what and against whom you contend. For all that can render life desirable—for a country blessed with every gift of nature—for property, for life—for those dearer than either, your wives and children—and for liberty, without which, country, life, property, are no longer worth possessing; as even the embraces of wives and children become a reproach to the wretch who would deprive them by his cowardice of those invaluable blessings. You are to

* The manuscript, in the handwriting of Edward Livingston, still exists.

contend for all this against an enemy whose continued effort is to deprive you of the least of these blessings; who avows a war of vengeance and desolation, carried on and marked by cruelty, lust, and horrors unknown to civilized nations.

"Citizens of Louisiana! the General commanding in chief rejoices to see the spirit that animates you, not only for your honor but for your safety; for whatever had been your conduct or wishes, his duty would have led, and will now lead him to confound the citizen unmindful of his rights with the enemy he ceases to oppose. Now, leading men who know their rights, who are determined to defend them, he salutes you, brave Louisianians, as brethren in arms, and has now a new motive to exert all his faculties, which shall be strained to the utmost in your defense. Continue with the energy you have begun, and he promises you not only safety, but victory over the insolent enemy who insulted you by an affected doubt of your attachment to the Constitution of your country.

TO THE BATTALION OF UNIFORM COMPANIES.—"When I first looked at you on the day of my arrival I was satisfied with your appearance, and every day's inspection since has confirmed the opinion I then formed. Your numbers have increased with the increase of danger, and your ardor has augmented since it was known that your post would be one of peril and honor. This is the true love of country! You have added to it an exact discipline, and a skill in evolutions rarely attained by veterans; the state of your corps does equal honor to the skill of the officers and the attention of the men. With such defenders our country has nothing to fear. Every thing I have said to the body of militia applies equally to you—you have made the same sacrifices—you have the same country to defend, the same motive for exertion—but I should have been unjust had I not noticed, as it deserved, the excellence of your discipline and the martial appearance of your corps.

TO THE MEN OF COLOR.—"Soldiers! From the shores of Mobile I collected you to arms—I invited you to share in the perils and to divide the glory of your white countrymen. I expected much from you, for I was not uninformed of those qualities which must render you so formidable to an invading foe. I knew that you could endure hunger and thirst and all the hardships of war. I knew that you loved the land of your nativity, and that, like ourselves, you had to defend all that is most dear to man. But you surpass my hopes. I have found in you, united to these qualities, that noble enthusiasm which impels to great deeds.

"Soldiers! The President of the United States shall be informed of your conduct on the present occasion, and the voice of the Representatives of the American nation shall applaud your valor, as your General now

praises your ardor. The enemy is near. His sails cover the lakes. But the brave are united; and if he finds us contending among ourselves, it will be for the prize of valor, and fame its noblest reward."

The troops, all glowing with the fervor of this address, were dismissed to their several quarters and homes, to resume in the evening or on the morrow their military duties. The people slowly dispersed, cheerful and confident, as though the spectacle they had seen and the words they had heard had given them assurance of safety and triumph.

The next day came the joyful tidings of General Coffee's approach, with his mounted sharpshooters. Jackson's dispatch found him near Baton Rouge, one hundred and twenty-nine miles above the city, whither he had wandered in search of forage and subsistence. Late on the evening of the seventeenth he received the General's urgent commands. The greater part of his horses were worn down with fatigue and scarcity; three hundred of his men were sick; all were weakened by long exposure and incessant marching; his force was scattered over a compass of several miles. He spent the night in preparation. Early on the morning of the eighteenth, leaving his sick and his worst-mounted troops at Baton Rouge, he started on his march to the city, with a body of twelve hundred and fifty men. Before the close of the day he found it necessary again to divide his little army. Leaving behind four or five hundred, who could not keep up the prodigious pace at which he marched, he pushed on with eight hundred, whose horses were in better condition. The first day he marched fifty miles; the second day *seventy*, arriving within a few miles of New Orleans; on the morning of the third day he encamped within four miles of the city, and rode forward to grasp his general by the hand, and receive his orders.

The arrival of General Coffee and his huntsmen raised still further the spirits of the people. "Coffee," says the author of "Jackson and New Orleans," "was a man of noble aspect, tall and herculean in frame, yet not destitute of a certain natural dignity and ease of manner. Though of great

height and weight, his appearance on horseback, mounted on a fine Tennessee thorough-bred, was striking and impressive. Coffee brought with him less than eight hundred men. They were, however, admirable soldiers, who had been hardened by long service, possessed remarkable endurance, and that useful quality of soldiers of taking care of themselves in any emergency. They were all practiced marksmen, who thought nothing of bringing down a squirrel from the top of the loftiest tree with their rifles. Their appearance, however, was not very military. In their woolen hunting-shirts, of dark or dingy-color, and copperas-dyed pantaloons, made, both cloth and garments, at home, by their wives, mothers and sisters, with slouching wool hats, some composed of the skins of raccoons and foxes, the spoils of the chase, to which they were addicted almost from infancy—with belts of untanned deer-skin, in which were stuck hunting-knives and tomahawks—with their long unkempt hair and unshorn faces, Coffee's men were not calculated to please the eyes of the martinet, of one accustomed to regard neatness and primness as essential virtues of the good soldier. The British were not far wrong when they spoke of them as '*a posse comitatus*, wearing broad beavers, armed with long duck guns.' But the sagacious judge of human nature could not fail to perceive beneath their rude exterior those qualities which, in defensive warfare at least, are far more formidable than the practiced skill and discipline of regulars."

About the same time came in Colonel Hinds, with his regiment of Mississippi dragoons, who had marched two hundred and thirty miles in four days! On the twenty-second, the flotilla of General Carroll arrived, with another regiment of Tennesseans, and what was even more important, a supply of muskets, the want of which was secretly racking the General with anxiety. The streets were thronged with armed men, conveying to the inexperienced mind the impression that a great army was present.

Major Latour gives us a lively *French* picture of New Orleans, as it appeared during the few last days of waiting

or the landing of the enemy: "Such was the universal confidence inspired by the activity and decision of the Commander-in-chief, added to the detestation in which the enemy was held, and the desire to punish his audacity, should he resume to land, that not a single warehouse or shop was hut, nor were any goods or valuable effects removed from the city. At that period, New Orleans presented a very affecting picture to the eyes of the patriot, and of all those whose bosoms glow with the feelings of national honor, which raise the mind far above the vulgar apprehension of personal danger. The citizens were preparing for battle as cheerfully as if it had been a party of pleasure, each in his vernacular tongue singing songs of victory. The streets resounded with *Yankee Doodle*, the *Marseilles Hymn*, the *Chant du Depart*, and other martial airs, while those who had been long unaccustomed to military duty were furbishing their arms and accoutrements. Beauty applauded valor, and promised with her smiles to reward the toils of the brave. Though inhabiting an open town, not above ten leagues from the enemy, and never till now exposed to war's alarms, the fair sex of New Orleans were animated with the ardor of their defenders, and with cheerful serenity at the sound of the drum presented themselves at the windows and balconies to applaud the troops going through their evolutions, and to encourage their husbands, sons, fathers, and brothers, to protect them from the insults of our atrocious enemies, and prevent a repetition of the horrors of Hampton."

To this Major Latour adds an incident, which, though it escaped official notice at the time, he regarded as "worthy to be compared, as an example of patriotism, with the most brilliant instance of the same kind recorded in ancient histories."

MADAME DEVANCE BIENVENU," he says, "a respectable widow, and rich inhabitant of Atakapas, after sending her four sons to the defense of their country, in Captain Dubulay's company of dragoons, wrote to Governor Claiborne that she sincerely regretted having no other sons to offer to her country, but that if her own services, in the duty of taking

care of the wounded, should be thought useful, notwithstanding her advanced age, and the great distance of her residence, she would hasten to New Orleans for that purpose."

The letters written by Americans at New Orleans, during this week of excitement and suspense, and published in the northern newspapers, confirm the statements of Major Latour.

One letter, written on the 16th, two days after the gun-boat battle, thus concludes: "We are weak here at present—say twelve hundred regulars and two thousand militia. We expect Coffee, with two thousand more, in a day or two, and ere long the Kentucky and Tennessee drafts. When they all arrive we are ready to stand against any number the British may send. As we are, they may outnumber us, but even if my Lord Wellington trained them they are not better soldiers. We will weather the storm like honest fellows, and if our weakness is taken advantage of, they shall at least have a fight in miniature. Our old General stands it nobly, and is full of fight. The French turn out handsomely."

Another letter, also written on the 16th, says: "It would be presumptuous to predict the result of an invasion, but appearances justify the expectation of its not being ineffectually resisted."

A letter of the 17th contains the following: "If they effect a landing, a battle must decide the fate of the city. All here have full confidence in General Jackson, and calculate on a favorable result." . . . "General Jackson has established the most perfect order and police. He is confident he can defend the place."

A letter of the 22d says: "All this, you may consider, has produced a great deal of alarm and some little confusion—but custom is a great thing, and by degrees it will become familiar; but I hope the British will not continue long here, for they can not expect to be successful unless they have a very strong force, and every inch of ground will be contested."

CHAPTER V.

JACKSON GOES TO MEET THE ENEMY.

"*One man contrived to effect his escape,*" says the Subaltern in that part of his narrative which describes the surrounding of a planter's house near the banks of the Mississippi, and the seizure of its inmates.

How many a gallant life hung upon the chances of that one man's capture ! How many a wife, mother, sweetheart, over the sea, had been spared the desolation of their lives had one of the shower of bullets, amid which he fled, have stopped his flight ! How differently it might have fared with New Orleans, with General Jackson, with the invading army, if the news from the Villeré plantation had been delayed but a few hours !

The individual invested with such sudden and extreme importance was young Major Gabriel Villeré, the son of General Villeré, a Creole planter of ancient lineage, upon whose plantation the British were then halting. Major Villeré it was who had stationed the picket at the mouth of the bayou by which the English troops had gained the banks of the Mississippi, and stood now upon the high road leading to the prize they were in search of, and within a few miles of it. The adventures of this young man upon that eventful day, as gathered from his own lips, have been affectingly told by the admirable author of "*Jackson and New Orleans.*"

"Secure in his outposts," says the author referred to, "the major was sitting on the front gallery of the house, looking toward the river, and quietly enjoying his cigar, whilst his brother Celestin was engaged in cleaning a fowling-piece. Suddenly the major observed some men in red coats running toward the river. Immediately he leaped from his chair and rushed into the hall, with a view of escaping by the rear of the house. What were his horror and dismay to encounter at the back door several armed men. One of these was Colonel Thornton, who with drawn sword

called to the major to surrender. There were no braver men than the Villeres; their heritage was one of dauntless courage and chivalry—but resistance under such circumstances would have been madness. With infinite mortification the young creole surrendered. Celestin had already been arrested in the yard. The two young men were then confined in one of the rooms, closely guarded, until General Keane could come up. These events occurred at half-past ten o'clock, on the morning of the 23d of December. Surrounded and vigilantly guarded by his captors, Major Villeré watched eagerly for an opportunity to escape. He felt that if he should remain imprisoned, the calumniators of his race would find in the circumstance some color for the aspersions of the patriotism and fidelity of the creoles of Louisiana. To repel so base an inference, he determined to incur every peril. Springing suddenly from the group of soldiers, he leaped through the window of the room in which he was confined, and throwing down several of the British, who stood in his way, ran toward a high picket fence which inclosed the yard; clearing this at a bound, in the presence of some fifty British soldiers, several of whom discharged their arms at him, he made for the woods with that celerity and agility for which the young creole hunter is so distinguished. The British immediately started in hot pursuit, scattering themselves over the field so as to surround the fugitive. 'Catch or kill him,' was Thornton's order.

"Traversing the field behind the house, Villeré plunged into the cypress forest which girts the swamp, and ran until the boggy nature of the soil began to impede his progress. He could distinctly hear the voices of his pursuers rallying one another and pointing out the course which he had taken. His recapture now seemed inevitable, when it occurred to him to climb a large live-oak, and conceal himself in its thick evergreen branches. As he was about to execute this design his attention was attracted by a low whine or cry at his feet. He looked down and beheld his favorite setter crouched piteously on the ground, by her mournful look and action expressing more strongly than could the human face or form her sympathy for the perils of her master, and her desire to share his fate. The faithful creature had followed her master in his flight. What could Villeré do with the poor animal? Her presence near the tree would inevitably betray him. There was no other hope of escape. His own life might not be of so much value, but then the honor of his family, of a proud lineage, the safety of the city of his birth, with whose fortunes those of his family had been so conspicuously associated, the imminent peril in which Jackson and his soldiers would be placed by the surprise of the city—these and other considerations, such as should influence and control a gallant and honorable man, suppressed and overwhelmed all tender emotions of pity and affection. The sacrifice had to be made. With a deep sigh and eyes full of tears, the young Creole seized a large stick, and striking the poor, fawning, faithful dog, as

he cowered at his feet, soon dispatched her. Concealing the dead body, he ascended the tree, where he remained until the British had returned to their camp, and the pursuit was relinquished. He then slipped stealthily down, and stealing along the edge of the woods hurried to a plantation below, where he found his neighbor, Colonel de la Ronde, who, hearing of the approach of the British, was hurrying up from Terre aux Bœufs to join Jackson. Obtaining a boat, Villeré and De la Ronde rowed across the river, and reached in safety the plantation on the right bank of the Mississippi of P. S. Dussau de la Croix, one of the Committee of Public Safety of New Orleans. Horses were quickly saddled, and Villeré, De la Ronde, and De la Croix leaping upon them, put spurs to their animals, and rode towards the city as rapidly as the swift little Creole ponies could bear them.

"Thirty-seven years had passed, and the gallant young Creole hero of his adventure, emaciated by long sickness and prematurely old, surrounded by a family of gallant sons and lovely daughters, sat in that very gallery, and on the very spot on which he was surprised by the British, and related with graphic distinctness, with kindling eye and voice, hoarse with emotion, the painful sensation, the agonizing remorse which agitated his soul, when compelled to sacrifice his faithful dog to prevent the surprise of his native city and save his own honor. A few weeks after, his worn frame was consigned to the mausoleum which incloses the mortal remains of many other members of a family whose name is so highly honored in the annals of Louisiana."

"During all the exciting events of this campaign Jackson had barely the strength to stand erect without support; his body was sustained alone by the spirit within. Ordinary men would have shrunk into feeble imbeciles or useless invalids under such a pressure. The disease contracted in the swamps of Alabama still clung to him. Reduced to a mere skeleton, unable to digest his food, and unrefreshed by sleep, his life seemed to be preserved by some miraculous agency. There, in the parlor of his headquarters in Royal street, surrounded by his faithful and efficient aids, he worked day and night, organizing his forces, dispatching orders, receiving reports, and making all the necessary arrangements for the defense of the city.

"Jackson was thus engaged at half past one o'clock, P. M., on the 23d of December, 1814, when his attention was drawn from certain documents he was carefully reading by the sound of horses galloping down the streets with more rapidity than comported with the order of a city under martial law. The sounds ceased at the door of his headquarters, and the sentinel on duty announced the arrival of three gentlemen who desired to see the general immediately, having important intelligence to communicate.

"'Show them in,' ordered the General.

"The visitors proved to be Mr. Dussau de la Croix, Major Gabriel Villeré, and Colonel de la Ronde. They were stained with mud and nearly breathless with the rapidity of their ride.

" 'What news do you bring, gentlemen?' eagerly asked the General.

" 'Important! highly important!' responded Mr. de la Croix. 'The British have arrived at Villeré's plantation, nine miles below the city, and are there encamped. Here is Major Villeré, who was captured by them, has escaped, and will now relate his story.'

"The Major accordingly detailed in a clear and perspicuous manner the occurrences we have related, employing his mother tongue, the French language, which de la Croix translated to the General. At the close of Major Villeré's narrative, the General drew up his figure, bowed with disease and weakness, to its full height, and with an eye of fire and an emphatic blow upon the table with his clenched fist, exclaimed,

" 'By the Eternal, they shall not sleep on our soil!'

"Then courteously inviting his visitors to refresh themselves, and sipping a glass of wine in compliment to them, he turned to his secretary and aids and remarked,

" 'GENTLEMEN, THE BRITISH ARE BELOW, WE MUST FIGHT THEM TO-NIGHT.' "

It was not quite a surprise. The evening before, Jackson had received information from Colonel De la Ronde that some strange-looking vessels had been seen in Lake Borgne, below the city, and he had dispatched Major Latour and Major Tatum to ascertain if the report were true. "We left town," says Major Latour, in his historical memoir, "at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the 23d, and when we arrived at the boundary of Bienvenu's and la Ronde's plantations we met several persons flying toward town, who told us that the British had got to General Villeré's house by the canal, and had taken prisoner Major Villeré, the general's son. It being of the utmost importance to inform General Jackson of an event no longer doubtful, Major Tatum immediately returned to town, and I proceeded forward as far as over the boundary of Lacoste's and Villeré's plantations, whence I discovered British troops occupying the ground from the commencement of the angle made by the road in that place to the head of the canal. I approached within rifle-shot of those troops, and judged that their number must

amount to sixteen or eighteen hundred men. It was then half past 1, P. M."

Jackson was, therefore, not wholly unprepared to hear of the landing. He proceeded to act as though every thing had occurred exactly as he had anticipated. His troops were widely scattered at the moment. General Coffee's brigade was still encamped near the spot where they had first halted, four or five miles above the city. Major Planche's battalion was at the Bayou St. John, two miles from headquarters. The State militia, under Governor Claiborne, were on the Gentilly road, three miles away; the regulars were in the city, but variously disposed. General Carroll, with his Tennesseans, appear to have been still in the boats that brought them down the river. Commodore Patterson, too, was some distance off. In a manner perfectly quiet and composed, General Jackson dispatched a messenger to each of the corps under his command, ordering them with all haste to break up their camp and march to positions assigned them: General Carroll to the head of the upper branch of the Bienvenu; Governor Claiborne to a point further up the Gentilly road, which road leads from the Chef-Menteur to New Orleans; the rest of the troops to a plantation just below the city. Commodore Patterson was also sent for, and requested to prepare the Carolina for weighing anchor and dropping down the river.

These orders issued, the General sat down to dinner and ate a little rice, which alone his system could then endure.* He then lay down upon a sofa in his office and dosed for a short time. It was the last sleep the General was to enjoy for seventy hours or more—for five days and nights, one writer positively asserts. Who else could have slept at such a time? Before three o'clock he mounted his horse and rode to the lower part of the city, where then stood Fort St. Charles, on ground now occupied by the Branch Mint build-

* The General mentioned this to the Rev. Dr. Edgar, of Nashville. His only food that day was taken at this meal. It consisted of three or four table-spoons full of rice and half a cup of coffee.

ing. Before the gates of the fort he took his station, waiting to see the troops pass on their way to the vicinity of the enemy's position, and to give his final orders to the various commanders. Drawn up near him, in imposing array, was one of the two regiments of regulars, the 44th infantry, Colonel Ross, mustering three hundred and thirty-one muskets. Around the General were gathered his six aids, Captain Butler, Captain Reid, Captain Chotard, Edward Livingston, Mr. Davezac, Mr. Duplessis. The other regiment of regulars, the 7th infantry, Major Peire, four hundred and sixty-five muskets, had already marched down the road, to guard it against the enemy's advance. With them were sixty-six marines, twenty-two artillerymen and two six-pounders, under Colonel McRea and Lieutenant Spotts, of the regular artillery. Captain Beal's famous company of New Orleans riflemen, composed of merchants and lawyers of the city, were also below, defending the high road. A cloud of dust on the levee, and the thunder of horses' feet, soon announced to the expectant General the approach of cavalry. Colonel Hinds, of the Mississippi dragoons, emerged from the dust-cloud, galloping at the head of his troop, whom he led swiftly by to their designated post. Coffee, with his Tennesseans, was not far behind. Halting at the General's side, he conversed with him for a few minutes, and then, rejoining his men, gave the word, "Forward at a gallop," and the long line of backwoodsmen swept rapidly past. Next came into view a parti-colored host on foot, at a run, which proved to be Major Planché's fine battalion of uniformed companies. "Ah!" cried Jackson to his aid Davezac, "Here come the brave Creoles." They had run all the way from the Fort St. John, and came breathless into the General's presence. In a moment they too had received their orders, and were again in motion. A battalion of colored freemen, under Major Dacquin, and a small body of Choctaw Indians, under Captain Jugeant, arrived, halted, passed on, and the General had seen his available force go by. The number of troops that went that afternoon to meet the enemy was two thousand one hun-

dred and thirty-one,* of whom considerably more than half had never been in action.

The commanders of the different corps had all received the same simple orders: to advance as far as the Rodriguez Canal, six miles below the city, and two miles above the Villeré plantation; there to halt, take positions, and wait for orders to close with the enemy. The Rodriguez Canal was no more than a wide, shallow ditch, which extended across the firm ground from the river to the swamp.

During the bustle attending the departure of the troops the city seemed still confident and cheerful. As the men hur-

* The exact enumeration, according to Major Latour, was as follows:

Detachment of marines, under the command of Lieutenant Bel- levue,	66 men strong.
A detachment of artillery, with two six-pounders, under the immediate command of Colonel M'Rea and Lieutenant Spott,	22
7th Regiment, Major Peire,	465
44th, commanded by Captain Baker,	331
	—884

Major Planché's Battalion.

Carabiniers, Captain Roche,	86
Dismounted Dragoons, Major St. Geme,	78
Louisiana Blues, Captain White,	31
Frances, Captain Hudry,	33
Chasseurs, Captain Guibert,	59
	—287
The battalion of St. Domingo men of color, Major Dacquin, .	210
Choctaws, Captain Pierre Jugeant,	18
	—228

The left, commanded by General Coffee, was composed as follows:

Tennessee Volunteer Mounted Riflemen, forming General Coffee's Brigade,	563
Orleans Rifle Company, Captain Beale,	62
Mississippi Dragoons, Major Hinds,	107
	—732

In all 2131.

Eaton states the total to have been 2167, and adds that he derived the statement from Colonel R. Butler, Adjutant-General.

ried along the levee the windows were crowded with ladies waving their handkerchiefs, and hiding with smiles the anxiety that rent their hearts. Husbands, fathers, brothers, nephews, friends, were recognized in the moving masses of soldiers. Wives, mothers, sisters, were discerned at the familiar windows. The salutations then hurriedly given were the last that were ever exchanged between some of those panting soldiers and those they loved.

Nolte relates an incident of his departure that shows us something of the feeling of the hour: "Just as I had put on my uniform and taken my musket, a broker ran after me to offer me a lot which must be sold that day, because the owner feared that they would fall into the hands of the English. 'Offer something, Mr. Nolte,' said the broker. I had not the heart to offer fifty per cent. lower than the price, and, therefore, offered seven cents, more with the view of getting rid of the broker than of speculating. In a few moments he came back, notes in hand, and said, 'Mr. Nolte, the cotton is yours.' There was no time to deliver it, however, for we were obliged to march. This little affair was spoken of at Jackson's headquarters as a proof of my trust in a fortunate result of the hostilities."

"On that very day," says Mr. Walker, "a number of the ladies of the city met at the residence of Mrs. Cenas, at present the consort of Colonel William Christy, himself a veteran of 1814-'15, for the purpose of plying their needles in the noble task of preparing clothing for the soldiers of Jackson's army, many of whom arrived on the levee in a very ragged and destitute condition. While they were thus busily engaged, the news was brought into the room that the enemy had just landed and were marching on the city. Of course, the ladies were a little nervous at first when the alarming intelligence was communicated, but Mrs. Cenas remarked that they need be under no fear as long as they had Jackson to defend them. At the suggestion, however, of one of the party, a message was despatched by the ladies to the General, inquiring 'what they were to do in case the city was attacked?'"

“ ‘Say to the ladies,’ Jackson promptly replied, ‘not to be uneasy. No British soldier shall enter the city as an enemy unless over my dead body.’ ”

This was, perhaps, the origin of the story, so often repeated, of the women and children running out into the streets in consternation, and gathering round the General’s horse. Nolte says: “Jackson’s resolution was now taken. ‘We will,’ said he, ‘now give them a little taste of what they have to expect. They shall find out whom they have to deal with.’ When he heard the women and children crying for terror in the streets, he ordered Livingston to tell them that he was there, and that the British should never get into the city so long as he held the command.” Again, says Nolte: “The General was burning with impatience to come to close quarters with the *red coats*, as he called them. He wanted to *fight*. There was no computation of relative force, and not much idea of tact or plan. Jackson had bent all the strength of his will on one single point, and that was to meet and drive off the *red coats*. ‘I will smash them,’ he would exclaim, ‘so help me God!’ ”

The General’s message to the ladies might have been reassuring for the moment. But when, at last, the town was emptied of the armed men, who for so many days had thronged its streets, and given a feeling of security to its inhabitants, a strange and horrible stillness fell upon the place. No accustomed tramp of passing troops ; no dashing by of mounted officers ; no exercising in the public grounds ; no sound of bugle, drum, or martial band. It was a town of anxious women and old men, who could do nothing but listen for the expected cannonade, and speculate upon the chances of the night. Colonel Napier had not then so eloquently written of the brutal and diabolic excesses of the British soldiery at the sack of the Spanish towns. But nothing was thought too monstrous for them to attempt if Jackson should be unable to preserve the city from their despoiling hands. Many of the ladies of New Orleans, we are told, had provided themselves with daggers, which they wore in

their belts that night instead of the domestic and congenial scissors.*

The last corps of the army had disappeared in the distance, and still the General lingered before the gates of Fort St. Charles, looking, with a slight expression of impatience on his countenance, toward that part of the river where the Carolina was anchored. He saw her, at length, weigh her anchor, and move slowly down the stream. She had been manned within the last few days, and well manned, as it proved, though some of her crew only learned their duty by doing it. Captain Henly commanded the little vessel. Commodore Patterson, however, was in no mood to stay in New Orleans on such a night, and so went in her to the scene of action.

The General had no sooner seen the Carolina under way, than he put spurs to his horse, and galloped down the road by which the troops had gone, followed by all of his staff, except Captain Butler. Much against his will, Captain Butler was appointed to command in the city that night. It

* And then was revived that vague and horrible terror of an insurrection of the slaves. Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, says:—"It was reported, and believed in camp, that a British officer visited the city in disguise, and danced at one of the balls. The highways were covered with the British Colonel Nicholl's proclamation from Pensacola, inviting the slaves to insurrection. So intense was the dread of the inhabitants of that fearful revolt, that Judge Martin represents the old inhabitants, during the anxious night of the 23d December, when General Jackson led his small disposable force to attack the British at their first landing on Villeré's plantation, as painfully excited by a mere report that Jackson, before his departure, had taken measures, and given orders, for blowing up the magazine, and setting fire to various parts of the city, in case the British succeeded in forcing his ranks. While frequent explosions of musketry and artillery reminded them that their sons were facing warlike soldiers, they grieved, says this historian, that their commander's inexperience appeared demonstrated by the rash step imputed to him. Apprehension was entertained that British emissaries would be ready to induce the slaves to begin the conflagration of their owners' houses, and march towards the city, spreading terror, dismay, fire, and slaughter—Jackson's firing it being taken for the signal to begin the havoc. The idea of thus finding themselves, with their wives, children, and old men, driven by the flames of their houses towards a black enemy bringing down devastation, harrowed up the minds of the inhabitants."—*General Jackson's Fine*, p. 12.

was four o'clock in the afternoon when the Carolina left her anchorage, and General Jackson rode away from before the gates of Fort St. Charles. The day was Friday.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTERNOON IN THE BRITISH CAMP.

THAT halt of the English troops, when a two hours' march would have given them at least temporary possession of New Orleans, has subjected General Keane to animadversion from friend and foe. But is the criticism just which condemns that unfortunate officer? I think not. A very slight examination of the situation, as it must have appeared to him, is sufficient to show that to have acted otherwise he must have been a Napoleon or a fool. He was neither of those characters.

Major-General John Keane was an Irishman, who, beginning the career of arms in Egypt under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, advanced rapidly and deservedly in his profession during the French wars, and held now this important independent command while he was still in the prime of life. He was a handsome, dashing officer. At the head of his regiment of impetuous Irishmen, he had led the assault on many a hotly-contested field, and never without winning for himself and his command an ample share of the honors of the fight. In this campaign, too, up to the moment of the halt, his conduct was equally bold and skillful. To have gained the threshold of New Orleans in the face of obstacles so numerous and so novel, landing where alone an unobstructed landing was probable, and pushing forward to a point so near the prize with such suddenness and secrecy, was a proof of generalship which only needed a few hours more of good fortune to have won the applause of the whole world.

Why halt, then ? Chiefly because a train of concurring circumstances had fixed in his mind the conviction that New Orleans was full of troops. He knew, also, that they were commanded by "Andrew Jackson, Esquire," as one of the British narrators styles the General ; and, in all probability, Colonel Nichols and his comrades had conveyed some impression of Jackson's quality to the minds of the British officers in command. General Keane had with him a body of sixteen hundred men ; in twelve hours his force would be doubled ; in twenty-four, trebled ; in forty-eight, quadrupled. It was, moreover, a tradition, nay, a settled article of faith, in the English army, that the Americans never attacked, but waited to be attacked ; happy if they could but hold their ground against a disciplined foe. The men of the advance, too, besides being debilitated by ten weeks of ship-board, were extremely fatigued by the labors and exposures, day and night, of the last week. How natural, therefore,—how inevitable the determination of the British general to give his troops a night's rest on the first ground that afforded facilities for it ; and the next morning, with renewed strength and doubled numbers, to march upon the town.

It was not alone the representations of the captured picket that deceived General Keane as to Jackson's numbers. The day after the loss of the gun-boats, Mr. Shields, a purser of the United States navy, and Dr. Murrell, had been sent with a flag of truce to the admiral of the British fleet ; the doctor to attend the wounded Americans, the purser to procure the liberation of the captured officers on parole. The admiral, suspecting that the real object of these gentlemen was to ascertain the strength of the expedition, thought proper to detain them on board his ship, and there they remained till the campaign was over. They were closely questioned by the admiral as to the condition of the city, and the number of troops under Jackson's command ; but, of course, no information could be elicited from them. "Shields," says Major Eaton, who is the authority for this story, "was perceived to be quite deaf, and calculating on some advantage to be de-

rived from this circumstance, he and the doctor were placed at night in the green room, where any conversation which occurred between them could readily be heard. Suspecting, perhaps, something of the kind, after having retired, and every thing was seemingly still, they began to speak of their situation, the circumstance of their being detained, and of the prudent caution with which they had guarded themselves against communicating any information to the British admiral.

“‘But,’ continued Shields, ‘How greatly these gentlemen will be disappointed in their expectations, for Jackson, with the twenty thousand troops he now has, and the reinforcements from Kentucky, which must speedily reach him, will be able to destroy any force that can be landed from these ships.’

“Every word was heard, and treasured, and not supposing there was any design, or that he presumed himself overheard, they were beguiled by it, and at once concluded our force to be as great as it was represented ; and hence, no doubt, arose the reason of that prudent care and caution with which the enemy afterwards proceeded ; for, as it was remarked by a British officer, the actual strength of General Jackson’s army, though repeatedly sought after, could never be procured ; it was a desideratum not to be obtained.”

Add to these circumstances the fact that General Keane was only in temporary command of this army. General Sir Edward Pakenham, a connection of the Duke of Wellington, and a favorite of the English ministry, was the person for whom the command and the credit of the expedition were designed. He had not yet arrived, but was hourly expected.

In accordance with the plan previously pursued in these pages, the reader shall be afforded an opportunity of surveying the occurrences of this decisive day and night as they appeared to English actors in them, and as they seemed to American participants.

The “Subaltern” resumes his narrative : “Noon had

just passed, when the word was given to halt, by which means every facility was afforded of posting the piquets with leisure and attention. Nor was this deemed enough to secure tranquility : parties were sent out in all directions to reconnoitre, who returned with an account that no enemy nor any trace of an enemy could be discerned. The troops were accordingly suffered to light fires, and to make themselves comfortable ; only their accouterments were not taken off, and the arms were piled in such form as to be within reach at a moment's notice.

“ As soon as these agreeable orders were issued, the soldiers proceeded to obey them both in letter and in spirit. Tearing up a number of strong palings, large fires were lighted in a moment ; water was brought from the river, and provisions were cooked. But their bare rations did not content them. Spreading themselves over the country as far as a regard to safety would permit, they entered every house, and brought away quantities of hams, fowls, and wines of various descriptions ; which being divided among them, all fared well, and none received too large a quantity. In this division of good things they were not unmindful of their officers ; for upon active warfare the officers are considered by the privates as comrades, to whom respect and obedience are due, rather than as masters.

“ It was now about three o'clock in the afternoon, and all had as yet remained quiet. The troops, having finished their meal, lay stretched beside their fires, or refreshed themselves by bathing, for to-day the heat was such as to render this latter employment extremely agreeable, when suddenly a bugle from the advanced posts sounded the alarm, which was echoed back from all in the army. Starting up, we stood to our arms and prepared for battle, the alarm being now succeeded by some firing ; but we were scarcely in order when intelligence arrived from the front that there was no danger, only a few horse having made their appearance, who were checked and put to flight at the first discharge. Upon this information our wonted confidence returned, and we again

betook ourselves to our former occupations, remarking that, as the Americans had never yet dared to attack, there was no great probability of their doing so on the present occasion.

“In this manner the day passed without any further alarm ; and darkness having set in, the fires were made to blaze with increased splendor, our evening meal was eaten, and we prepared to sleep.”

CHAPTER VII.

DECEMBER TWENTY-THIRD.

FOUR o'clock in the afternoon.—Most of the American troops have reached the Rodriguez Canal ; others are coming up every moment. They are all on, or near the high road, which runs along the river's bank. The second division of the British army, consisting of the 21st, the 44th, and the 93d Highlanders, is nearing the fisherman's village, at the mouth of the Bayou Bienvenu. The party in advance is quiescent and unsuspecting on and about the Villeré plantation. General Keane and Colonel Thornton are pacing the piazza of the Villeré mansion, Keane satisfied with his position, Thornton distrusting it.

Half-past four.—The first American scouting party, consisting of five mounted riflemen, advance toward the British camp to reconnoiter. They advance too far, and retire with the loss of one horse killed and two men wounded. The first blood of the land campaign is shed ; Thomas Scott, the name of the first wounded man. Major Planché's battalion of Creole volunteers are now beginning to arrive. Our friend Nolte was serving in one of the companies. If Nolte were only as reliable as he is interesting, he would be a valuable aid to us at this moment. Of the march from the city to the rendezvous he gives us this record : “ Our major, Planché,

was very much agitated. He turned round to me and said, in almost piteous tones,

“ ‘Alas ! I scarcely feel that I have courage enough to lead fathers of families to battle !’

“But our captain, Roche, who was ‘made of sterner stuff,’ and might be called a practical soldier, rejoined,

“ ‘Don’t talk in that way, major ! Come now ! that’s not the kind of tone to use at this time !’

“With these words, he wheeled about to us and shouted,

“ ‘Come, lads ! forward ! Do your duty like brave fellows !’

“The Villeré plantation was about eight or nine miles from the city. We hurried toward it with a zeal which, for inexperienced militia, who had not yet smelt powder, might have been called almost heroic, had not Jackson’s own example spurred us on, or had not many remained in careless ignorance of what awaited them. With our silent band of musicians in front, almost at a running pace, we reached Villeré’s plantation within about two hours, just as twilight was drawing on, and in profound silence.”

Five o’clock.—The General is with his little army, serene, determined, confident. He believes he is about to capture or destroy those red-coats in his front, and he communicates some portion of his own assurance of faith to those around him. First, Colonel Hayne, inspector-general of the army, shall go forward with Colonel Hind’s hundred horsemen, to see what he can see of the enemy’s position and numbers. The hundred horsemen advanced ; dash into the British pickets ; halt while Colonel Hayne takes a survey of the scene before him ; wheel, and gallop back. Colonel Hayne reports the enemy’s strength at two thousand. But what are these printed bills stuck upon the plantation fences ?

“LOUISIANIANS ! REMAIN QUIET IN YOUR HOUSES. YOUR SLAVES SHALL BE PRESERVED TO YOU, AND YOUR PROPERTY RESPECTED. WE MAKE WAR ONLY AGAINST AMERICANS !”

Signed by General Keane and Admiral Cochrane. A negro was overtaken by the returning reconnoiterers, with

printed copies of this proclamation upon his person, in Spanish and French.*

Twilight deepens into darkness. It is the shortest day of the year but four. The moon rises hazy and dim, yet bright enough for that night's work, if it will only last. The American host is very silent; silent, because such is the order; silent, because they are in no mood to chatter. The more provident and lucky of the men eat and drink what they have, but most of them neither eat nor hunger. As the night drew on the British watch-fires, numerous and brilliant, became visible, disclosing completely their position, and lighting the Americans the way they were to go.

Six o'clock. — The General-in-Chief has completed his scheme, and part of it is in course of execution. It was the simple old backwoods plan of *cornering* the enemy; the best possible for the time and place. Coffee, with his own riflemen, with Beale's New Orleans sharpshooters, with Hinds' dragoons, was to leave the river's side, march across the plain to the cypress swamp, turn down toward the enemy, wheel again, attack them in the flank, and crowd them to the river. With General Coffee, as guide and aid, went Colonel De la Ronde, the proprietor of one of the plantations embraced in the circle of operations. A circuitous march of five miles over moist, rough, obstructed ground, lay before General Coffee, and he was already in motion. Jackson, with the main fighting strength of the army, was to keep closer to the river, and open an attack directly upon the enemy's position; the artillery and marines upon the high road; the two regiments of regulars to the left of the road; Planché's battalion, Dacquin's colored freemen, Jugeant's Choctaws, still further to the left, so as to complete the line of attack across the plain. The Carolina was to anchor opposite the enemy's camp, close in shore, and pour broadsides of grape and round shot into their midst. From the Carolina was to come the signal of attack. Not a shot to be fired, not a sound uttered, till the schooner's guns were heard. Then—Coffee, Planché, regu-

* Latour, 90.

lars, marines, Indians, negroes, artillery, Jackson, all advance at once, and girdle the foe with fire !

Half-past six.—The Carolina arrives opposite General Jackson's position. Edward Livingston goes on board of her, explains the plan of attack, communicates the General's orders to Commodore Patterson, and returns to his place at the General's side. "It continuing calm," says the Commodore in his official dispatch, "got out sweeps, and, a few minutes after, having been frequently hailed by the enemy's sentinels, anchored, veered out a long scope of cable, and sheered close in shore abreast of their camp." The Commodore's "few minutes" was three quarters of an hour, at least, according to the other accounts. He had more than two miles to go before reaching the spot where he "veered out the long reach of cable"—itself an operation not done in a moment.

Seven o'clock.—The night has grown darker than was hoped. Coffee has made his way across the plain. Behind a ditch separating two plantations he is dismounting his men. Cavalry could not be employed upon such ground in the dark. Leaving the horses in charge of a hundred of his riflemen, he is about to march with the rest to find and charge the enemy. He has still a long way to go, and wants a full hour, at least, to come up with them. General Coffee, a man of few words, and intent on the business of the hour, delivers an oration, in something like these words :

"Men, you have often said you could fight ; now is the time to prove it. Don't waste powder. Be sure of your mark before firing."

Jackson is nearly ready to advance. The susceptible Creoles, of course, could not fall in on such a night for such a purpose without enacting a scene or two. "At this moment," says Nolte, "Captain Roche stepped in front, and commanded—

" 'Sergeant Roche !'

"This was his brother. The latter advanced, and was met by the Captain, who said,

“‘Let us embrace, brother ; it may be for the last time.’

“The request was complied with. Then came a second word of command :

“‘Sergeant Roche, to your post !’”

There is still a wide gap between General Jackson’s division and that under command of General Coffee. Colonel Ross, who is acting to-night as brigadier-general (for Jackson had no brigadier), has been ordered, as soon as the fire opens, to close that gap with the uniformed companies and the colored freemen.

Half-past seven.—The first gun from the Carolina booms over the plain, followed in quick succession by seven others—the schooner’s first broadside. It lays low upon the moist delta a hundred British soldiers, as some compute or guess.* Jackson hears it, and yet withholds the expected word of command. Coffee hears it, too soon, but he makes haste to respond. The English division then landing at the fisherman’s village hear it, and hurry tumultuously toward the scene of action, and the boats go madly back to Pine Island with the news. New Orleans hears it. A great crowd of women, children, old men and slaves, assembled in the square before the state-house, see the flash and listen to the roar of the guns, with emotions that can be imagined, not described.

Other broadsides follow, as fast as men can load. And yet, strange to say, the people on board the terrible schooner knew nothing all that night of the effect their fire produced ; knew not whether they had contributed anything or nothing to the final issue of the strife. Commodore Patterson simply says : “Commenced a heavy (and as I have since learned, most destructive) fire from our starboard battery and small arms, which was returned most spiritedly by the enemy with congreve rockets and musketry from their whole force, when, after about forty minutes of most incessant fire, the enemy

* General Keane, in his official report, (which is full of errors,) says that only *one man* fell at the first fire, Captain Cooke, in his “Narrative,” says, *many* fell. Mr. Walker thinks, *one hundred*. The Subaltern says, “*it swept down numbers.*” Pity a poor biographer, dear reader.

was silenced. The fire from our battery was continued till nine o'clock upon the enemy's flank while engaged in the field with our army, at which hour ceased firing, supposing, from the distance of the enemy's fire (for it was too dark to see anything on shore), that they had retreated beyond the range of our guns. Weighed and swept across the river, in hopes of a breeze the next morning, to enable me to renew the attack upon the enemy, should they be returned to their encampment."

So much for the Carolina. What she did, we know. But I defy any living being to say with positiveness, and in detail, what occurred on shore. The contradictions between the British and American accounts, and between the various American narratives, are so flat and irreconcilable, that the narrator who cares only for the truth pauses bewildered, and knows not what to believe. But exactness of detail is not important in describing this unique battle. A more successful night attack, or one that more completely gained, not the object proposed, but the objects most necessary to be gained, was never made. That fact alone might suffice. Yet let us peer into the thickening darkness, and see what we can discern of the credible, the probable, and the certain, borrowing other people's eyes when our own fail.

Jackson opened his attack with curious deliberation. He waited patiently for the Carolina's guns. And when the thunder of her broadside broke the silence of the night, he still waited. For ten minutes, which seemed thirty, he let the little schooner wage the combat alone, hoping to fix the attention of the enemy exclusively upon her.

Then—FORWARD !

A mistake occurred at the very start. So, at least, avers Major Eaton, whose work was written under Jackson's own eye. The troops were ordered to march toward the enemy *in columns*, and those nearest the General's person did so. But the larger number, instead of moving in columns and starting off to the left, so as to fill the gap between Jackson's and Coffee's divisions, marched *in line*. For a few minutes

all went well, and the whole division was rapidly nearing the enemy, full of courage and enthusiasm. But soon, by the turn of the river, the ground was found to be too narrow for the line, which first became compressed, then confused ; and, finally, Planché's battalion was forced out of the line, and compelled to form in the rear. Jackson saw nothing of this, however ; no one saw it except those whom it immediately concerned. Major Planché himself scarcely comprehended it—so dark was the night, so broken the ground.

Down the high road, close to the river, with the seventh regiment, the artillery and the marines, Jackson advanced. A light breeze from the river blew over the plain the smoke of the Carolina's incessant fire, to which was added a fog then beginning to rise from the river. Lighted only by the flash of the guns and the answering musketry and rockets, the General pushed on, and had approached within less than a mile of the British headquarters, when the company in advance, under Lieutenant McLelland, received a brisk fire from a British outpost lying in a ditch behind a fence near the road. Colonel Platt, quartermaster-general, who was with this company, ran to the front, and seeing the red-coats, by the flash of their own guns, cried out—

“Come out, and fight like men on open ground.”

Without giving them time to comply with this invitation, he poured a volley into their midst, and kept up an active fire for four or five minutes. The British picket gave way, and over the fence leaped Platt's company, and occupied the post they had abandoned. This was the first success of the battle, but it was very short. In a few minutes, a large party of British, two hundred, it is said, came up to regain their lost position, and opened a fire upon the victorious company. Its gallant commander, Lieutenant McLelland, fell dead ; Colonel Platt was wounded ; a sergeant was killed ; several of the men were wounded ; and it was going hardly with the little band. In the nick of time, however, the two pieces of cannon were placed in position on the road, and began a most vigorous fire, relieving the advanced company, and com-

pellling the enemy to keep his distance. A second time the Americans were successful, for a moment. Soon a formidable force of British came up the road, and opened a tremendous fire upon the artillerymen and marines, evidently designed to take the guns. The marines recoiled before the lead tempest. The horses attached to the cannon, wounded by the fire, reared, plunged, became unmanageable, and one of the pieces was overturned into the ditch by the side of the road. It was a moment of frightful and nearly fatal confusion. Jackson dashed into the fire, accompanied by two of his aids, and roared out with that startling voice of his—

“Save the guns, my boys, at every sacrifice.”

The electric presence of the General restored and rallied the marines as another company of the seventh came up, and the guns were “protected,” says Major Eaton, which probably means drawn out of danger. All this was the work of very few minutes.

The other companies of the seventh, and the whole of the forty-fourth, were meanwhile engaged in that miscellaneous desultory, indescribable manner, of which the Subaltern narrative will in a moment give us some idea.

Major Planché was not long in the rear. He marched his battalion to the left to find an opening for attack. Unfortunately he did not march far enough to the left; but advancing toward the enemy before he had gone beyond the forty-fourth, one of his companies mistook that regiment for one of the enemy's, and opened fire upon it, wounding seven men. Planché gallantly atoned for the deplorable error, led his battalion against the enemy, and gave them several effective volleys. Our acquaintance, Nolte, now catches his first glimpse of the red coats. He desires us to understand that he surveyed the scene with the composure of a veteran. “It was by the flash of the muskets,” he says, “that we, for the first time, got a sight of the red coats of the English, who were posted on a small acclivity in front of us, about a gunshot distant. I noted this circumstance, and at the same moment observed the peculiar method of firing by the Engli

who still kept up the old custom of three deep ; one row of men half kneeling, and two other ranks firing over their shoulders. This style of firing, along with the darkness of the evening, explained to me the reason why the enemy's balls, which we heard whistling by, mostly flew over our heads, and only seven men were wounded, five of them belonging to our own company. After the lapse of about twenty minutes, the word was passed to cease firing. On the English side only a few retreating discharges were dropped in from time to time. We saw about sixty English captured by the Tennessee riflemen, and led off towards the road, and at the same time learned that about one half of our sharpshooters from the city had fallen into the hands of the English."

Before these simultaneous attacks the English gradually gave way. Not at every point, however. But, upon the whole, the Americans gained upon them, and got nearer and nearer the British headquarters.

General Coffee, though the signal came a little too early for him, was in the thick of the fight sooner than he had expected. Having reached the Villeré plantation, he wheeled toward the river, and marched in a widely extended line, each man to fight, in the Indian fashion, on his own account. He expected to come up with the enemy near the river's bank, and would have done so if the Carolina had begun her fire half an hour later. The enemy, however, had then had time to recover from their confusion, to abandon the river, and to form in various positions across the plain. General Coffee had not advanced a hundred yards from the swamp before he was astonished to find himself in the presence of the British eighty-fifth. "A war of duels and detachments" ensued, with varying fortune. But the deadly and unerring fire of Coffee's cool riflemen, accustomed from of old to night warfare with Indians, acquainted with all the arts of covert and approach, was too much for the British infantry.* From

* "The short rifle of the English service was not equal to the long and deadly instrument of the western hunter and Indian fighter. For many years after the huts of Lacoste bore striking proofs of the accuracy of the aim of the Tennes-

orange grove, from behind negro huts, the eighty-fifth slowly retired toward the river, until, at length, they took post behind an old levee, near the high road. Bayonets alone could dislodge them thence, and the Tennesseans had no bayonets. Coffee, too, retired to cover, and sent to the General for orders.

Captain J. N. Cooke, a British officer, who wrote a narrative of this unexampled campaign, gives a lively picture of the battle at the time when Coffee was fighting his way across the plain: "Lumps and crowds of American militia, who were armed with rifles and long hunting knives for close quarters, now crossed the country; and by degrees getting nearer to the headquarters of the British, they were met by some companies of the rifle corps and the eighty-fifth light infantry; and here again such confusion took place as seldom occurs in war—the bayonet of the British and the knife of the American were in active opposition at close quarters during this eventful night, and, as pronounced by the Americans, it was 'rough and tumble.'

"The darkness was partially dispelled for a few moments now and then by the flashes of fire-arms; and whenever the outlines of men were distinguishable, the Americans called out, 'don't fire, we are your friends!'" Prisoners were taken and retaken. The Americans were litigating and wrangling, and protesting that they were not taken fairly, and were hugging their fire-arms, and bewailing their separation from a favorite rifle that they wished to retain as their lawful property.

seans, and of the severity of the combat in this part of the field. Concealing themselves behind the huts, the British waited until the Tennesseans got into the midst of them. Then they rushed forward and engaged with them hand to hand. Neither party having bayonets, they were forced to club their guns, and thus many fine rifles were ruined. But the more cautious of the Tennesseans preferred their long knives and tomahawks to thus endangering that arm which is their chief reliance in war, their inseparable companion in peace and war. Many a British soldier who was found dead, on the field, with heavy gashes on his forehead, or deep stabs in his bosom, was buried under the conviction that he came to his death by that military and chivalric weapon, the sword."—*Jackson and New Orleans.*

"The British soldiers, likewise, hearing their mother tongue spoken, were captured by this deception ; when such mistakes being detected, the nearest American received a knock-down blow ; and in this manner prisoners on both sides, having escaped, again joined in the fray, calling out lustily for their respective friends. Here was fighting, and straggling flashes of fire darting through the gloom, like the tails of so many comets.

"At this most remarkable night-encounter the British were fighting on two sides of a ragged triangle, their left face pounded by the fire from the sloop, and their right face engaged with the American land forces. Hallen was still fighting in front at the apex.

"At one time the Americans pushed round Hallen's right, and got possession of the high road behind him; where they took Major Mitchell and thirty riflemen going to his assistance. But Hallen was inexorable, and at no time had more than one hundred men at his disposal ; the riflemen coming up from the rear by twos and threes to his assistance, when he had lost nearly half his picket in killed and wounded. And behind him was such confusion that an English artillery officer declared that the flying illumination encircling him was so unaccountably strange that had he not pointed his brass cannon to the front at the beginning of the fight *he could not have told which was the proper front of battle* (as the English soldiers were often firing one upon the other, as well as the Americans), except by looking towards the muzzle of his three pounder, which he dared not fire, from the fear of bringing down friends and foes by the same discharge ; seeing, as he did, the darkness suddenly illuminated across the country by the flashing of muskets at every point of the compass."

The incidents attending the capture of Major Mitchell are amusingly related by the author of "Jackson and New Orleans." "As the 93d Highlanders," says this diligent writer, "were expected every moment to reach the camp, Major Mitchell was strongly impressed with the belief that Coffee's men, who wore hunting-shirts, which, in the dark,

were not unlike the Highland frock, were the men of the 93d, and greatly needing their aid, he eagerly advanced, calling out, 'Are those the 93d?' 'Of course,' shouted the Tennesseans, who had no particular number. Mitchell thereupon pushed boldly forward within a few feet of the men, when Captain Donaldson stepped in front, and slapping the astounded Briton on the shoulder, called out, 'You are my prisoner,' and requested the Major's sword. This request was enforced by half a dozen long rifles, which covered his body at every assailable point. With infinite mortification the gallant Major surrendered, and with several other prisoners was borne off by the Tennesseans. Though at the moment of his capture, and subsequently, Major Mitchell was treated with the kindness and generosity due to a gallant foe, he never recovered his good humor, and embraced every opportunity of exhibiting his spleen and disgust. The oblique movement of Coffee's brigade to the right produced some disasters which were sorely lamented by the Americans."

The Subaltern's narrative of this fearful and glorious night is singularly interesting. He says truly that no man could know much of what passed except the events that occurred in his immediate presence, and therefore he confines his narrative to what he himself did and saw :

"My friend Grey and myself had been supplied by our soldiers with a couple of fowls taken from a neighboring hen-roost, and a few bottles of excellent claret, borrowed from the cellar of one of the houses near. We had built ourselves a sort of hut, by piling together in a conical form a number of large stakes and broad rails torn up from one of the fences; and a bright wooden fire was blazing at the door of it. In the wantonness of triumph, too, we had lighted some six or eight wax-candles, a vast quantity of which had been found in the store-rooms of the chateaux hard by; and having done ample justice to our luxurious supper, we were sitting in great splendor, and in high spirits, at the entrance of our hut, when the alarm of the approaching schooner was communicated to us. With the sagacity of a veteran, Grey instantly guessed how matters stood: he was the first to hail the suspicious stranger, and, on receiving no answer to his challenge, he was the first to fire a musket in the direction of her anchorage. But he had scarcely done so when she opened her broadside, causing

the instantaneous abandonment of fires, viands, and mirth, throughout the bivouac.

“As we contrived to get our men tolerably well around us, Grey and myself were among the first who rushed forth to support the pickets, and check the advance of the enemy upon the right. Passing as rapidly as might be through the ground of encampment, amidst a shower of grape-shot from the vessel, we soon arrived at the pond, which, being forded, we found ourselves in front of the farm-house, of which I have already spoken as composing the headquarters of General Keane. Here we were met by a few stragglers from the outposts, who reported that the advanced companies were all driven in, and that a numerous division of Americans was approaching. Having attached these fugitives to our little corps, we pushed on, and in a few seconds reached the lower extremity of a sloping stubble-field, at the other end of which we could discern a long line of men, but whether they were friends or foes the darkness would not permit us to determine. We called aloud, for the purpose of satisfying our doubts; but the signal being disregarded, we advanced. A heavy fire of musketry instantly opened upon us, but so fearful was Grey of doing injury to our own troops, that he would not permit it to be returned. We accordingly pressed on, our men dropping by ones and twos on every side of us, till, having arrived within twenty or thirty yards of the object of our curiosity, it became to me evident enough that we were in front of the enemy. But Grey’s humane caution still prevailed; he was not convinced, and till he should be convinced it was but natural that he should not alter his plans. There chanced to be near the spot where we were standing a huge dung-heap, or rather, a long, solid stack of stubble, behind which we directed the men to take shelter, whilst one of us should creep forward alone, for the purpose of more completely ascertaining a fact of which all, except my brave and noble-minded comrade, were satisfied. The event proved that my sight had not deceived me; I approached within saber’s length of the line, and having ascertained, beyond the possibility of doubt, that the line was composed of American soldiers, I returned to my friend, and again urged him to charge. But there was an infatuation upon him that night, for which I have ever been unable to account. He insisted that I must be mistaken; he spoke of the improbability which existed that any part of the enemy’s army should have succeeded in taking up a position in rear of the station of one of our outposts, and he could not be persuaded that the troops now before him were not the 95th rifle corps. At last it was agreed between us that we should separate; that Grey, with one half of the party, should remain where he was, whilst I, with the other half, should make a short detour to the right, and come down upon the flank of the line from whose fire we had suffered so severely. The plan was carried into immediate execution. Taking with me about a dozen or fourteen men, I quitted Grey, and we never met again.

"How or when he fell I know not; but, judging from the spot and attitude in which I afterwards found his body, I conceive that my back could have been barely turned upon him, when the fatal ball pierced his brain. He was as brave a soldier and as good a man as the British army can boast of, beloved by his brother officers and adored by his men. To me he was as a brother; nor have I ceased even now to feel, as often as the 23d of December returns, that on that night a tie was broken, than which the progress of human life will hardly furnish one more tender or more strong. But to my tale.

"Leaving Grey—careless, as he ever was in battle, of his own person, and anxious, as far as might be, to secure the safety of his followers—I led my little party in the direction agreed upon, and fortunately falling in with about an equal number of English riflemen, I caused them to take post beside my own men, and turned up to the front. Springing over the paling, we found ourselves almost at once upon the left flank of the enemy, and we lost not a moment in attacking it. But one volley was poured in, and then bayonets, musket-butts, sabers, and even fists came instantly into play. In the whole course of my military career, I remember no scene at all resembling this. We fought with the savage ferocity of bull-dogs, and many a blade, which till to-night had not drank blood, became in a few minutes crimsoned enough.

"Such a contest could not, in the nature of things, be of very long continuance. The enemy, astonished at the vigor of our assault, soon began to waver, and their wavering was speedily converted into flight. Nor did we give them a moment's time to recover from their panic. With loud shouts we continued to press upon them, and, amidst the most horrible din and desperate carnage, drove them over the field and through the little village of huts, of which notice has already been taken as surrounding the mansion on our advanced right. Here we found a number of our own people prisoners and under a guard of Americans. But the guard fled as we approached, and our countrymen, catching up such weapons as came first to hand, joined in the pursuit.

"In this spot I halted my party, increased, by the late additions, to the number of forty; among whom were two gallant young officers of the 95th. We had not yet been joined, as I expected to be joined, by Grey, and feeling that we were at least far enough in advance of our own line, we determined to attempt nothing further, except to keep possession of the village should it be attacked. But whilst placing the men in convenient situations, another dark line was pointed out to us, considerably to the left of our position. That we might ascertain at once of what troops it was composed, I left my brother officers to complete the arrangements which we had begun, and walking down the field, demanded, in a loud voice, to be informed who they were that kept post in so retired a situation. A

voice from the throng made answer that they were Americans, and begged of me not to fire upon my friends. Willing to deceive them still further, I asked to what corps they belonged; the speaker replied that they were the second battalion of the first regiment, and inquired what had become of the first battalion. I told him that it was upon my right, and assuming a tone of authority, commanded him not to move from his present situation till I should join him with a party of which I was at the head.

"The conversation ended here, and I returned to the village, when, communicating the result of my inquiries to my comrades, we formed our brave little band into line, and determined to attack. The men were cautioned to preserve a strict silence, and not to fire a shot till orders were given, and they observed these injunctions, and with fixed bayonets and cautious tread advanced along the field. As we drew near, I called aloud for the commanding officer of the second regiment to step forward, upon which an elderly man, armed with a heavy dragoon saber, stepped out of the ranks. When he discovered by our dress that we were English, this redoubtable warrior lost all self-command; he resigned his sword to me without a murmur, and consented at once to believe that his battalion was surrounded, and that to offer any resistance would but occasion a needless loss of blood. Nor was he singular in these respects: his followers, placing implicit reliance in our assurances that they were hemmed in on every side by a very superior force, had actually begun to lay down their arms, and would have surrendered, in all probability, at discretion, but for the superior gallantry of one man. An American officer, whose sword I demanded, instead of giving it up, as his commander had done, made a cut at my head, which with some difficulty I managed to ward off, and a few soldiers near him, catching ardor from his example, discharged their pieces among our troops. The sound of firing was no sooner heard than it became general, and as all hope of success by stratagem might now be laid aside, we were of necessity compelled to try the effect of violence. Again we rushed into the middle of the throng, and again was the contest that of man to man, in close and desperate strife, till a panic arising among the Americans they dispersed in all directions and left us masters of the field.

"In giving a detail so minute of my own adventures this night I beg to repeat what has been stated already, that I have no wish whatever to persuade my readers that I was one whit more cool or more daring than my companions. Like them I was driven to depend, from first to last, upon my own energies; and I believe the energies of few men fail them when they are satisfied that on them alone they must depend. Nor was the case different with my comrades. Attacked unexpectedly, and in the dark,—surrounded, too, by a numerous enemy, and one who spoke the same language with ourselves,—it is not to be wondered at if the order and routine of civilized warfare were everywhere set at nought. Each

man who felt disposed to command was obeyed by those who stood near him, without any question being asked as to his authority; and more feats of individual gallantry were performed in this single night than many regular campaigns might furnish an opportunity to perform.

"The night was far spent, and the sound of firing had begun to wax faint, when, checking the ardor of our brave followers, we collected them once more together, and fell back into the village. Here, likewise, considerable numbers from other detachments assembled, and here we learned that the Americans were repulsed on every side. The combat had been long and obstinately contested: it began at eight o'clock in the evening and continued till three in the morning—but the victory was ours. True, it was the reverse of a bloodless one, not fewer than two hundred and fifty of our best men having fallen in the struggle: but even at the expense of such a loss, we could not but account ourselves fortunate in escaping from the snare in which we had confessedly been taken.

"To me, however, the announcement of the victory brought no rejoicing, for it was accompanied with the intelligence that my friend was among the killed. I well recollect the circumstances under which these sad news reached me. I was standing with a sword in each hand—my own and that of the officer who had surrendered to me, and, as the reader may imagine, in no bad humor with myself or with the brave fellows about me, when a brother officer, stepping forward, abruptly told the tale. It came upon me like a thunderbolt; and casting aside my trophy, I thought only of the loss which I had sustained. Regardless of every other matter, I ran to the rear, and found Grey lying behind the dung-heap, motionless and cold. A little pool of blood, which had coagulated under his head, pointed out the spot where the ball had entered, and the position of his limbs gave proof that he must have died without a struggle. I can not pretend to describe what were then my sensations, but of whatever nature they might be, little time was given for their indulgence; for the bugle sounding the alarm, I was compelled to leave him as he lay, and to join my corps. Though the alarm proved to be a false one, it had the good effect of bringing all the troops together, by which means a regular line was now, for the first time since the commencement of the action, formed. In this order, having defiled considerably to the left, so as to command the highway, we stood in front of our bivouac till dawn began to appear; when, to avoid the fire of the schooner, we once more moved to the river's bank, and lay down. Here, during the whole of the succeeding day, the troops were kept shivering in the cold, frosty air, without fires, without provisions, and exhausted by fatigue; nor was it till the return of night that any attempt to extricate them from their comfortless situation could be made.

"Whilst others were thus reposing, I stole away, with two or three

men, for the purpose of performing the last sad act of affection which it was possible for me to perform for my friend Grey. As we had completely changed our ground, it was not possible for me at once to discover the spot where he lay ; indeed, I traversed a large portion of the field before I hit upon it. Whilst thus wandering over the arena of last night's contest, the most shocking and most disgusting spectacles everywhere met my eyes. I have frequently beheld a greater number of dead bodies within as narrow a compass, though these, to speak the truth, were numerous enough, but wounds more disfiguring, or more horrible, I certainly never witnessed. A man shot through the head or heart lies as if he were in a deep slumber ; insomuch, that when you gaze upon him you experience little else than pity. But of these many had met their deaths from bayonet wounds, saber cuts, or heavy blows from the butt ends of muskets ; and the consequence was, that not only were the wounds themselves exceedingly frightful, but the very countenances of the dead exhibited the most savage and ghastly expressions. Friends and foes lay together in small groups of four or six, nor was it difficult to tell almost the very hand by which some of them had fallen. Nay, such had been the deadly closeness of the strife, that in one or two places an English and American soldier might be seen with the bayonet of each fastened in the other's body.

"Having searched for some time in vain, I at length discovered my friend lying where, during the action, we had separated, and where, when the action came to a close, I had at first found him ; shot through the temples by a rifle bullet so remarkably small as scarcely to leave any trace of its progress. I am well aware that this is no fit place to introduce the working of my own personal feelings, but he was my friend, and such a friend as few men are happy enough to possess. We had known and loved each other for years ; our regard had been cemented by a long participation in the same hardships and dangers ; and it can not therefore surprise if even now I pay that tribute to his worth and our friendship which, however unavailing it may be, they both deserve.

"When in the act of looking for him I had flattered myself that I should be able to bear his loss with something like philosophy, but when I beheld him pale and bloody I found all my resolution evaporate. I threw myself on the ground beside him, and wept like a child. But this was no time for the indulgence of useless sorrow. Like the royal bard, I knew that I should go to him, but he could not return to me, and I knew not whether an hour would pass before my summons might arrive. Lifting him, therefore, upon a cart, I had him carried down to headquarter house, now converted into an hospital, and having dug for him a grave at the bottom of the garden, I laid him there as a soldier should be laid, arrayed, not in a shroud, but in his uniform. Even the privates whom I brought with

me to assist at his funeral mingled their tears with mine, nor are many so fortunate as to return to the parent dust more deeply or more sincerely lamented.

"Retiring from the performance of this melancholy duty, I strolled into the hospital and visited the wounded. It is here that war loses its grandeur and show, and presents only a real picture of its effects. Every room in the house was crowded with wretches mangled, and apparently in the most excruciating agonies. Prayers, groans, and, I grieve to add, the most horrid exclamations, smote upon the ear wherever I turned. Some lay at length upon straw, with eyes half closed, and limbs motionless; some endeavored to start up, shrieking with pain, while the wandering eye and incoherent speech of others indicated the loss of reason, and usually foretold the approach of death. But there was one among the rest whose appearance was too horrible ever to be forgotten. He had been shot through the windpipe, and the breath making its way between the skin and the flesh had dilated him to a size absolutely terrific. His head and face were particularly shocking. Every feature was enlarged beyond what can well be imagined; whilst his eyes were so completely hidden by the cheeks and forehead as to destroy all resemblance to a human countenance.

"Passing through the apartments where the private soldiers lay I next came to those occupied by officers. Of these there were five or six in one small room, to whom little better accommodation could be provided than to their inferiors. It was a sight peculiarly distressing, because all of them chanced to be personal acquaintances of my own. One had been shot in the head, and lay gasping and insensible; another had received a musket ball in the belly, which had pierced through and lodged in the back-bone. The former appeared to suffer but little, giving no signs of life, except what a heavy breathing produced; the latter was in the most dreadful agony, screaming out, and gnawing the covering under which he lay. There were many besides these, some severely and others slightly hurt; but as I have already dwelt at sufficient length upon a painful subject, I shall only observe, that to all was afforded every assistance which circumstances would allow; and that the exertions of their medical attendants were such as deserved and obtained the grateful thanks of even the most afflicted among the sufferers themselves."

General Coffee's own narrative of the night battle, as contained in a hasty letter to his father-in-law, is before me. "My brigade," he says, "met the enemy's line near four hundred yards from the river. The fire on both sides was kept up mostly very brisk until we drove them to the river bank, where they gave a long and heavy fire, and finally the enemy

fell behind the levee or river bank that is thrown up. The battle had now lasted near two and a half hours. The regulars had ceased firing near one hour before I drew my men back."

That is all this modest hero had to say of his exploits to-night.

His young relative, John Donelson, was more full with regard to his general's deeds and his own. "I came," he wrote to his father, "very nigh falling into the hands of the enemy with the whole of my company, on the night of the 23d. Some minutes after the action had commenced, General Coffee ordered a charge. I immediately, as soon as I understood the order, moved on to the charge with my company. The enemy gave way both to my right and left. I charged on near Lord Pakenham's quarters, made several prisoners and killed several of the enemy. I passed on to the end of a large garden and halted, discovering none of the enemy in front, and intended waiting until the men who charged on my left came up, but they were met and repulsed by the enemy. The enemy having discovered the position that I had taken, fell immediately in my rear, and marched directly towards me. I hailed them as they advanced, thinking that they were the men that had charged on my left. They answered that they were General Coffee's men, having by some means learned the General's name. They advanced within about ten steps, ordered us for d——d Yankee rebels to lay down our arms. Discovering my mistake, I answered them, they be d——d, and ordered my men to open a fire upon them, which they done, and brought them to a halt, which enabled us to make good our retreat to the right, and fell in with Colonel Williamson's regiment. They advanced upon us at port arms, and as soon as they discovered that we did not intend to surrender, they were ready at once to fire. Never did I experience such a shower of shot in all the engagements that I have been in heretofore. Three of my men fell dead. Three surrendered; the balance I got off safe. Major Cavannough, who had

fallen in with me in the charge, likewise surrendered. I have enjoyed my health tolerably well since I have been here.

"Uncle Jackson, I am afraid, will not be able to stand this climate long. He looks very badly at present, and has broken very much."*

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

SUCH were the scenes enacted on the plains of the Delta in the evening of December the 23d, 1814, for about the space of an hour and a half.

Nine o'clock.—The Carolina, as we have seen, ceases her deadly fire. The second division of English troops have arrived, and mingled in the battle, more than repairing the casualties of the night in the English army. The fog, rising from the river, has spread densely over the field, first enveloping Jackson's division, which was nearest the river, then rolling over the entire plain. The General has heard nothing of General Coffee since he parted with him at six o'clock. He concludes now to suspend all operations till the dawn of day. Coffee's messenger finds the General, at length, and departs with an order for General Coffee to withdraw his men from the field, and rejoin the right wing with all despatch.

Ten o'clock.—The American troops have retired, and are spread over the plain a mile or more from the scene of conflict. The wounded, all of them that can be found, are brought in and conveyed toward the city. The inhabitants of New Orleans have learned enough of the issue of the fight to allay their apprehensions of immediate danger; but women still sit at home or flit about the streets in an agony of suspense, to learn something of the fate of fathers, husbands and

* MSS. of Tennessee Historical Society.

brothers. The arrival of British prisoners is noised about, cheering all but those who have staked more than life in the contest. General Jackson has, as yet, no thought but to renew the battle the moment it is light enough to find the foe ; and, to that end, sends a dispatch to General Carroll, who is guarding the city from attack from above, ordering him, if no sign of an enemy has appeared in that quarter, to join the main body instantly with all his force. General Carroll will lose no time in obeying a command so welcome.

The battle over, we can reckon up its cost, while the troops, re-assembled, are eagerly narrating their several adventures, or performing sad duties to wounded comrades and dead.

The British have lost, to-night, according to General Keane's official report, forty-six killed, one hundred and sixty-seven wounded, and sixty-four prisoners and deserters. Lieutenant De Lacy Evans, afterwards member of Parliament, and, more recently, one of the heroes of the Crimea, was among the wounded. The American loss was : killed, twenty-four ; wounded, one hundred and fifteen ; missing, seventy-four. Among the Americans slain, General Jackson and General Coffee had to lament Lieutenant Lauderdale, of Tennessee, their beloved comrade and efficient officer in the Creek war.

With individual exceptions, few in number and unimportant in result, the men of both armies had done their hard duty well. Fields more brilliant have been won and lost ; but this was far more than a common battle, where the combatants are puppets and the cause the rivalry of kings. These rough riflemen were the men who had first conquered the western world from the wilderness and the savage, and had now rushed to defend it from the invader. The warfare in which they were engaged was entirely legitimate and noble, and it was peculiarly fit that the heroes of the occasion should have been Jackson, Coffee, and their brave Tennesseans.

We may not refuse space in these pages to the passage of General Jackson's dispatch, in which he distributes, and re-

cords imperishably, the honors of the night. "The best compliment," says the General, "that I can pay to General Coffee and his brigade is to say they behaved as they have always done while under my command. The seventh, led by Major Peire, and the forty-fourth, commanded by Colonel Ross, distinguished themselves. The battalion of city militia, commanded by Major Planché, realized my anticipations, and behaved like veterans. Savary's volunteers* manifested great bravery; and the company of city riflemen, having penetrated into the midst of the enemy's camp, were surrounded, and fought their way out with the greatest heroism, bringing with them a number of prisoners. The two field pieces were well served by the officer commanding them. All my officers in the line did their duty, and I have every reason to be satisfied with the whole of my field and staff. Colonels Butler and Piatt, and Major Chotard, by their intrepidity, saved the artillery. Colonel Hayne was everywhere that duty or danger called. I was deprived of the services of one of my aids, Captain Butler, whom I was obliged to station, to his great regret, in town. Captain Reid, my other aid, and Messrs. Livingston, Duplessis and Davezac, who had volunteered their services, faced danger wherever it was to be met, and carried my orders with the utmost promptitude. Colonel Dellaronde, Major Villeré of the Louisiana militia, Major Latour of engineers, having no command, volunteered their services, as did Drs. Kerr and Flood, and were of great assistance to me."

Thus every one is mentioned with honor, excepting alone the General in command, the energy of whose single soul had made possible the encounter. Major Latour gracefully supplies the omission. "It would not be proper," he proudly says, "*for one whose name has been mentioned in general orders to make particular mention of the several individuals who distinguished themselves. But,*" he adds, "I can not decline paying the tribute of justice to General Jackson, to say that no man could possibly have shown more personal valor, more

* The colored freemen, raised by Col. Savary, but commanded by Major Dacquin.

firmness and composure, than was exhibited by him through the whole of this engagement, on which depended, perhaps, the fate of Louisiana. I may say, without fearing to be taxed with adulation, that on the night of the 23d General Jackson exposed himself rather too much. I saw him in advance of all who were near him, at a time when the enemy was making a charge on the artillery, within pistol shot, in the midst of a shower of bullets, and in that situation I observed him spiriting and urging on the marines and the right of the seventh regiment, who, animated by the presence and voice of their gallant commander-in-chief, attacked the enemy so briskly that they soon forced him to retire."

One o'clock in the morning.—Silence reigns in both camps. There have been occasional alarms during the night, and some firing ; enough to keep both armies on the *qui vive*. Noise of an approaching host from the city is heard soon after one, which proves to be General Carroll and his men, who have marched down with Tennessean swiftness. But Jackson has changed his mind. British deserters have brought information of the arrival of reinforcements to General Keane's army, and of still further forces to arrive on the morrow. Is it prudent to risk the campaign and the city upon an open fight between twenty-five hundred raw troops without bayonets, and six or seven thousand perfectly disciplined British soldiers, who have bayonets and know how to use them? That question, argued around the General's bivouac at midnight, admitted of but one answer. Nolte and others assign to Edward Livingston the merit of having dissuaded the General from his purpose of renewing the strife at the dawn of day. But the supposition is not necessary. The study of Jackson's campaigns will convince any one that he was quite as remarkable for prudence as for daring. To him may be justly applied McLeod's description of Charles Edward : "He was the most cautious man, not to be a coward, and the bravest man, not to be rash, that I ever saw." It was resolved, then, in the midnight counsel on the fog-covered field, to retire at day-break to the old position behind the Rodriguez canal, there to

throw up whatever line of defense might be possible, and await the enemy's attack. The two men-of-war shall anchor off the levee and cover the high road with their guns. If necessary, the levee shall be pierced, and the plain between the two armies flooded. Hinds' dragoons, who could not join in the night battle, shall hold their position between the two armies, and conceal the contemplated movements.

Slowly, very slowly, the hours of darkness wore away. "The night," says Nolte, "was very cold. Wearied by our long march, and standing in the open field, we all wanted to make a fire, and at length, at the special request of our major, permission to kindle one was obtained. Within twenty minutes we saw innumerable watch-fires blazing up in a line extending, like a crescent, from the shores of the Mississippi to the woods, and stretching far away behind the plantations of Villeré, Lacoste, and others, occupied by the English, on whose minds, as well as on our own, the impression must have been produced, that Jackson had many more troops under his command and near the spot than any one had supposed."

The fires were not lighted too soon; for, in the fight, many of Coffee's men had thrown away their long coats, and stood shivering through the night in their shirt-sleeves. Indeed, both brigades of Tennesseans were in sorry plight with regard to clothes when they arrived, and few came out of the battle with a whole garment. There will be busy sewing-circles to-morrow in New Orleans, seasoned, not with scandal, but with tales of the brave deeds done by the ragged heroes of the night battle. And all over the field shall wander, after dawn, cold Tennesseans, hunting up lost coats, lost tomahawks and knives, lost horses, and, alas! lost comrades, cold for ever, for whom there will be proud mourning in the log-houses of Tennessee. "These poor fellows," wrote a British officer who, with General Keane, walked over part of the field, "presented a strange appearance; their hair, eye-brows, and lashes were thickly covered with hoar-frost, or rime, their bloodless cheeks vying with its whiteness. Few were dressed in military uniforms, and most of them bore the appearance

of farmers or husbandmen. Peace to their ashes ! they had nobly died in defending their country." *

Before me are two letters, written the night after the battle, which, though they contain little that the reader does not know, have still a certain value as showing the feeling of the hour at the scene of action. With what breathless interest they were read in the northern newspapers of that day, when the heart of the country stood still, waiting, with blended hope and fear, to learn the issue of events transpiring at New Orleans, no reader of this generation can know. The following was written at New Orleans, at one o'clock on the morning of the 24th, by a gentleman who had been in the action, and brought out of its fog and darkness eleven prisoners.

"Before I had time to fold up the letter I wrote you to-day the alarm-gun was sounded, and I forthwith repaired to the tented field."

"We commenced the engagement about half-past seven, which continued pretty hot until about a quarter after nine, when the firing ceased, on the part of the British first. I can not tell the number of killed and wounded on either side. Towards the close of the engagement, our company of riflemen was broken by a charge from the enemy, and has suffered a good deal. Captain Beale commanded the right and myself the left of the company. I had then with me only fifteen men, three of whom were wounded, and I had also eleven prisoners, a part of the army that was at Washington. In this situation I thought it best to order my men to march towards the swamp, and accordingly marched about halfway to town, back of the plantations. I have safely delivered the prisoners, and am now at home very much fatigued. I shall set out again before day with my men to the field of battle. Our army is well formed and will not be surprised. To-morrow morning the battle will be renewed. The two armies nearly keep their ground. I believe we have the advantage so far, but I can give you nothing particular. Our army has been reënforced to-night by one thousand of General Carroll's

* Recollections of an Artillery Officer, vol. i. p. 311.

men, and I expect hard fighting to-morrow. The prisoners that our company have made state their numbers to be about twelve thousand men, and about three thousand debarked, with whom we fought; that they are commanded by General Keane; that there are two regiments of blacks, one thousand men each.”*

The other letter was written at four o'clock on the same morning, by an exempt soldier serving in the city :

“I wrote you by the last mail, advising of the alarm that pervaded this city, in consequence of the approach of the enemy. I have now to inform you that, one o'clock yesterday, intelligence had been received that a landing had been effected on the shore of Lake Borgne, and that they had penetrated to the Mississippi, at a distance of about six miles below the town; the alarm was given, and before five o'clock General Jackson, with a chosen corps of about two thousand men, left the town to meet them, and at seven an action commenced and lasted nearly two hours, terminating in the retreat of the enemy to the woods, but not without considerable loss on our part, particularly amongst the uniform companies of militia of the city. I was not myself in the action, being in a corps of ten men who were by law exempt from militia duty, but who since the alarm had been doing duty in the city. I was with my company on guard, and have already had brought to my post ten of the prisoners, and learn there are about twenty more at other posts in the city.

“The men that I have with me, I mean prisoners, stated that the force is commanded by Admiral Cochrane and General Keane, that it consists of about three thousand men, and that they expected to have taken the city this morning by daylight, not apprehending any resistance. They have not been able to land their artillery, and unless they effect their escape in the night there is no doubt they will have to surrender in the morning, General Jackson having at least double their force, supported by the ship *Louisiana*, of twenty guns, schooner *Carolina*, of fourteen, and a gun-boat, which will annoy them severely.

“The troops of all descriptions are eager for battle, and from all accounts have performed in the first engagement with prodigious valor. Chew was in the heat of it in a rifle corps, and took one prisoner and killed several others—he came up with a party of prisoners and returned to the field of action at daylight. The enemy was taken by surprise; they were encamped for the night, and were at supper when the action commenced on our part. We have so many contradictory stories respecting the killed and wounded, that I do not think it proper to say anything on the subject—none of your acquaintances seem to have suffered.

* *National Intelligencer*, January 21, 1815.

"I do not think you need apprehend anything for me, as it is not probable that the company that I command will be called out of town. Should, however, circumstances require, I must submit, however reluctantly, and trust my fate to the disposer of all human events.

"From the Government or State House, at which I was posted, I could distinctly see the fire; and the report of the guns has, as you may suppose, excited a great alarm amongst the inhabitants. Should any further particulars be received before the closing of the mail at six o'clock, I will add them.

"At the moment of closing I learn that a colonel, two majors, and three captains, prisoners, have come to town.

"*Six o'clock, A. M.*—The day is breaking, and we are in anxious expectation of hearing it ushered in by the sound of our artillery."*

CHAPTER IX.

DECEMBER TWENTY-FOURTH.

THE Roderiguez canal was an old mill-race, partly filled up and grown over with grass. In the early days of the colony the planters built their mills on the levee, and obtained water power by cutting canals from the river to the swamp, through which poured an abundant flood during the periodical swellings of the river. The Roderiguez canal crossed the plain where the plain was narrowest; and this circumstance it was that rendered the position chosen by General Jackson for his line of entrenchments the very best which the vicinity afforded.

Daylight dawned. The fog slowly lifted. Never was the blessed light of day welcomer to the longing sons of men. The earliest light found the main body of Jackson's army in their former position behind the immortal canal. Every thing that New Orleans could furnish in the shape of spade, shovel, pickaxe, crowbar, wheelbarrow, cart, had been sent for, hours

* *New York Evening Post*, January 26, 1815.

before, and the first supplies began to arrive almost as soon as the men were ready to use them. Now let there be such digging, shoveling, and heaping up of earth, as the Delta of the Mississippi, or any other delta under heaven, has never seen since Adam delved !

“Here,” said Jackson, “we will plant our stakes, and not abandon them until we drive these red coat rascals into the river or the swamp.”

The canal was deepened and the earth thrown up on the side nearest the city. The fences were torn away, and the rails driven in to keep the light soil from falling back again into the canal. Soft palms, which had never before handled anything harsher than a pen, a fishing-rod, or a lady's waist, blistered and bled, and felt it not. Each company had its own line of embankment to throw up, which it called its castle, and strained every muscle in fierce but friendly rivalry to make it overtop the castles of the rest.

The nature of the soil rendered the task one of peculiar difficulty. Dig down three feet anywhere in that singular plain and you come to water. Earth soon became the scarcest of commodities near the lines, and had to be brought from far, after the first hours. An idea occurs to an ingenious French intellect. *Cotton bales!* The town is full of cotton; and lo ! here, close to the lines, is a vessel laden with cotton, waiting for a chance to get to sea. But let Nolte tell the story of his own cotton :—

“ Jackson, who at once adopted the plan, was anxious to lose no time. It was intimated to him that in the city he could procure plenty of cotton, at from seven to eight cents per pound ; but that it would cost a whole day to bring it to the spot. He was then told that not far from the camp, and in the rear of his position, there lay a bark in the stream laden with cotton, for Havana ; the name of this vessel was the *Pallas*, unless my memory, after the lapse of thirty-eight years, deceives me, and she was to have sailed before the arrival of the British force. Her cargo consisted of two hundred and forty-five bales which I had shipped previously to the invasion, and the remainder, about sixty bales, belonged to the Spaniard, named Fernando Alzar, resident at New Orleans. It was only when the cotton had been brought to the camp, and they were proceeding to lay the

first bales in the redoubt, that the marks struck my attention, and I recognized my own property. Adjutant Livingston, who had been my usual legal counsel at New Orleans, that same evening inspected battery No. 3, where the men were arranging some bales. I was somewhat vexed at the idea of their taking cotton of the best sort, and worth from ten to eleven cents, out of a ship already loaded and on the point of sailing, instead of procuring the cheaper kind, which was to be had in plenty throughout the suburbs of the city, at seven or eight cents, and said as much to Livingston. He, who was never at a loss for a reply, at once answered, 'Well, Mr. Nolte, if this is your cotton, you, at least, will not think it any hardship to defend it.' This anecdote, which was first related by myself, gave rise to the story that Jackson, when a merchant was complaining of the loss of his cotton, had ordered a sergeant to hand the gentleman a rifle, with the remark, 'No one can defend these cotton bales better than their owners can, and I hope you will not leave the spot!'

The story is not all told by Nolte, however. The idea, plausible as it was, did not stand the test of service. The first cannonade knocked the cotton bales about in a manner that made the General more eager to get rid of them than he had been to use them. Some of the bales, too, caught fire, and made a most intolerable and persistent smoke, so that, days before the final conflict, every pound of cotton was removed from the lines.* A similar error was made by the enemy, who, supposing that sugar would offer resistance to cannon balls equal to sand, employed hogsheads of sugar in the formation of their batteries. The first ball that knocked a hogshead to pieces and kept on its destructive way unchecked, convinced them that sugar and sand, though often found together, have little in common.

During the 24th the entire line of defense, a mile long, was begun, and raised, in some places, to a height of four or five feet. The work was not interrupted by the enemy for a moment; nor was there any alarm or sign of their approach. Before night two small pieces of cannon were placed in position on the high road.

In the course of the morning Major Latour was ordered to cut the levee at a point one hundred yards below the lines.

* Jackson and New Orleans.

The water rushed through the opening and flooded the road to the depth of three feet. A day or two after an engineer was sent below the British camp to let in the water behind them, so as to render their position an island. If the river had been as high as it occasionally is in December, and always is in the spring, the campaign would have had a ludicrous and bloodless termination ; for nearly the whole plain could have been laid under water, and the enemy would have found no sufficient resting place for the soles of so many feet. It chanced, however, that the rise of the river at this time was only temporary. The water soon fell to the level of the road ; and the piercing of the levee really aided the English, by filling up and rendering more navigable the creeks in their rear, by which their supplies were brought up. For a day or two only the flooding of the road was serviceable in giving an appearance of perfect security to the lines near the river.

Early in the morning the Carolina, from her anchorage opposite the British camp, and the Louisiana, from an advantageous position a mile above, played upon the enemy whenever a red coat showed itself within range. General Keane found himself, to his boundless astonishment, besieged ! Not a column could be formed upon the plain, which was torn up in every direction by the Carolina's accurate and incessant fire. Never was an army more strangely, more unexpectedly, more completely paralyzed. They could do absolutely nothing but cower under embankments, skulk behind huts, lie low in dry ditches, or else retire beyond the reach of that terrible fire which they had no means of silencing or answering.

The Subaltern thus continues his narrative :—

“Not a moment was lost by the sailors (during the night of the 23d) in returning to Pine Island. Intelligence of the combat spread like wild-fire ; the boats were loaded even beyond what was strictly safe, and thus, by exerting themselves in a degree almost unparalleled, our gallant seamen succeeded in bringing the whole army into position before dark on the 24th. The second and third brigades, therefore, now took up their ground upon the spot where the late battle had been fought, and resting their right upon

the woody morass, extended so far towards the river as that the advance by wheeling up might continue the line across the entire plain.

"But instead of taking part in this formation the advance was still fettered to the bank, from which it was additionally prevented from moving by the arrival of another large ship (the Louisiana), which cast anchor about a mile above the schooner. Thus were three battalions kept stationary by the guns of these two formidable floating batteries, and it was clear that no attempt to extricate them could be made without great loss, unless under cover of night. During the whole of the 24th, therefore, they remained in this uncomfortable situation; but as soon as darkness had well set in a change of position was effected. Withdrawing the troops, company by company, from behind the bank, General Keane stationed them in the village of negro huts; by which means the high road was abandoned to the protection of a picket, and the left of the army covered by a large chateau.

"Being now placed beyond risk of serious annoyance from the shipping, the whole army remained quiet for the night. How long we were to continue in this state nobody appeared to know; not a whisper was circulated as to the time of advancing, nor a surmise ventured respecting the next step likely to be taken. In our guides, to whose rumors we had before listened with avidity, no further confidence was reposed. It was quite evident, either that they had purposely deceived us, or that their information was gathered from a most imperfect source; and hence, though they were not exactly placed in confinement, they were strictly watched, and treated more like spies than deserters. Instead of an easy conquest, we had already met with a vigorous opposition; instead of finding the inhabitants ready and eager to join us, we found the houses deserted, the cattle and horses driven away, and every appearance of hostility. To march by the only road was rendered impracticable, so completely was it commanded by the shipping. In a word, all things had turned out diametrically opposite to what had been anticipated; and it appeared that instead of a trifling affair, more likely to fill our pockets than add to our renown, we had embarked in an undertaking which presented difficulties not to be surmounted without patience and determination."

To which a passage from the narrative of Captain Cooke may be added, though his censures of General Keane are unjust. For General Keane to have advanced, on the 24th, in the face of such a fire, and against a city which he still supposed to swarm with troops, would have been the height of rashness, even if it had been possible, which it, probably, was not.

"The morning of the 24th," says Captain Cooke, "broke sluggishly, and the smoking ports of the sloop (it was a sore thorn in the side of the British headquarters) still projected its iron thunder amongst *the besieged*,—for how can persons be designated otherwise under such circumstances? The British troops would have been too glad to have been ordered to advance from a spot where they were so annoyed. And, by marching on the skirts of the wood on their right, they might have reached New Orleans, free from harm of any consideration, at the distance of a mile from the American sloop and the ship of sixteen guns, and also nearly three quarters of a mile from the crescent battery, which, being isolated, and once turned, would have been no longer tenable.

"As a proof thereof, this field-work, which was open from behind, in the end swelled into importance, as a sort of memento of the utter want of enterprise on the part of the British general. And in front of this battery hinged a series of military maneuvers more remarkable than perhaps is to be shown in the annals of the world. And, alas, it proved too true that insignificant objects are not to be despised, and left to be captured at the will and pleasure of the dilatory.

"The whole of this day was lost by the British general, and thereby gained by his opponent, the former preferring to keep his troops under an irritating fire rather than move on. Every five minutes gained by the Americans was of vital importance, and every hour lost by the British, who were waiting for reinforcements, was the coming death-blow to their final hopes of success; for fresh troops and guns were in like manner coming from a distance to the assistance of General Jackson, and the hopes of the Americans were excited, supposing the British were really crippled, which was not the case. The whole of this day most of the people, now placed under martial law in New Orleans, were anxiously looking for the entrance of the British, minute after minute, and were lost in chagrin and amazement when night again closed without their entrance into the city." [Who told you that, Captain?]

"By the morning of the 25th, all the scattered remains of the British force were landed by piecemeal, hour after hour, from the Isle aux Poix, owing to the prodigious exertions of the sailors. All eyes were still cast on the American schooner, whose sides still smoked by day, and at night vomited iron harbingers from its ports into the bivouac of the British, so that, in point of fact, the city of New Orleans and General Jackson *now became only a secondary consideration*, and the discussion was how to get rid of this watery dragon; for the destruction of which heavy guns were sent for to the fleet, if possible, to blow her out of the water.

"General Jackson, profiting by this floating deception, placed there to allure the British general, took advantage of his own maneuver, which, fortunately for him, had the desired effect; and he prolonged the broad ditch

by making a cut across the high road to the bank of the Mississippi, about one hundred yards behind the crescent battery on the high road.

"This work was executed as a sort of forlorn hope to save New Orleans even for a day. And behind this cut and the ditch the American general, with the most prompt dispatch, constructed a barricade of nearly three quarters of a mile in length, extending from the Mississippi on his right to the impassable wood on his left, all across a flat and naked plain, and within a few hundred yards of the British out-guards.

"The manner of putting this barricade together was most curious, as, in the first instance, detached barrels and sugar casks were brought up and left here and there standing isolated, the apertures between them being filled up with mud and all sorts of odds and ends placed along the edge of the ditch, so as to form a temporary screen to protect the defenders against musketry; the barricade, being hardly breast high, looked like some contemptible expedient, but the ditch, ten feet wide and two or three feet deep, protected this barricade in front, making a pretty tolerable field position in the first instance.

"Four heavy pieces of cannon were now in the crescent battery, which made it somewhat more respectable. The rude barricade, as a war stratagem, was botched together in a sore, straggling way, but was added to and improved in strength from hour to hour, and the interstices betwixt the casks and other crevices of these rough and ready materials were caulked up with mud and other materials first coming to hand. All this labor was executed without any annoyance from the British advanced posts, and actually within one mile and a quarter of their headquarters, by a defeated mass of peasantry, who only stood their ground because no one molested them. And perhaps history affords no example of a similar expedient being executed under such circumstances across a naked plain."

Another officer, Captain Hill, of the artillery, posted at the landing place to hurry forward the guns, tells us that "the day dragged on most miserably; at the arrival of every boat my inquiries were renewed about 'these vile guns,' but nothing satisfactory could I learn. Small parties of troops continued to land, and were immediately sent forward. Amongst the officers I encountered many old acquaintances, who were, for the most part, extremely anxious in their inquiries of what had already occurred; and some absolutely expressed their fears that they should be too late to see a shot fired, as, before they got up to their brigades, they imagined New Orleans must be in the possession of the British. These appre-

hensions I very easily quieted, giving them my honest opinion that we should find more difficulty in the conquest than had been anticipated ; and from no other cause than the distance we were from our supplies, and the various obstacles existing to the transport of troops and ammunition."

The omnipresent activity of General Jackson on this important day no words can adequately describe. We catch brief glimpses of him, in the various narratives, riding along the rising line of embankment, cheering on the laboring troops, cheered by them as he passed, suggesting expedients here, applauding those of others there, passing quick decisive judgments on the plans of the engineers, sending off aids, hearing reports, spying the enemy through his glass, keeping every man at his utmost stretch of exertion. It was not the enemy in his front that gave him the most anxious concern ; for he felt that, for the moment, he was master of the situation there. But he had been surprised once, in spite of all his vigilance. Might he not be surprised again ? There were so many avenues of approach to the city. Might not the seeming inactivity of the enemy be a feint, designed to cover a landing elsewhere ? A party was sent, in the course of the day, to Barrataria, under the command of Major Reynolds and the guidance of Jean Lafitte, to resist any attempts in that region ; at least, to give timely notice if the enemy should enter the bay. Messengers were dispatched to all other vulnerable points, exhorting and commanding the pickets and garrisons to sleepless vigilance. " The battery I have placed under your command," he wrote to Major Lacoste, at the Chef-Menteur, " must be defended at all hazards. In you and the valor of your troops I repose every confidence ; let me not be deceived. With us every thing goes on well ; the enemy has not yet advanced. Our troops have covered themselves with glory ; it is a noble example, and worthy to be followed by all. Maintain your post, nor ever think of retreating." Major Latour was hurried off with a reinforcement of two hundred men to strengthen the post ; for, among the rumors of the day, was one that the enemy were prepar-

ing to attack the half-finished works at the head of Lake Borgne.

There was no rest for General Jackson, and, what was more remarkable, he seemed to need none. Major Eaton makes a statement on this subject which severely tasks the credulity of his readers. "The concern and excitement," says Eaton, "produced by the mighty object before him, were such as overcame the demand of nature, and *for five days and four nights he was without sleep*, and constantly employed. His line of defense being completed on the night of the 27th, he, for the first time since the arrival of the enemy, retired to rest and repose." Edward Livingston, in careless, familiar conversation, used to say, "three days and three nights. Nor, during these days," the same gentleman was accustomed to say, "did the General once sit at table or take a regular meal. Food was brought to him in the field, which he would oftenest consume without dismounting, and always without discontinuing the transaction of business." When Mr. Livingston, fearful of the consequences of such unremitted toil upon a constitution severely shattered, would remonstrate with him, and implore him to take some repose, he would reply: "No, sir; there's no knowing when nor where these rascals will attack. They shall not catch me unprepared. When we have driven the d—d red coat villains into the swamp, there will be time enough to sleep."

And on this busy Saturday, the day before the best day of the Christian year, while such events as these were transpiring on the Delta of the Mississippi, what a different scene was enacting at Ghent, three thousand miles away! In Senator Seward's Life of John Quincy Adams we read: "Mr. Todd, one of the Secretaries of the American Commissioners, and son-in-law of President Madison, had invited several gentlemen, Americans and others, to take refreshments with him on the 24th of December. At noon, after having spent some time in pleasant conversation, the refreshments entered, and Mr. Todd said: '*It is twelve o'clock. Well, gentlemen, I announce to you that peace has been made and signed between*

America and England.' In a few moments, Messrs. Gallatin, Clay, Carroll and Hughes entered, and confirmed the annunciation. This intelligence was received with a burst of joy by all present. The news soon spread through the town, and gave general satisfaction to the citizens. At Paris the intelligence was hailed with acclamations. In the evening the theaters resounded with cries of 'God save the Americans.' "

Had there then been an Atlantic telegraphic cable ! !

CHAPTER X.

AN EARNEST CHRISTMAS.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS, I had almost written ; for, indeed, there was merriment in both armies on that Christmas Sunday, that doubly sacred festival of the religion of peace and good will.

The American troops, at work all day upon the entrenchments, under the eye of a leader in whom they confided, and whose approving word was felt to be reward enough, were very cheerful, and not unfrequently gay and hilarious. From earliest dawn to latest dusk the work went on ; the entire available brain and muscle, both of the city and the army, being concentrated upon the single object of rendering the lines impregnable. With one exception, every horse in New Orleans was employed in the public service, also all oxen and mules. Whoever could dig, whatever could draw, whoever could devise and direct, whatever tool or instrument could be turned to account, was drawn into that vortex of devoted and cheerful endeavor.*

* The following story (from the Cleveland, Ohio, Review) seems to rest on good authority. It is probable enough :—" Captain Shreve was commander of a vessel which plied the 'Father of Waters,' and which, during the period General Jackson had New Orleans under martial law, made its appearance at the levee of that city. General Jackson, being apprised of the arrival of the vessel, at once

One horse alone, as I have said, was exempt. To Edward Livingston, as a special mark of favor, and for a purpose only less dear to Jackson's heart than Livingston's, was granted the privilege of retaining one of his horses from the public service. In the minds of all the people there was some dim

sent for Captain Shreve, and announced to him that he should consider himself, his crew and vessel, as in the service of Government, and hold himself in readiness to discharge any duty that might be imposed upon him. Captain Shreve accepted the conditions, and obtained permission from General Jackson to make some repairs to his vessel, before being compelled to do active service.

"While these repairs were in progress, and the British army was daily expected, a number of citizens applied to Captain Shreve, requesting him to convey their families fifty miles up the river to a place of safety. The Captain explained his situation, but assured them that if they could obtain General Jackson's consent, he would himself interpose no objection. A deputation of the citizens applied to General Jackson, and obtained his consent. Captain Shreve had freighted his vessel with many ladies and children, and a quantity of valuable goods, when he received a message from General Jackson, ordering him to perform some service, which would compel him to discharge his living freight, and disarrange his plans. Captain Shreve bluntly told the officer who had brought the message that he would not obey the order. The officer expostulated with Shreve, and held up to him the terrors of Jackson's displeasure; but Shreve was built of quite as unbending metal as General Jackson, and indignantly refused to do the bidding.

"The officer returned to the 'old chief,' and detailed to him Captain Shreve's refusal. In a towering passion, the General ordered a file of men to arrest Shreve, and bring him into his presence.

Little time elapsed before the enraged Captain stood in the presence of the General. The latter, fiercely eyeing Captain Shreve, in a voice husky with intense passion, made the inquiry :

"By —, Captain Shreve, *dare you disobey my orders?*"

"Yes, by —, I *dare!*" was the vehement reply of the undaunted Captain.

"Jackson could not repress the expression of surprise which spread itself over his face at the unexpected reply of the daring Captain, and, in a tone of voice considerably milder than his first inquiry, bade Shreve explain his conduct. Upon the explanation being given, Jackson dismissed him, simply saying that he had forgotten his promise to the citizens, whose wives and children Captain Shreve then had upon his vessel.

"During Jackson's presidency Congress made appropriations for the removal of the snags, which made the navigation of the Mississippi river very dangerous. Notwithstanding that many of his political friends applied to General Jackson to secure the appointment to superintend that important work, and that Captain Shreve was his political enemy, General Jackson persisted in awarding the place to the stern and honest old captain; and the success with which he performed

outline of a plan to be pursued in case the enemy should take the city. Such confidence had Edward Livingston in the honor and humanity of the Barratarian chiefs, that he had assigned to Pierre Lafitte the charge of his beloved wife and child. If the British should succeed in penetrating the lines, Pierre, whose post was at Fort St. John, two miles above the city, was to hasten to Livingston's residence, and convey to a place of safety, in a little chaise that stood ready for the purpose, Mrs. Livingston and her daughter, then a beautiful child of seven, afterwards famous as Cora Livingston, the belle of Washington in President Jackson's day. It is pleasant to know that the grim and steadfast warrior, amid all the hurly-burly of the siege, found time to love and caress this little girl, and win her heart. She sat in his lap and played around his high splashed boots, at headquarters, while he was busied in the affairs of his great charge. All children loved this man, and liked to get very close to him, and be noticed and fondled by him ; but none loved him better than this fair child, who saw him first when he was in his fiercest mood, worn with war, disease and care. Nothing could exceed his tenderness to her. For her sake, and for the sake of those who loved her, he allowed one poor nag to repose in his stable, while every other serviceable quadruped was hard at work in the soft mire and cold mist of the delta.

There was no exemption for men, however. Even those fathers of families whom Major Planché commanded found it hard to get permission to go to town for an hour or two. Some of them were a whole week at the lines without seeing their families. Nay, the gentlemen volunteers who surrounded the General's person, and over whom he had no military authority, discovered that he had taken them at their word very literally, and expected them to set an example of endurance

the duty attested Jackson's sagacity. Shreve invented apparatus adapted to the prosecution of the work, and completed it to the satisfaction of all interested; and at a late day succeeded in removing the great Red river raft, which had been considered impracticable. This raft was over thirty miles in length, and for years had blocked up the entire river."

and diligence. It may have been on this Christmas day that a pretty scene occurred between the General and Louis Livingston (a fine, gallant youth of sixteen, the son of Edward Livingston), which shows at once the delicacy and the firmness of Jackson.

"May I go to town to-day, General?" asked the young man who had been complimented with the title of Captain.

"Of course, Captain Livingston," replied the General, "you *may* go. But *ought* you to go?"

The youth blushed, bowed, saluted; and, withdrawing without a word, returned to his duty.

The ladies of the city were all assiduity. There was work enough for every kind heart and nimble hand in New Orleans. A hundred wounded soldiers, and as many more sick from exposure were tenderly cared for by the Ursuline sisters, who were, and are, ever prompt where suffering and danger unite to repel all who are less fearless and devoted than themselves. Coffee's ragged heroes were soon supplied with the most essential articles of clothing, through the generosity and diligence of the sewing circles. Major Eaton, writing years after and from the midst of the men whom the ladies of New Orleans had relieved, and speaking, as it were, for them, says: "Such generous conduct, in extending assistance at a moment when it was so much needed, while it conferred on those females the highest honor, could not fail to nerve the arm of the brave with new zeal for the defense of their benefactresses. This distinguished mark of their patriotism and benevolence is still remembered, and often as these valiant men are heard to recount the dangers they have passed, and with peculiar pride to dwell on the mingled honors and hardships of the campaign, they breathe a sentiment of gratitude to those who conferred upon them such distinguished marks of their kindness, and who, by timely interference, alleviated their misfortunes and their sufferings."

The light of that Christmas morning found the English army disheartened, almost to the degree of despair. "I shall

eat my Christmas dinner in New Orleans," said Admiral Cochrane on the day of the landing. The remark was reported by a prisoner to General Jackson, who said, "Perhaps so ; but I shall have the honor of presiding at that dinner." As usual, when affairs go wrong, the General in command was the scapegoat. By every camp-fire, in every hut, at every outpost the conduct of General Keane was severely criticized.

"Why, Wilky," asked an officer, who arrived some days after the landing of the British advance—"why, Wilky, how is it that you have not provided us with good quarters in New Orleans, as we expected? Why, what the d——l have you been about?"

"At this question," says Captain Cooke, who tells the story, "Wilkinson looked exceedingly vexed, and, clapping his hands to his forehead, and coloring up deeply, he turned away, stamping his foot, according to his usual custom when put out, and giving his arm a peculiar swing, answered,

"'Oh ! say no more about it.'

"And then placing his arm within mine, we paced up and down for a long time, when he opened such a budget of astounding information, concerning the hesitation shown for the previous days, as to make the very military blood curdle in one's veins. And, on being further questioned by myself, as to the great stoppage, answered—

"'Bullets stopped us—bullets—that's all !'

"But declared that the lines in front were now grown formidable, and that the only chance of taking them was by a well-concerted and simultaneous rush, when, should the ditch prove too deep in front of these lines, short-planked ladders would be the only means to cross it, by raising them on end, and letting them drop across the ditch, and then for the assailants to run over them."

Such was the feeling of the British army, and such will ever be the feeling of an army that is "stopped" in its career of expected triumph by any cause whatever.

Though this was the habitual feeling of the British troops from the night of the twenty-third until the end,

yet an event on this Christmas morning occurred which, for the time, dispelled the prevailing gloom. This was the sudden arrival in camp, to take the command of the troops, of Major General Sir Edward Pakenham, and with him, as second in command, Major General Samuel Gibbs ; besides several staff officers of experience and distinction. In a moment hope revived and animation reappeared. General Pakenham, the brother-in-law of the Duke of Wellington, a favorite of the Duke and of the army, was of North of Ireland extraction, like the antagonist with whom he had come to contend. Few soldiers of the Peninsular war had won such high and rapid distinction as he. At Salamanca, at Badajoz, wherever, in fact, the fighting had been fiercest, there had this brave soldier done a man's part for his country, often foremost among the foremost. He was now but thirty-eight years of age, and the record of his bright career was written all over his body in honorable scars. Conspicuous equally for his humanity and for his courage, he had ever lifted his voice and his arm against those monstrous scenes of pillage and outrage which disgraced the British name at the capture of the strongholds of Spain ; hanging a man upon one occasion upon the spot, without trial or law, and thus, according to Napier, "nipping the wickedness in the bud."

Surely this young captain, whose name is associated with victory, will speedily relieve his troops from their uncomfortable position. Like so many other British soldiers, his ruling idea of warfare was to close with your enemy at the first moment possible, and achieve everything by that "simultaneous rush" of which the irate Wilkinson spoke.

The British service seems to develop every high and noble quality of man and soldier, except generalship. Up to the hour when the British soldier holds an independent command he is the most assured and competent of men. Give him a plain, unconditional order—Go and do *that*—and he will go and do it with a cool, self-forgetting pertinacity of daring that can scarcely be too much admired. All of the man below the eye-brows is perfect. The stout heart, the

high purpose, the dexterous hand, the enduring frame, are his. But the work of a general in command demands HEAD—a cool, calculating head, fertile in expedients ; a head that is the controlling power of the man. And this article of head, which is the rarest production of nature everywhere, is one which the brave British soldier is apt to be signally wanting in ; and never so much so as when responsibility rests upon him. To such men as Andrew Jackson responsibility is inspiration ; to others it is paralysis.

General Pakenham inherited General Keane's erroneous information respecting Jackson's strength. Keeping this fact in view, his first measure seems judicious enough. Let us quote the Subaltern's account of Christmas day in the British camp :—

“Hoping every thing from a change of leaders,” says the Subaltern, “the troops greeted their new leader with a hearty cheer ; whilst the confidence which past events had tended in some degree to dispel returned once more to the bosoms of all. It was Christmas day, and a number of officers, clubbing their little stock of provisions, resolved to dine together in memory of former times. But at so melancholy a Christmas dinner I do not recollect at any time to have been present. We dined in a barn ; of plates, knives and forks, there was a dismal scarcity, nor could our fare boast of much either in intrinsic good quality or in the way of cooking. These, however, were mere matters of merriment : it was the want of many well-known and beloved faces that gave us pain ; nor were any other subjects discussed besides the amiable qualities of those who no longer formed part of our mess, and never would again form part of it. A few guesses as to the probable success of future attempts alone relieved this topic, and now and then a shot from the schooner drew our attention to ourselves ; for though too far removed from the river to be in much danger, we were still within cannon-shot of our enemy. Nor was she inactive in her attempts to molest. Elevating her guns to a great degree, she contrived occasionally to strike the wall of the building within which

we sat ; but the force of the ball was too far spent to penetrate, and could therefore produce no serious alarm.

“ Whilst we were thus sitting at table, a loud shriek was heard after one of these explosions, and on running out we found that a shot had taken effect in the body of an unfortunate soldier. I mention this incident, because I never beheld in any human being so great a tenacity of life. Though fairly cut in two at the lower part of the belly, the poor wretch lived for nearly an hour, gasping for breath, and giving signs even of pain.

“ But to return to my narrative : as soon as he reached the camp, Sir Edward proceeded to examine, with a soldier’s eye, every point and place within view. Of the American army nothing whatever could be perceived except a corps of observation, composed of five or six hundred mounted riflemen, which hovered along our front and watched our motions. The town itself was completely hid, nor was it possible to see beyond the distance of a very few miles, either in front or rear, so flat and unbroken was the face of the country. Under these circumstances, little insight into the state of affairs could be obtained by reconnoitering. The only thing, indeed, which we could learn from it was, that while the vessels kept their present station upon the river no advance could be made ; and, as he felt that every moment’s delay was injurious to us, and favorable to the enemy, he resolved to remove these incumbrances, and to push forward as soon as possible.”

To blow the Carolina out of the water, then, is General Pakenham’s first resolve. Till that is done he thinks no movement of the troops is possible. With incredible toil, nine field pieces, two howitzers, one mortar, a furnace for heating balls, and a supply of the requisite implements and ammunition, were brought from the fleet and dragged to the British camp. By the evening of the 26th they have all arrived, and are ready to be placed in position on the levee as soon as darkness covers the scene of operations and silences the Carolina’s exasperating fire. The little schooner lay near

the opposite shore of the river, just where she had dropped her anchor after swinging away from the scene of the night action of the 23d. There she had remained immovable ever since, firing at the enemy as often as he showed himself. A succession of northerly winds and dead calms rendered it impossible for Captain Henly to execute his purpose of getting nearer the British position, nor could he move the vessel higher up against the strong current of the swollen Mississippi. In a word, the Carolina was a fixture, a floating battery.

What is very remarkable, considering the great annoyance caused by the fire of this schooner, she had but one gun, a long twelve, as Captain Henly reports, which could throw a ball across the river !

A considerable number of slaves found their way on this Christmas day to the British camp. Captain Hill tells us something about these fugitives, who afterwards gave so much diplomatic trouble : "Every thing," he says, "appeared much in the same state at headquarters as when I had quitted it the past morning, with the exception that numerous slaves belonging to the estate had returned to it, and many of them were busily employed under the direction of the commissaries. These negroes were all attired in a strange looking and rudely fashioned dress ; it was composed of a coarse French blanket, or horse-cloth, with loose sleeves and a hood ; their shoes were made of bullock's hide undressed, with the hair on the outside, serving to display the extraordinary and ill-shaped feet which characterize an African.

"While sauntering round the plantation, awaiting with all due patience the moment which was to deprive me of my present appointment, I was accosted by a young negro, of great intelligence of feature, who, in very excellent French, implored me to order a collar of spikes with which his neck was encompassed to be taken off. To my inquiries as to the reason of its being placed on him, he replied that as soon as he heard of the landing of the English he had endeavored to leave his master at New Orleans, intending to join us ; his

purpose was discovered, and his attempt punished by the collar being fastened round his neck ; he had, however, fled to the wood, and made his way, with considerable difficulty, to the camp. He also explained, in piteous tones, that he had not been able to lie down since his flight, the collar being so contrived as to prevent the wearer from using any other than an upright position.

“ This ingenious symbol of a land of liberty I took immediate measures to have removed at our farrier’s forge ; and no sooner was the poor devil released from it than he threw himself upon the earth, and placed one of my feet upon his head, which instantly reminded me of the first meeting between those dear friends of my youth, Crusoe and Friday. Lifting the boy from the ground, I asked him if he were disposed to work, pointing out his brethren following the orders of the civil officers ; he replied that he should much like to serve me if I would engage him ; that he had been accustomed to the care of horses ; could speak French, Spanish, besides a little English ; would be faithful and honest, wishing for no other reward but meat and drink, and implying that a slight refectation at the present moment would be particularly acceptable. Taking time to deliberate whether or not I could give the lad employment, I consigned him to the care of my servant, who, having drawn my rations, was enabled to offer his sable friend a substantial meal.”

The headquarters of General Jackson were now at a mansion-house about two hundred yards behind the American lines. From an upper window of this house, above the trees in which it was embosomed, the General surveyed the scene below ; the long line of men at work upon the entrenchments ; Hinds’ dragoons manœuvring and gallopping to and fro between the two armies ; the Carolina and Louisiana in the stream vomiting their iron thunder upon the foe. With the aid of an old telescope, lent him by an aged Frenchman, which appears to have been almost the only instrument of the kind procurable in the place, he scanned the British position anxiously and often. He was surprised, puzzled, and, perhaps,

a little alarmed at the enemy's prolonged inactivity. Why could they be doing down there behind the plantation houses? Why should they, unless they had some deep scientific scheme on foot, quite beyond the penetration of a backwoodsman, allow him to go on strengthening his position, day after day without the slightest attempt at molestation? It was not the nature of Andrew Jackson to wait long for an enemy attack. Too prudent to trust his raw troops in an open fight with an army twice his number, it occurred to him; on the afternoon of the 26th, that there might be another and a safer way to dislodge them from their covert; at least, to disturb them in the development of whatever scheme they might be so quietly concocting. He sent for Commodore Patterson. Upon the arrival of the commodore at headquarters a short conference took place between the naval and the military hero. Then the gallant commodore hurries off to New Orleans. His object is to ascertain whether a few of the merchant vessels lying idle at the levee can not be instantly manned, and armed each with two thirty-two pounders from the navy yard; and if they can, to set them floating down toward the British position; where, dropping anchor, they shall join in the cannonade, and sweep the plain from side to side with huge, resistless balls. No plantation houses, negro huts, no shallow ditches, no attainable distance will then avail the invading host.

Commodore Patterson could not succeed in his errand in time. But he bore in mind the General's hint, and, in due time, acted upon it in another way with most telling effect as shall shortly be shown.

There was generalship in Jackson's idea. If it could have been carried out *that night* the enemy's position would have been utterly untenable. With the dawn of the 27th, instead of doing what they did, they must have either advanced upon the lines and taken New Orleans or beaten a swift retreat to their shipping. Captain Cooke, in his involved, half-conscious manner, remarks: "General Jackson throughout the operations displayed the art of the engineer, combining at t

same time the talent of the wary politician, and the polish of the finished negotiator, and wielding the weapons of war with vigorous decision, and with his pen finally transmogrifying an after defeat to his own advantage. He had amused the British generals for the space of four days and nights with a blustering fire from the sloop, he had turned every moment to his own account, brought up cannon to the barricades, and caused planking to be laid down for heavy artillery behind the ditch. And although the profile of the crescent battery, and the long line of naked barricade, and its rough exterior face, was not chiseled by the mason, and might have been laughed at by a Vauban, yet the sight of its smoking face caused the British general to halt."

CHAPTER XI.

THE LAST OF THE CAROLINA.

It was all over with the glorious little vessel. At dawn of day, on the 27th, the American troops were startled by the report of a larger piece of ordnance than they had yet heard from the enemy's camp. The second shot from the great guns placed by the British on the levee during the night, white hot, struck the Carolina, pierced her side, and lodged in the main hold under a mass of cables, where it could neither be reached nor quenched. And this was but the prelude to a furious cannonade, which sent the bombs and hot balls hissing and roaring about her, penetrating her cabin, knocking away her bulwarks, bringing down rigging and spars about the ears of the astonished crew. Captain Henly replied as best he could with his single long-twelve; while both armies lined and thronged the levee, watching the unequal combat with breathless interest.

No: not breathless. As often as the schooner was hit

cheers from the British troops rent the morning air ; and whenever a well-aimed shot from the Carolina drove the British gunners for a moment under the shelter of the levee, shouts from the Americans applauded the devoted crew. General Jackson was at his high window spying the combat. Perceiving from the first how it must end, he sent an emphatic order to Lieutenant Thompson, of the Louisiana, to get that vessel out of range if it was in the power of man to do it. General Pakenham stood on the levee near his guns cheering on the artillerymen.

Half-an-hour of this work was enough for the Carolina. "Finding," says Captain Henly, in his report to Commodore Patterson, with the blunt pathos of a sailor mourning for the loss of his vessel, "that hot shot were passing through her cabin and filling-room, which contained a considerable quantity of powder, her bulwarks all knocked down by the enemy's shot, the vessel in a sinking condition, and the fire increasing, and expecting every moment that she would blow up, at a little after sunrise I reluctantly gave orders for the crew to abandon her, which was effected with the loss of one man killed and six wounded. A short time after I had succeeded in getting the crew on shore, I had the extreme mortification of seeing her blow up. It affords me great pleasure to acknowledge the able assistance I received from Lieutenants Norris and Crawley and sailing-master Haller, and to say that my officers and crew behaved on this occasion, as well as on the 23d, when under your own eye, in a most gallant manner. Almost every article of clothing belonging to the officers and crew, from the rapid progress of the fire, was involved in the destruction of the vessel."

The explosion was terrific. It shook the earth for miles around ; it threw a shower of burning fragments over the Louisiana, a mile distant ; it sent a shock of terror to thousands of listening women in New Orleans ; it gave a momentary discouragement to the American troops. The English army, whom the schooner's fire had tormented for four days, raised a shout of exultation, as though the silencing of that

single gun had removed the only obstacle to their victorious advance. Captain Hill tells us that "among the crowd of spectators collected to witness the attack on the schooner were the Indian chiefs, who appeared deeply interested in the proceedings; and no sooner was the destruction effected than the prophet, in a fit of inspiration, commenced a palaver with his countrymen, foretelling the complete success of *our* pale faces on the following day; this was soon made known to us by Colonel Nicholls, who endeavored to impress upon us that we might depend on the predictions of this gifted seer."

But the Louisiana was still above water, and apparently as immovable as the Carolina had been. Upon her the British guns were immediately turned. To avail himself of a light breeze, or intimation of a breeze, from the east, Lieutenant Thompson has spread all his sails. But against that steady, strong, deep current it availed not even to slacken the ship's cable. Red hot balls fell hissing into the water about her, and a shell burst upon her deck, wounding six of the crew. "Man the boats," thundered the commander. A hundred men were soon tugging at the oars, struggling, as for more than life, to tow the ship up the stream. She moved; the cable slackened and was let go; still she moved slowly, steadily, and, ere long, was safe out of the deadly tempest, at anchor under the western shore, opposite the American lines.

Then it was our turn to lift the exulting shout, and cheer upon cheer saluted the rescued ship. The English soldiers heard the cheers as they were "falling in," three miles below. Every trace of discouragement was gone from both armies. The British now formed upon the open plain, without let or hindrance. The Americans could coolly estimate the success of the cannonade at its proper value. They had lost just one available gun, and saved a ship which, at one broadside, could throw eight twelve-pound balls a mile and a half. That was the net result of a cannonade for which the British army had toiled and waited a day and two nights.

If the English had directed their fire first upon the Louis-

iana, they could have destroyed both vessels. How astonishing that any man, standing where General Pakenham stood that morning, could have failed to perceive a fact so obvious? The Louisiana had only to go a mile up the river to be out of danger. Half a mile made her comparatively safe. The Carolina was fully two miles below the point of safety. The half hour expended upon the schooner would have blown up the ship, and then at their leisure, they could have played upon the smaller vessel. And even if Captain Henly had slipped his cable and dropped down the stream past the British camp, the vessel would have been as effectually removed as she was when her burning fragments floated by.

The twenty-seventh was a busy day in the American lines. They were still far from complete, and every man now felt that their strength would soon be put to the test. In the course of the day a twelve-pound howitzer was placed in position, so as to command the high road. In the evening a twenty-four was established further to the left, and early next morning another twenty-four. The crew of the Carolina hurried round to the lines to assist in serving these guns; and on the morrow the Barratarians were coming down from Fort St. Johns to lend a powerful hand. The two regiments of Louisiana militia were added to the force behind the lines. All day long the shovel and the spade are vigorously plied; the embankment rises; the canal deepens. The lines nearest the river are strongest and best protected, and, besides, are concealed from the view of an approaching foe by the buildings of the Chalmette plantation, a quarter of mile below them. These buildings, which have served hitherto as the quarters of Hinds' dragoons, will protect the enemy more than they protect us, thinks the General, and orders them to be fired when the enemy advances. It was a mistake, and the order, luckily, was only executed in part. Far to the left, near the cypress swamp, the lines are weakest, though there Coffee's Tennesseans had worked as only Coffee's Tennesseans could work, to make them strong. But there is a limit to the powers of even such stalwart and in-

domitable heroes as these, and there may be trouble to-morrow at the extreme left.

How it fared with the English troops that day, and during the night that followed, the graphic and modest Subaltern shall relate :—

“ Having thus removed all apparent obstacles to his future progress, the general made dispositions for a speedy advance. Dividing the army into two columns, he appointed General Gibbs to the command of one, and General Keane to the command of the other. The left column, led on by the latter officer, consisted of the ninety-fifth, the eighty-fifth, the ninety-third, and one black corps; the right, of the fourth, twenty-first, forty-fourth, and the other black corps. The artillery, of which we had now ten pieces in the field, though at present attached to the last column, was designed to act as circumstances and the nature of the ground would permit; while the dragoons, few of whom had as yet provided themselves with horses, were appointed to guard the hospitals, and to secure the wounded from any sudden surprise or molestation from the rear.

“ But the day was too far spent in making these arrangements, and in clearing the way for future operations, to permit any movement before the morrow. The whole of the 27th was therefore spent in bringing up stores, ammunition, and a few heavy guns from the ships, which, being placed in battery upon the banks of the river, secured us against the return of our floating adversary. All this was done quietly enough, nor was there any cause of alarm till after sunset; but from that time till towards dawn, we were kept in a constant state of anxiety and agitation. Sending down small bodies of riflemen, the American General harrassed our pickets, killed and wounded a few of the sentinels, and prevented the main body from obtaining any sound or refreshing sleep. Scarcely had the troops lain down, when they were roused by a sharp firing at the outposts, which lasted only till they were in order, and then ceased; but as soon as they had dispersed, and had once more addressed themselves to repose, the same cause of alarm returned, and they were again called to their ranks. Thus was the entire night spent in watching, or at best in broken and disturbed slumbers, than which nothing is more trying, both to the health and spirits of an army.

“ With the pickets, again, it fared even worse. For the outposts of an army to sleep is at all times considered as a thing impossible; but in modern and civilized warfare they are nevertheless looked upon as, in some degree, sacred. Thus, while two European armies remain inactively facing each other, the out-posts of neither are molested, unless a direct attack upon the main body be intended; nay, so far is this tacit good understand-

ing carried, that I have myself seen French and English sentinels not more than twenty yards apart. But the Americans entertained no such chivalric notions. An enemy was to them an enemy, whether alone or in the midst of five thousand companions; and they therefore counted the death of every individual as so much taken from the strength of the whole. In point of fact, they no doubt reasoned correctly, but to us at least it appeared an ungenerous return to barbarity. Whenever they could approach unperceived within proper distance of our watch fires, six or eight riflemen would fire amongst the party that sat round them, while one or two, stealing as close to each sentinel as a regard to their own safety would permit, acted the part of assassins rather than that of soldiers, and attempted to murder them in cold blood. For the officers, likewise, when going their rounds, they constantly lay in wait, and thus, by a continued dropping fire, they not only wounded some of those against whom their aim was directed, but occasioned considerable anxiety and uneasiness throughout the whole line.

"It was on this night, and under these circumstances, that I was indebted to the vigilance of my faithful dog for my life. Amid all the bustle of landing, and throughout the tumult of the nocturnal battle, she never strayed from me; at least, if she did lose me for a time, she failed not to trace me out again as soon as order was restored; for I found her by my side when the dawn of the 24th came in, and I never lost sight of her afterwards. It was my fortune, on the night of the 26th, to be put in charge of an outpost on the left front of the army; on such occasions I seldom experienced the slightest inclination to sleep; and on the present I made it a point to visit my sentinels at least once in every half hour. Going my rounds for this purpose, it was necessary that I should pass a little copse of low underwood, just outside of the line of our videttes; and I did pass it again and again without meeting with any adventure. But about an hour after midnight, my dog, which, as usual, trotted a few paces before me, suddenly stopped short at the edge of the thicket, and began to bark violently, and in great apparent anger. I knew the animal well enough to be aware that some cause must exist for such conduct; and I, too, stopped short, till I should ascertain whether danger was near. It was well for me that I had been thus warned; for at the instant of my halting about half a dozen muskets were discharged from the copse, the muzzles of which, had I taken five steps forward, must have touched my body. The balls whizzed harmlessly past my head; and, on my returning the fire with the pistol which I carried in my hand, the ambuscade broke up, and the party composing it took to their heels. I was Quixote enough to dash sword in hand into the thicket after them, but no one waited for me, so I continued my perambulations in peace.

"Having continued this detestable system of warfare till towards morn-

ing, the enemy retired, and left us at rest. But as soon as day began to break our pickets were called in, and the troops formed in order of attack. The right column, under General Gibbs, took post near the skirts of the morass, throwing out skirmishers half way across the plain, whilst the left column drew up upon the road covered by the rifle corps, which, in extended order, met the skirmishers from the other. With this last division went the artillery, already well supplied with horses; and, at the signal given, the whole moved forward."

CHAPTER XII.

GENERAL PAKENHAM MAKES A GRAND RECONNOISSANCE.

THE morning of the 28th of December was one of those perfect mornings of the southern winter, to enjoy which it is almost worth while to live twenty degrees too near the tropic of Cancer. Balmy, yet bracing; brilliant, but soft; inviting to action, though rendering mere existence bliss. The golden mist that heralded the sun soon wreathed itself away and vanished into space, except that part of it which hung in glittering diamonds upon the herbage and the evergreens that encircled the stubbled-covered plain. The monarch of the day shone out with that brightness that neither dazzles nor consumes, but is beautiful and cheering merely. Gone and forgotten were now the lowering clouds, the penetrating fogs, the disheartening rains, that for so many days and dreary fearful nights had hung over the dark Delta. The river was flowing gold. "The trees," we are told,* "were melodious with the noisy strains of the rice-bird, and the bold *false* of that pride of southern ornithology, the mocking-bird, who, here alone, continues the whole year round his unceasing notes of exultant mockery and vocal defiance."

It was one of Homer's mornings, or Boccaccio's, or Tasso's, or Shakespeare's; who all so loved the dawning day, and

* Jackson and New Orleans, p. 224.

wrote of it with its own diamond-drops and sunbeams, and let the morning air blow over the page, which it still exhales.

Fly away, noisy rice-bird, and defiant mocking-bird. Music more noisy and more defiant than yours salutes the rising sun ; the rolling drum and ringing bugle, namely, that call twelve thousand hostile men to arms. This glorious morning General Pakenham is resolved to have, at least, one good look at the wary and active foe that for five days has given pause to the invading army, and has not yet been so much as seen by them. With his whole force he will march boldly up to the lines, and, if fortune favors, and the prospect pleases, he will leap over them into New Orleans and the House of Lords. A *grand reconnoissance* is the order of the day.

The American general has not used his telescope in vain ; he is perfectly aware that an early advance is intended. Five pieces of cannon he has in position. The crew of the Carolina, under Lieutenant Crawley and Lieutenant Norris, Captain Humphrey and his artillerymen, are ready to serve them. Before the sun was an hour on his diurnal way, "Jackson's anxious glances toward the city had been changed into expressions of satisfaction and confidence by the spectacle of several straggling bands of red-shirted, bewiskered, rough and desperate-looking men, all begrimmed with smoke and mud, hurrying down the road toward the lines. These proved to be the Barratarians under Dominique You and Bluche, who had run all the way from the Fort St. John, where they had been stationed since their release from prison. They immediately took charge of one of the twenty-four pounders."* And, what is of far more importance, the Louisiana, saved yesterday by the resolution and skill of Lieutenant Thompson, is ready, at a moment's warning, to let out cable and swing round, so as to throw her balls obliquely across the plain.

And all this is hidden from the foe, who will know nothing of what awaits them till they have passed the plantation houses of Chalmette and Bienvenu, only five hundred yards from the lines !

* Jackson and New Orleans, page 226.

General Jackson was not kept long in suspense. The spectacle of the British advance was splendid in the extreme. "Forward they came," says the author of Jackson and New Orleans, "in solid columns, as compact and orderly as if on parade, under cover of a shower of rockets, and a continual fire from their artillery in front and their batteries on the levee. It was certainly a bold and imposing demonstration, for such, as we are told by British officers, it was intended to be. To new soldiers, like the Americans, fresh from civic and peaceful pursuits, who had never witnessed any scenes of real warfare, it was certainly a formidable display of military power and discipline. Those veterans moved as steadily and closely together as if marching in review instead of 'in the cannon's mouth.' Their muskets catching the rays of the morning sun, nearly blinded the beholder with their brightness, whilst their gay and various uniforms, red, grey, green and tartan, afforded a pleasing relief to the winter-clad field and the somber objects around."

Thus appeared the British host to the gazing multitude behind the American lines; for the author of the passage quoted learned his story from the lips of men who saw the dazzling sight. The Subaltern tells us how the American lines looked to the advancing army, and what reception greeted it.

"The enemy's corps of observation (Hinds' dragoons) fell back as we advanced, without offering in any way to impede our progress, and it was impossible to guess, ignorant as we were of the position of the enemy's main body, at what moment opposition might be expected. Nor, in truth, was it a matter of much anxiety. Our spirits, in spite of the troubles of the night, were good, and our expectations of success were high; consequently, many rude jests were bandied about, and many careless words spoken; for soldiers are, of all classes of men, the freest from care, and on that account, perhaps, the most happy. By being continually exposed to it, danger with them ceases to be frightful; of death they have no more terror than the beasts that perish; and even hardships, such as cold, wet, hunger, and broken rest, lose at least part of their disagreeableness by the frequency of their recurrence.

"Moving on in this merry mood, we advanced about four or five miles

without the smallest check or hindrance, when, at length, we found ourselves in view of the enemy's army, posted in a very advantageous manner. About forty yards in their front was a canal, which extended from the morass to within a short distance of the high road. Along their line were thrown up breastworks, not indeed completed, but even now formidable. Upon the road, and at several other points, were erected powerful batteries, whilst the ship, with a large flotilla of gun-boats, [no, sir—no gun-boats,] flanked the whole position from the river.

"When I say that we came in sight of the enemy, I do not mean that he was gradually exposed to us in such a manner as to leave time for cool examination and reflection. On the right, indeed, he was seen for some time; but on the left a few houses built at a turning in the road entirely concealed him; nor was it till they had gained that turning, and beheld the muzzles of his guns pointed towards them, that those who moved in this direction were aware of their proximity to danger. But that danger was indeed near they were quickly taught; for scarcely had the head of the column passed the houses, when a deadly fire was opened from both the battery and the shipping. | That the Americans are excellent marksmen, as well with artillery as with rifles, we have had frequent cause to acknowledge; but, perhaps, on no occasion did they assert their claim to the title of good artillerymen more effectually than on the present. Scarce a ball passed over, or fell short of its mark, but all striking full into the midst of our ranks occasioned terrible havoc. | The shrieks of the wounded, therefore, the crash of firelocks, and the fall of such as were killed, caused at first some little confusion; and what added to the panic, was, that from the houses beside which we stood bright flames suddenly burst out. The Americans, expecting this attack, had filled them with combustibles for the purpose, and, directing against them one or two guns, loaded with red-hot shot, in an instant set them on fire. The scene was altogether very sublime. A tremendous cannonade mowed down our ranks and deafened us with its roar, whilst two large chateaux and their out-buildings almost scorched us with the flames and blinded us with the smoke which they emitted.

"The infantry, however, was not long suffered to remain thus exposed, but, being ordered to quit the path, and to form line in the fields, the artillery was brought up and opposed to that of the enemy. But the contest was in every respect unequal, since their artillery far exceeded ours, both in numerical strength and weight of metal. The consequence was that in half an hour two of our field-pieces and one field-mortar were dismounted; many of the gunners were killed; and the rest, after an ineffectual attempt to silence the fire of the shipping, were obliged to retire.

"In the meantime the infantry, having formed line, advanced under a heavy discharge of round and grape-shot, till they were checked by the

appearance of the canal. Of its depth they were of course ignorant, and to attempt its passage without having ascertained whether it could be forded, might have been productive of fatal consequences. A halt was accordingly ordered, and the men were commanded to shelter themselves as well as they could from the enemy's fire. For this purpose they were hurried into a wet ditch, of sufficient depth to cover the knees, where, leaning forward, they concealed themselves behind some high rushes which grew upon its brink, and thus escaped many bullets which fell around them in all directions.

"Thus fared it with the left of the army, whilst the right, though less exposed to the cannonade, was not more successful in its object. The same impediment which checked one column forced the other likewise to pause, and, after having driven in an advanced body of the enemy, and endeavored without effect to penetrate through the marsh, it also was commanded to halt. In a word, all thought of attacking was for this day abandoned, and it now only remained to withdraw the troops from their present perilous situation with as little loss as possible.

"The first thing to be done was to remove the dismounted guns. Upon this enterprise a party of seamen was employed, who, running forward to the spot where they lay, lifted them, in spite of the whole of the enemy's fire, and bore them off in triumph. As soon as this was effected regiment after regiment stole away; not in a body, but one by one, under the same discharge which saluted their approach. But a retreat thus conducted necessarily occupied much time. Noon had therefore long passed before the last corps was brought off, and when we again began to muster twilight was approaching."

Our lively friend Hill adds a few curious and interesting particulars: "The unfortunate blacks forming the West India regiments suffered most dreadfully from the change of climate and alteration of fare; they were positively not only useless, but absolutely in the way. Several of these poor devils were observed huddled together, and exposed to fire; they were desired to get under cover, to which they replied,

"'No, tank you, massa, rader stay here and get killed at once; never see de day go back to Jamaica, so me die now, tank you. No stand dem d—n cold and fog—no house to lib in—not warm clothes, so poor nigger him die like dog.'

"There was too much truth in these words: it was an absolute cruelty to bring them on such a service, and

evinced little judgment on the part of the adviser of such a measure.

“The troops were ordered to retain the line they now occupied, and no further demonstration of advance was made. Close to the left of our line stood the house and plantation of Monsieur Bienvenu. It was an elegant mansion; much of the furniture had been removed, but enough remained to mark the taste of the proprietor. In the hall, which was floored with variegated marble, stood two magnificent globes and a splendid orrery. One room contained a vast collection of valuable books. On entering a bed-room, lately occupied by a female of the family, as was apparent by the arrangement of toilet, etc., I found that our advance had interrupted the fair one in her study of natural history, a volume of Buffon was lying open on her pillow; and it was evident that her particular attention had been directed to the domestic economy of the baboon and monkey tribe, slips of paper marking the highly colored portraits of these charming subjects for a lady’s contemplation.

“In spite of our sanguine expectation of sleeping that night in New Orleans, evening found us occupying our negro hut at Villeré’s, nor was I sorry that the shades of night concealed our mortification from the prisoners and slaves. As for our allies, the Indians, they had not increased in number; the countless tribes promised by Colonel Nicholls had not yet appeared, the five or six red skins I have already named still hung about headquarters. The prophet, to avoid censure at the fallacy of his predictions, contrived to get gloriously drunk, nor was the king of the Muscogies in a much more sober state: his majesty had consoled himself for the ill-fortune of the day by going from hut to hut imploring rum and asserting that he ‘hungered for drink.’ ”

What a day for the heroes of the Peninsula and the stately ninety-third Highlanders!—lying low in wet ditches, some of them for seven hours, under that relentless cannonade, and then slinking away behind fences, huts, and burning houses, or even crawling along on the bottom of ditches, happy to get

beyond the reach of those rebounding balls, that "knocked down the soldiers," says Captain Cooke, "and tossed them into the air like old bags." And what a day for General Jackson and his four thousand, who saw the magnificent advance of the morning, not without misgivings, and then beheld the most splendid and imposing army they had ever seen sink, as it were, into the earth and vanish from their sight ! This reconnoissance cost General Pakenham a loss of fifty killed and wounded. The casualties on the American side were nine killed and eight wounded.

The ship *Louisiana* was the immediate cause of this day's signal triumph. Commodore Patterson gives a simple but interesting account in his dispatch to the Secretary of the Navy of what transpired on board :

"At twenty-five minutes past eight A. M. the enemy opened their fire upon the ship, with shells, hot shot, and rockets, which was instantly returned with great spirit and much apparent effect, and continued without intermission till one P. M., when the enemy slackened their fire, and retreated with a part of their artillery from each of their batteries, evidently with great loss. Two attempts were made to screen one heavy piece of ordnance mounted behind the levee, with which they threw hot shot at the ship, and which had been a long time abandoned before they succeeded in recovering it, and then it must have been with very great loss, as I distinctly saw, with the aid of my glass, several shot strike in the midst of the men (seamen) who were employed dragging it away. At three P. M. the enemy were silenced ; at 4 P. M. ceased firing from the ship, the enemy having retired beyond the range of her guns. Many of their shot passed over the ship, and their shells burst over her decks, which were strewn with their fragments ; yet, after an incessant cannonading of upwards of seven hours, during which time eight hundred shot were fired from the ship, one man only was wounded slightly by the piece of a shell, and one shot passed between the bowsprit and heel of the jib-boom.

"The enemy drew up his whole force, evidently with an intention of assaulting General Jackson's lines, under cover of his heavy cannon ; but his cannonading being so warmly returned from the lines and ship *Louisiana* caused him, I presume, to abandon his project, as he retired without making the attempt. You will have learned by my former letters that the crew of the *Louisiana* is composed of men of all nations (English excepted), taken from the streets of New Orleans not a fortnight before the battle, yet I never knew guns better served, or a more animated fire, than was sup-

ported from her. Lieutenant C. C. B. Thompson deserves great credit for the discipline to which in so short a time he had brought such men, two-thirds of whom do not understand English."

At the extreme left of Jackson's lines, a mile away from the river, where the ditch could be leaped, and the embankment easily surmounted, there was a moment which, rightly improved, might have given a different issue to the day. Upon getting sight of this rude line of defense, General Gibbs, instead of ordering the "simultaneous rush" which would have carried them, was obliged to remember that the affair was only a *reconnaissance*, and so halted his eager column. A detachment under Colonel Rennie advanced, however, drove in the American outposts, and drew up in a sheltered position one hundred yards from General Carroll's division. Carroll's men, clamoring for a share in the day's work, their general permitted Colonel Henderson to lead a column of two hundred Tennesseans along the borders of the swamp, with the design of getting to the rear of Rennie's detachment and cutting it off. The attempt failed. A body of British troops concealed in the woods opened fire upon the column, killed Colonel Henderson and five of his men, wounded a few more, and compelled the rest to retreat behind the lines in confusion. At this moment, when Rennie, elated by the result, was advancing on Carroll's division, and about to close with it, an imperative order from General Gibbs obliged him to retire. It is beyond question that a vigorous attack upon the left at that time would have given General Jackson more serious trouble than he had yet experienced during the campaign.

It was in the midst of the confusion and alarm caused by the retreat of the Tennesseans and the threatened advance of Colonel Rennie that a circumstance occurred which greatly added to the prevailing excitement, and had a lasting effect upon the fame and peace of General Jackson.

It was not to be expected, in any circumstances, that such a body of men as the Legislature of Louisiana would stand very high in the regard of such a man as Andrew Jackson,

and the less since he derived his impressions of their character from men who were opposed to them politically and otherwise. *To save New Orleans* seems to have been the ruling desire of a majority of that body, whereas Jackson's first and great concern was *to defeat and destroy the British expedition*, even though that should involve the total destruction of the city.

"What did you design to do," Major Eaton once asked the General, "provided you had been forced to retreat?"

"I should have retreated to the city," replied Jackson, "fired it, and fought the enemy amidst the surrounding flames. There were with me men of wealth, owners of considerable property, who, in such an event, would have been among the foremost to have applied the torch to their own buildings, and what they had left undone I should have completed. Nothing for the comfortable maintenance of the enemy would have been left in the rear. I would have destroyed New Orleans, occupied a position above on the river, cut off all supplies, and in this way compelled them to depart from the country."

This being the temper of the General, he had given a somewhat rough welcome to a committee of the Legislature who had visited him a day or two before, to ask what course he intended to take in case he were compelled to retreat.

"If," replied the General, "I thought the hair of my head could divine what I should do, forthwith I would cut it off; go back with this answer: say to your honorable body, that if disaster does overtake me, and the fate of war drives me from my line to the city, they may expect to have a very warm session."

Such an answer could not be satisfactory to the more conservative and timid members of the Legislature. Still it led to no action on their part, nor even remonstrance. Indeed there had been no session of the Legislature since the 23d, or, if any, only a meeting of a few members followed by immediate adjournment. In a conversation in a private house, where seven or eight members chanced to meet, the Speaker

of the House openly said that, for his part, he thought the arriving of General Jackson a calamity.

"He seems to me," added the Speaker, "to be a desperado, who will war like a savage, and bring destruction and fire on the city and its neighboring plantations.*"

In such exciting times as these rumor is busy enough ; nor at any time does she need a better foundation than this for the most extravagant and incredible tale. And so it happened, that on this morning of thunder and alarm, one of Rumor's thousand tongues whispered it into the ear of a certain Creole, Colonel Declouet, that *the Legislature were meditating a scheme for surrendering the city to the enemy!* Pale with excitement, Colonel Declouet rushed to the field, and there meeting Mr. Abner L. Duncan, a Philadelphian, who was one of the numerous corps of Jackson's volunteer aids, told him the dread news, and entreated him to lose not a moment in informing General Jackson.

"It can not be possible," exclaimed Duncan, aghast at the thought.

Declouet solemnly repeated his statement ; declared that he would be personally answerable for its truth, and urged Duncan, for God's sake, to tell the General. Duncan then advised Colonel Declouet to go to the General himself, and offered to accompany him.

"No," said Declouet ; "I will go to town, and inform Governor Claiborne. Do you go and tell the General."

Whereupon he put spurs to his horse and rode away towards New Orleans, having imparted to Duncan all his own excitement and alarm. Duncan had already met, on his way from New Orleans, people hurrying from the camp to the city, with the news that the lines had been forced, and that the enemy were gaining the day. Distracted with the double apprehension of treason and defeat, he hastened to headquarters, before which he found Major Planché posted with his battalion of uniformed companies. Running up to the major, he asked with frantic eagerness—

* General Jackson's Fine, Pamphlet, by Charles J. Ingersoll, p. 72.

“Where is the General?”

Major Planché, alarmed at his manner, asked him what was the matter. To which Duncan replied, that he had just been told the Legislature were about to capitulate.

“It is impossible,” cried Planché, as he pointed out the General riding swiftly along the lines.

Jackson was, in fact, just returning from ordering General Coffee to strengthen the extreme left, where the disorder had occurred. As Duncan ran up, the General perceiving his agitation, and supposing he brought important news of the enemy’s movements, reined in his horse, when the following conversation, as far as can be gathered from the various depositions, occurred between them :

“What is the matter, Colonel Duncan?” cried the General.

“I am the bearer of a message from Governor Claiborne,” said Duncan, “to the effect that the Assembly are about to give up the country to the enemy.”

“Have you a letter from the Governor?” inquired Jackson.

“No, General,” replied Duncan.

“Who gave you the intelligence?” Jackson asked.

“Colonel Declouet,” was the reply.

“Where is Colonel Declouet?” asked the General. “He ought to be arrested, and if the information is not true he ought to be shot. I don’t believe it.”

“Declouet is gone back to New Orleans,” said Duncan. “He requested me to give you the information.”

Upon hearing this, the General loosened the reins, and was about to gallop on. Duncan called out to him, “The Governor expects your orders, General.”

Whereupon the General said, as he rode away, “I don’t believe the intelligence; but tell the Governor to make strict inquiry into the subject, and if they persist, to blow them up.”

The soldiers standing near caught the last words, and the shout ran along the line—“Blow them up!”

The cannonade continued, and the General thought more of the Legislature until the retreat of the enemy gave him leisure for further reflection. He then wrote a long note to the Governor, directing him to observe closely the movements of the Legislature, and the moment any project of capitulation should be disclosed to place a guard at the door of their chamber. "My object in this," Jackson afterwards explained to his friend Eaton, "was, that then they would be able to proceed with their business without producing the slightest injury; whatever schemes they might entertain would have remained with themselves, without the power of circulating them to the prejudice of any other interest than their own. I had intended to have had them well treated and kindly dealt by; and, thus abstracted from every thing passing without doors, a better opportunity would have been afforded them to enact good and wholesome laws."

Governor Claiborne, however, misunderstanding General Jackson's communication, and, perhaps, not unwilling to silence a body that had not shown itself very complaisant to his wishes, placed a guard at the door of the chamber before the Legislature met; and thus, instead of shutting them in, he shut them out. The feelings of an august Legislature cannot be imagined, when, on approaching the door of their chamber they found their entrance opposed by armed men, who, on being interrogated by them, gave rude and uncompromising replies. This was the beginning of General Jackson's long and embarrassing embroilment with the Legislature of Louisiana. Originating in the casual conversation of a group of members, magnified in the excited imagination of Colonel Declouet, misrepresented, in the bewilderment of the moment, by Mr. Duncan, misunderstood by Governor Claiborne, the affair grew in importance, and had results, the last of which was not reached until General Jackson was on the brink of the grave.

Leaving the Legislature bandying loud epithets with the uncivil guard, we return, for a moment, to the scene of conflict. The exultation, the gay confidence of the American troops at the close of this day, was beyond description. The

enemy was feared no longer, and the rest of the campaign was but a kind of keen, exciting sport. I have a letter, written a day or two after by one of Colonel Hinds' troop of dragoons, who "begged a few moments from camp" for the purpose, which may serve to show the feeling of the army during the succeeding days. After giving a brief account of the action of the 23d, he thus proceeds :

"Our squadron was not in action on the 23d, but were on the ground in the rear, but from the darkness of the night were unable to act. Our duty since then has been very hard, as we have not unsaddled our horses since, but lay at their feet every night on our arms and without fire. After the battle our squadron was stationed between the two armies as picket guards, and lay three days within four hundred yards of the enemy's chain of sentinels, and in the morning of the fourth day (December 28th) were compelled to retire to the main army, the enemy under cover of the night having erected batteries on the levee, and in the morning opened upon us, but did no execution except one horse killed, and as we retreated they followed and made three attempts to charge our breastworks, but were as often repulsed, and were again compelled to retire, with a loss of about one hundred and fifty killed. On our part, the number in killed and wounded did not exceed twenty. To-day we have been endeavoring to draw them out, but without success, for which purpose our noble commander, Major Hinds, drew his squadron within two hundred yards of their lines, which drew their fire pretty heavy, and wounded three men and two horses, all slightly. We were kept there for one hour and a half by our major, who put us through a number of evolutions in the face of the enemy, to the astonishment of all the army, and when we returned to camp were met by three cheers from the army, and General Jackson's compliments, presented to us through one of his staff, Colonel Hayne, who said to us, 'Gentlemen, your undaunted courage this day has excited the admiration of the whole army.'

"It is said the enemy is about to retire, but that I very much doubt, as they are throwing up a very strong breastwork, about two and a half or three miles below us, on the canal by which they came in from the lake, which evinces to me their intention to remain until they can be reinforced; but immediately on the arrival of the Kentucky troops at this place I expect General Jackson will march against them, and I think there is no doubt of our success. Some deserters have come to us who say there are a great number who would come too when some favorable opportunities offer, as they were disappointed very much, having calculated very certainly upon having no opposition from the French, who, I am happy to

say, have done much honor to the State in turning out so generally as have.

"The city is now under complete martial law, no men have permission to leave town, and all who come in are compelled to join the army immediately. Our friends Thockmorton, Breedlove, and Richardson are here and I expect will join our troop. William Bullit has become attached to General Coffee's staff, as also General Poindexter. Very little business is done of any kind in the city—all for fight. Lavery was made a prisoner and sent on board of the fleet, as also Robert Montgomery. John S. has as yet escaped, but is still under arms. Our company all in tolerable health. Something decisive will be done in a short time, after which I hope to see you."*

CHAPTER XIII.

WHAT NEXT?

AYE, what next? General Pakenham had seen the American lines. The inference he drew from the sight was one of the strangest. One would have supposed that, with the first light of the next morning, he would have drawn away all his troops from the river, and, keeping near the swamps, have attacked the lines where General Gibbs had discovered them to be weakest. That General Jackson would have done so was shown by what he did do; for he, too, had discovered the nearly fatal weakness of his left, and lost not a moment in strengthening it with men, earth, labor, and cannon. If the British general, at a council of war, attended by Cochrane, Malcolm, Hardy, Trowbridge, Codrington, Gibbs, and Keane, came to the conclusion that the way to carry the American position was to make regular approaches to it, as to a wall and fortified city. Sevastopol anticipated and rehearsed. And, what is remarkable, the engineer who directed the construction of the British batteries on the Delta of the Missis-

* *New York Evening Post*, February 1, 1815.

sippi was no other than that Sir John Burgoyne whom the Russians, with their hasty earth works, foiled in the Crimea for so many months, forty years after.

During the last three days of the year 1814 the British army remained inactive on the plain, two miles below the American lines, and in full view of them, while the sailors were employed in bringing from the fleet thirty pieces of cannon of large caliber, with which to execute the scheme that had been resolved upon. "The ground which we now occupied," says the Subaltern, "resembled in almost every particular that which we had quitted. We again extended across the plain, from the marsh to the river; no wood or cover of any description concealing our line, or obstructing the view of either army; while both in front and rear was an open space, laid out in fields and intersected by narrow ditches. Our out-posts, however, were pushed forward to some houses, within a few hundred yards of the enemy's works, sending out advance sentinels even further; and the headquarters of the army were established near the spot where the action of the 23d had been fought.

"In this state we remained during the 29th, 30th, and 31st, without any efforts being made to fortify our position or to annoy that of the enemy. Some attempts were, I believe, set on foot to penetrate into the wood on the right of our line, and to discover a path through the morass, by which the enemy's left might be turned. But all of these proved fruitless, and a few valuable lives having been sacrificed, the idea was finally laid aside. In the meanwhile the American General directed the whole of his attention to the strengthening of his post. Day and night we could observe numerous parties at work upon his lines, whilst from the increased number of tents, which almost every hour might be discerned, it was evident that strong reinforcements were continually pouring into his camp. Nor did he leave us totally unmolested. By giving his guns a great degree of elevation, he contrived at last to reach our bivouac, and thus were we constantly under a cannonade which, though it did little execution, proved

nevertheless extremely annoying. Besides this, he now began to erect batteries on the opposite bank of the river, from which a flanking fire could be thrown across the entire front of his position. In short, he adopted every precaution which prudence could suggest, and for the reception of which the nature of his ground was so admirably adapted."

General Jackson was busy indeed during those three days. If, as Eaton says, he slept on the night of the 28th, he awoke the next morning, a giant refreshed. The pen could scarcely keep up with the rapidity of his operations. Besides planting cannon on the left of his position, and pushing his lines far into the swamp, he added new batteries and new strength to every part of the entrenchment. A new line of defence was begun two miles nearer the city; a resort in case the main lines were carried. Major Latour was sent across the river to construct works capable of resisting the enemy, if he should attempt to transfer the scene of operations to the other side. One hundred and fifty negroes toiled zealously for several days in executing Latour's plans, which, afterward, proved to be work well bestowed. Captain Henly, of the late Carolina, fortified and manned a brick kiln directly opposite the city. Commodore Patterson, since he could not succeed with the merchant vessels, did a better thing—landed heavy guns from the Louisiana, and established them on the right bank of the river, opposite the lines, so as to sweep the plain in front of them, if ever again the enemy should dare to approach. Meanwhile he rolled many a ponderous ball in the heart of their position, doing no great damage, but adding seriously to their discomfort. The streets of New Orleans were scoured day and night for sailors to man the ever-rising batteries. Every man that smelt of tar was seized and compelled to serve. The General requested the ladies of New Orleans to search their garrets, cellars, closets and drawers, and to draw forth from its hiding place every pistol, old musket, flint, sword, gun-barrel and ramrod that could be found for, by the daily coming in of volunteers from up the river, arms were beginning to be most exasperatingly scarce. A

ready there were hundreds of men whose arms were mere hunting-knives and fowling-pieces, or muskets without flints or locks. A considerable number of the new troops had nothing but the spade or the pickaxe with which they worked on the lines. Express after express was dispatched up the river in search of that second load of muskets which the indignant General knew was on the way, and the captain of which he ordered to be brought down a prisoner. Every morning, at dawn, the terrible Louisiana dropped down to the position she occupied on the 28th, and after firing all day upon every group of red-coats that could be descried, returned at night-fall to a safe place above the lines.*

When night closed in upon the scene the activity and the vigilance of the Americans were redoubled. In his anxiety to cut off all traitorous communication with the enemy, Jackson lined the banks of the Mississippi with sentinels, and kept watch-boats flitting to and fro upon the river. To test their efficiency, he one night sent adrift from the levee of the city two empty flat-boats. They had not floated far toward the lines before they were hailed by the watchful boatmen, who, receiving no answer, gave the alarm, and woke the thunder of the Louisiana. Before they reached the lines the decoy-boats were knocked to pieces, and the General was satisfied that nothing could float down the river without being perceived.† Yet, along the skirts of the wooded swamp, some villains contrived to sneak to the British camp, and sold misleading intelligence to General Pakenham. No Americans did this. It is a peculiarity of the American scoundrel to love his country after a fashion, and to celebrate the Fourth of July in the State's prison with a kind of enthusiasm. Men there were in Jackson's camp who wrought stoutly and fought valiantly through this campaign, who were in prison for capital offenses the hour before they grasped the patriotic spade or shouldered the patriotic musket.

The open plain between the two armies was the scene of

* Latour, page 127.

† Eaton, page 350.

extraordinary operations during these and subsequent nights. No one has described this strange feature of the campaign with so much truth and spirit as the author of "Jackson and New Orleans." The General, thinks this author, need not have felt the anxiety he did for the security of his left, since the English troops, in terror of the Tennessee riflemen, kept as far as possible from that part of the lines.

"These wily frontiersmen," continues Mr. Walker, "habituated to the Indian mode of warfare, never missed a chance of picking off a straggler or sentinel. Clad in their dusky, brown homespun, they would glide unperceived through the woods, and taking a cool view of the enemy's lines, would cover the first Briton who came within range of their long, small-bored rifles. Nor did they waste their ammunition. Whenever they drew a bead on any object it was certain to fall. The cool indifference with which they would perform the most daring acts of this nature was amazing.

"One of these bush-fighters, having obtained leave to go on a hunting-party one night, stole along towards the British camp, over ditches and through underwood, until he got near a British sentinel, whom he immediately killed, and seizing his arms and accoutrements, laid them at some distance from the place where the sentinel had stood, and then concealing himself waited quietly for more game. When it was time to relieve the sentinel, the corporal of the guard, finding him dead, posted another in his place, which he had hardly left before another victim fell before the unerring rifle of the Tennessean. Having conveyed his arms and accoutrements to the place at which he left those of the first victim, the remorseless hunter took a new position, and a third sentinel, posted in the same place, shared the fate of the two others. At last the corporal of the guard, amazed to see three sentinels killed in one night at the same post, determined to expose no more men in so dangerous a spot. The Tennessean, seeing this, returned to camp with the spoils of the slain, and received the congratulations of his comrades on the success of his night's hunt.* Many instances of a similar character, illustrative of the daring, the skill, and love of adventure of these hardy riflemen, are related by the survivors of that epoch. Indeed the whole army, after the events of the 23d, 25th, and 28th, seemed to be animated by a spirit of personal daring and gallant enterprise.

"The plain between the two hostile camps was alive day and night with small parties of foot and horse, wandering to and fro in pursuit of adventure, on the trail of reconnoiterers, stragglers and outpost sentinels.

* Major Latour is the original authority for this story, p. 128.

The natural restlessness and nomadic tendency of the Americans were here conspicuously displayed. After a while there grew up a regular science in the conduct of these modes of vexing, annoying, and weakening the enemy. Their system, it is true, is not to be found in Vauban's, Steuben's or Scott's military tactics, but it, nevertheless, proved to be quite effective. It was as follows: a small number of each corps, being permitted to leave the lines, would start from their position and all converge to a central point in front of the lines. Here they would, when all collected, make quite a formidable body of men, and, electing their own commander, would proceed to attack the nearest British outpost, or advance in extended lines, so as to create alarm in the enemy's camp, and subject them to the vexation of being beaten to arms, in the midst of which the scouting party would be unusually unlucky if it did not succeed in "bagging" one or two of the enemy's advanced sentinels. Prominent among the bands which kept the British in perpetual alarm was the command of the indefatigable Major Hinds, whose troopers from Mississippi and Louisiana were ever hovering about the English outposts, charging to the very mouths of their cannon, and driving in their pickets. Unfortunately for the British, so at least they thought, they were unable to mount their dragoons for field or fighting service; and Hinds, having none of his own arm to try his mettle on, was compelled to satisfy his impatient valor in unequal and ineffectual but very dangerous, and to the British very vexatious, charges on their redoubts and outposts. Hinds was of great use to Jackson in executing reconnoissances, which he always did with brilliant daring and success. As soon as the British would throw up a redoubt, or commence planting a battery in any new position, Jackson had only to say, 'Major Hinds, report to me the number and caliber of the guns they are establishing there.' Immediately the stalwart trooper would form his dragoons, and advancing in an easy trot until he had arrived within a few hundred yards of the object of the reconnoissance, would order a charge, and, leading himself, would dash at full speed at the enemy's position, as near as was necessary to ascertain their strength and situation, and then wheeling under their fire and a shower of rockets, would gallop back to headquarters and report to Jackson all the information he possessed.

"In such incessant scouting parties and volunteer operations as we have described a majority of Jackson's command were engaged during the greater part of the night. So daring were these attacks that on more than one occasion the six-pounders were advanced from the lines and drawn within cannon shot of the outposts, when they would be discharged at the sentinels or any living object, generally with some effect, and always with great terror to the British camp, causing a general apprehension that the Americans were advancing to attack them in full force

"After midnight the skirmishers would return to their camp and resign

themselves to sleep, using for their beds the brush collected from the swamp; and the Tennesseans, who were encamped on the extreme left, lying on gunwales or logs, raised a few inches above the surface of the water or soft mire of the morass. About two hours after daybreak a general stir would be observable in the American camp—this was for the general muster. Drums were then beaten and several bands of music—among which that of the Orleans battalion (Planché's) was conspicuous—would animate the spirits of the men with martial strains, that could be heard in the desolate and gloomy camp of the British, where no melodious notes or other sounds of cheerfulness were allowed to mock their misery; where not even a bugle sounded, unless as a warning or a summons of the guard to the relief of some threatened outpost."

By the evening of the 31st December the thirty pieces of cannon from the fleet (twenty long eighteens and ten twenty-fours) had reached the British camp. All that day the Americans had been amused with a cannonade from a battery erected near the swamp, under cover of which parties of English troops attempted, but with small success, to reconnoiter the American position. As soon as it was quite dark operations of far greater importance commenced. "One half the army," says the Subaltern, "was ordered out, and marched to the front, passing the piquets, and halting about three hundred yards from the enemy's line. Here it was resolved to throw up a chain of works; and here the greater part of this detachment, laying down their firelocks, applied themselves vigorously to their tasks, while the rest stood armed and prepared for their defense. The night was dark, and our people maintained a profound silence; by which means not an idea of what was going on existed in the American camp. As we labored, too, with all diligence, six batteries were completed long before dawn, in which were mounted thirty pieces of heavy cannon; when, falling back a little way, we united ourselves to the remainder of the infantry, and lay down behind the rushes in readiness to act as soon as we should be wanted.

"In the erection of these batteries a circumstance occurred worthy of notice on account of its singularity. I have already stated that the whole of this district was covered with

the stubble of sugar cane, and I might have added that every storehouse and barn attached to the different mansions scattered over it was filled with barrels of sugar. In throwing up these works the sugar was used instead of earth. Rolling the hogsheads towards the front, they were placed upright in the parapets of the batteries, and it was computed that sugar to the value of many thousand pounds sterling was thus disposed of."

CHAPTER XIV.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THE second Sunday of this strange mutual siege had come round. The light of another New Year's day had dawned upon the world !

The English soldiers had not worked so silently during the night upon their new batteries but that an occasional sound of hammering, dulled by distance, had been heard in the American lines. The outposts, too, had sent in news of the advance of British troops, who were busy at something, though the outposts could not say what. The veterans of the American army, that is, those who had smelt hostile gunpowder before this campaign, gave it as their opinion that there would be warm work again at daybreak.

Long before the dawn the dull hammering ceased. When the day broke, a fog so dense that a man could discern nothing at a distance of twenty yards covered all the plain. Not a sound was heard in the direction of the enemy's camp, nor did the American sentinels nearest their position hear or see anything to excite alarm. At eight o'clock the fog was still impenetrable, and the silence unbroken. As late even as nine, the American troops, who were on slightly higher ground than the British, saw little prospect of the fog's breaking away, still less of any hostile movement on the part of the

foe. The veterans begin to retract their opinion. We are to have another day of waiting, think the younger soldiers ; the gay Creoles not forgetting that the day was the first of a new year.

The General conceding something to the pleasure-loving part of his army—permitted a brief respite from the arduous toil of the week, and ordered a grand review of the whole army on the open ground between the lines and his own headquarters. To-day, too, for the first time in several days, the Louisiana remained at her safe anchorage above the lines, and a large number of her crew went ashore on the western bank, and took post in Commodore Patterson's new battery there. But this was not for holiday reasons. A deserter came in the night before, and informed the Commodore that the enemy had established two enormous howitzers in a battery on the levee, where balls were kept red-hot, for the purpose of firing the obnoxious vessel the moment she should come within range again. So the Commodore kept his vessel safe, landed two more of her great guns, and ordered ashore men enough to work them.

Toward ten o'clock the fog rose from the American position, and disclosed to the impatient enemy the scene behind the lines. A gay and brilliant scene it was, framed and curtained in fleecy fog. "The fog dispersed," remarks Captain Hill, "with a rapidity perfectly surprising ; the change of scene at a theater could scarcely be more sudden, and the bright sun shone forth, diffusing warmth and gladness." "Being at this time," says the Subaltern, "only three hundred yards distant, we could perceive all that was going forward with great exactness. The different regiments were upon parade, and, being dressed in holiday suits, presented really a fine appearance. Mounted officers were riding backwards and forwards through the ranks, bands were playing, and colors floating in the air ;—in a word, all seemed jollity and gala." The General-in-chief had not yet appeared upon the ground. He had been up and doing before the dawn,

and was now lying on a couch at headquarters, before riding out to review the troops.

In a moment how changed the scene ! At a signal from the central battery of the enemy, the whole of their thirty pieces of cannon opened fire full upon the American lines, and the air was filled with the red glare and hideous scream of hundreds of congreve rockets ! As completely taken by surprise as the enemy had been on the night of the twenty-third, the troops were thrown into instantaneous confusion. "The ranks were broken," continues the Subaltern, "the different corps dispersing, fled in all directions, while the utmost terror and disorder appeared to prevail. Instead of nicely-dressed lines, nothing but confused crowds could now be observed ; nor was it without much difficulty that order was finally restored. *Oh, that we had charged at that instant !*"

The enemy, having learned which house was the headquarters of the General, directed a prodigious fire upon it, and the first news of the cannonade came to Jackson in the sound of crashing porticoes and outbuildings. During the first ten minutes of the fire, one hundred balls struck the mansion, but, though some of the General's suite were covered with rubbish, and Colonel Butler was knocked down, they all escaped and made their way to the lines without a scratch.

The Subaltern is mistaken in saying that the troops fled in all directions. There was but one direction in which to fly either to safety or to duty ; for, on that occasion, the post of duty and the post of safety were the same, namely, close behind the line of defense. For ten minutes, however, the American batteries, always before so prompt with their responsive thunder, were silent, while the troops were running in the hottest haste to their several posts.

Ten guns were in position in the American lines, besides those in the battery on the other side of the river. Upon Jackson's coming to the front, he found his artillerymen at their posts, waiting with lighted matches to open fire upon the foe, as soon as the dense masses of mingled smoke and

mist that enveloped their batteries should roll away. "Jackson's first glance," as Mr. Walker informs us, "when he reached the line, was in the direction of Humphrey's battery. There stood this right arm of the artillery, dressed in his usual plain attire, smoking that eternal cigar, coolly leveling his guns and directing his men.

" 'Ah !' exclaimed the General, 'all is right ; Humphrey is at his post, and will return their compliments presently.'

" Then, accompanied by his aids, he walked down to the left, stopping at each battery to inspect its condition, and waving his cap to the men as they gave him three cheers, and observing to the soldiers,

" 'Don't mind those rockets, they are mere toys to amuse children.' " * ‡

Colonel Butler, whom the General had seen prostrated at headquarters, came running up to the lines covered with dust. " Why, Colonel Butler," roared the General, " is that you ? I thought you were killed."

" No, General ; only knocked over."

Captain Humphrey soon caught a glimpse of the British batteries ; structures of narrow front and slight elevation, lying low and dim upon the field ; no such broad target as the mile-long lines of the American position. Adjusting a twelve-pounder with the utmost exactness, he quietly gave the word,

" Let her off."

And the firing from the American lines began. The other batteries instantly joined in the strife. Ere long the British

* " As to the rockets employed by the Austrian artillery, we can not conceal our astonishment at seeing two whole regiments organized for the use of these playthings. The effect of the rockets was absolutely null on our infantry and cavalry, and the French were at last as much amused by them as by ordinary fireworks. At Solferino, all the cavalry of the guard, amounting to six regiments, remained half the day exposed to a regular shower of these projectiles ; at times the reports of their harmless explosions almost drowned the roar of General Soleille's artillery, though his forty-two guns kept up an unceasing fire. I have not heard of either man or horse being killed by these rockets."—*Paris Newspaper*, July, 1859. *Narrative of Battle of Solferino*.

howitzers on the levee and the battery of Commodore Patterson on the opposite bank exchanged a vigorous fire. For the space of an hour and a half a cannonade so loud and rapid shook the delta as had never before been heard in the western world. Vain are all words to convey to the unwarlike reader an idea of this tremendous scene. Imagine fifty pieces of cannon, of large caliber, each discharged from once to thrice a minute; often a simultaneous discharge of half a dozen pieces; an average of two discharges every second; while plain and river were so densely covered with smoke that the gunners aimed their guns from recollection chiefly, and knew scarcely any thing of the effect of their fire.

Well aimed, however, were the British guns, as the American lines soon began to exhibit. Most of their balls buried themselves harmlessly in the soft, elastic earth of the thick embankment. Many flew over its summit and did bloody execution on those who were bringing up ammunition, as well as on some who were retiring from their posts. Several balls struck and nearly sunk a boat laden with stores that was moored to the levee two hundred yards behind the lines. The cotton bales of the batteries nearest the river were knocked about in all directions, and set on fire, adding fresh volumes to the already impenetrable smoke. One of Major Planché's men was wounded in trying to extinguish this most annoying fire. A thirty-two pounder in Lieutenant Crawley's battery was hit and damaged. The carriage of a twenty-four was broken. One of the twelves was silenced. Two powder-carriages, one containing a hundred pounds of the explosive material, blew up with a report so terrific as to silence for a moment the enemy's fire, and draw from them a faint cheer. And still the lines continued to vomit forth a fire that knew neither cessation nor pause, until the guns grew so hot that it was difficult and dangerous to load them. And after an hour and a half of such work as this no man in Jackson's army could say with certainty whether the English batteries had been seriously damaged.

Nolte was behind the lines during this desperate cannonade, and favors his readers with his recollections of it.

"The largest British battery," says Mr. Nolte, "had directed its fire against the battery of the pirates Dominique and Beluche, who had divided our company into two parts, and were supplied with ammunition by it. Once, as Dominique was examining the enemy through a glass, a cannon shot wounded his arm; he caused it to be bound up, saying, 'I will pay them for that!' and resumed his glass. He then directed a twenty-four pounder, gave the order to fire, and the ball knocked an English gun carriage to pieces, and killed six or seven men. Our company lost that day but one man, our least, a French hatter, called Laborde. For predestinarians I would mention that the young notary, Philippe Peddesclaux, was standing exactly in front of Laborde, and the latter would not have been hit had he not been bending forward at the moment to light his cigar by my neighbor, St. Avit's. When the latter turned he saw Laborde's scattered brains and prostrate body. The flash of a gun reaches the eye long before the report gets to the ear, and thus the ball can sometimes be avoided. I have watched both the flash and the report, and I have seen the best tried soldiers, both officers and men, even the utterly fearless Jackson himself, getting out of the way of the congreve rockets, which were sent in great quantities from the British camp. Others, again, either actuated by a different principle, or less prudently observant of danger and less anxious to avoid it, like my friend St. Avit for instance, remained confident in their fate in the same position, and stood quietly as if all the roar of the cannon and the hissing of missiles about their ears was entirely without interest for them.

"On this day, which saw our whole line except the batteries exposed to the fire, my worthy friend, Major Carmick, who commanded the volunteer battalion, and was near the pirates' battery, was struck by a congreve rocket on the forehead, knocked off his horse, and had both his arms injured. I asked leave to accompany him to the guard-house, and as we reached the low garden wall behind Jackson's headquarters, I saw, to my great amazement, two of the General's volunteer adjutants, Duncan, the lawyer, and District Marshal Duplessis, lying flat on the ground to escape the British balls. Livingston was invisible—writing and reading of proclamations kept him out of sight. The General during this cannonade was constantly riding from one wing to the other, accompanied by his usual military aids, Reid and Butler, and the two advocates, Grymes and Davezac. . . . The munitions were in charge of Governor Claiborne, who was so frightened that he could scarcely speak. On the 1st of January ammunition was wanting at batteries Nos. 1 and 2. Jackson sent in a fury for Claiborne,

who was with the second division, and said to him, 'By the Almighty God, if you do not send me balls and powder instantly, I shall chop off your head, and have it rammed into one of those field-pieces.' "

Of which the reader may believe as much as he thinks fit. The General, I may add, did *not* mount his horse till the fortune of the day was decided. To have done so would have been simply suicidal.

While the first cannonade was still at its height, word was brought to Jackson that a body of the enemy were approaching the left of his line along the edge of the swamp. Coffee was upon them while they were struggling with the difficulties of the ground, and drove them back to the main body.

It was nearly noon when it began to be perceived that the British fire was slackening. The American^m batteries were then ordered to cease firing for the guns to cool and the smoke to roll away. What a scene greeted the anxious gaze of the troops when, at length, the British position was disclosed ! Those formidable batteries, which had excited such consternation an hour and a half before, were totally destroyed, and presented but formless masses of soil and broken guns ; while the sailors who had manned them were seen running from them to the rear, and the army that had been drawn up behind the batteries, ready to storm the lines as soon as a breach had been made in them, had again ignominiously "taken to the ditch."

"Never," remarks the author of Jackson and New Orleans, "was work more completely done—more perfectly finished and rounded off. Earth and heaven fairly shook with the prolonged shouts of the Americans over this spectacle. Still the remorseless artillerists would not cease their fire. The British infantry would now and then raise their heads and peep forth from the ditches in which they were so ingloriously ensconced. The level plain presented but a few knolls or elevations to shelter them, and the American artillerists were as skillful as riflemen in picking off those who exposed ever so small a portion of their bodies. Several extraordinary

examples of this skill were communicated to the writer by a British officer who was attached to Pakenham's army. A number of the officers of the 93d having taken refuge in a shallow hollow behind a slight elevation, it was proposed that the only married officer of the party should lie at the bottom, it being deemed the safest place. Lieutenant Phaups was the officer indicated, and laughingly assumed the position assigned him. This mound had attracted the attention of the American gunners, and a great quantity of shot was thrown at it. Lieutenant Phaups could not resist the anxiety to see what was going on in front, and peeping forth, with not more than half of his head exposed, was struck by a twelve-pound shot, and instantly killed. His companions buried him on the spot on which he fell, in full uniform. Several officers and men were picked off in a similar manner."

Those hogsheads of sugar were the fatal mistake of the English engineers. They afforded absolutely no protection against the terrible fire of the American batteries ; the balls going straight through them, and killing men in the very center of the works. Hence it was that in little more than an hour the batteries were heaps of ruins, and the guns dismantled, broken and immoveable. The howitzers, too, on the levee, after waging an active duel with Commodore Patterson on the other side of the river, were silenced and overthrown by a few discharges from Captain Humphrey's twelve-pounders. Nothing remained for the discomfited army but to make the best of their way to their old position ; and so incessant was the American fire during the afternoon, that it was only when night spread her mantle over the plain that all the army succeeded in withdrawing.

"Once more," says the Subaltern, "we were obliged to retire, leaving our heavy guns to their fate ; but as no attempt was made by the Americans to secure them, working parties were again sent out after dark, and such as had not been destroyed were removed.

"Of the fatigue undergone during these operations by the whole army, from the General down to the meanest sentinel, it would be difficult to form an adequate conception. For two whole nights and days not a man

had closed an eye, except such as were cool enough to sleep amidst showers of cannon-ball; and during the day scarcely a moment had been allowed in which we were able so much as to break our fast. We retired, therefore, not only baffled and disappointed, but in some degree disheartened and discontented. All our plans had as yet proved abortive; even this, upon which so much reliance had been placed, was found to be of no avail; and it must be confessed that something like murmuring began to be heard through the camp. And, in truth, if ever an army might be permitted to murmur it was this. In landing they had borne great hardships, not only without repining, but with cheerfulness; their hopes had been excited by false reports as to the practicability of the attempt in which they were embarked; and now they found themselves entangled amidst difficulties from which there appeared to be no escape, except by victory. In their attempts upon the enemy's line, however, they had been twice foiled; in artillery they perceived themselves to be so greatly overmatched that their own could hardly assist them; their provisions, being derived wholly from the fleet, were both scanty and coarse; and their rest was continually broken. For not only did the cannon and mortars from the main of the enemy's position play unremittingly upon them both by day and night, but they were likewise exposed to a deadly fire from the opposite bank of the river, where no less than eighteen pieces of artillery were now mounted, and swept the entire line of our encampment. Besides all this, to undertake the duty of a picket was as dangerous as to go into action. Parties of American sharpshooters harassed and disturbed those appointed to that service, from the time they took possession of their post until they were relieved; whilst to light fires at night was impossible, because they served but as certain marks for the enemy's gunners. I repeat, therefore, that a little murmuring could not be wondered at. Be it observed, however, that these were not the murmurs of men anxious to escape from a disagreeable situation by any means. On the contrary, they resembled rather the growling of a chained dog, when he sees his adversary and can not reach him; for in all their complaints no man ever hinted at a retreat, whilst all were eager to bring matters to the issue of a battle, at any sacrifice of lives."

Another British officer writes:—"Five guns were left behind (which afterwards fell into Jackson's hands), rendered useless, it is true, but it can not be said that the British army came off without the loss of some of its artillery. During three days and three nights I had never closed an eye. My food, during all that space, consisted of a small quantity of salt beef, a sea biscuit or two, and a little rum; and even

that I could hardly find time or leisure to consume. * * * When pork and beans ran short, it was no uncommon thing for both officers and men to appease the cravings of hunger by eating sugar taken out of the casks and moulded into cakes."

The British loss on the 1st of January was about thirty killed and forty wounded ; the Americans, eleven killed and twenty-three wounded. Most of the American slain were not engaged in the battle, but were struck down at a considerable distance behind the lines, while they were looking on as mere spectators.

Among the wounded there was one whose memory the author of "Jackson and New Orleans" has nobly embalmed in his excellent work—Judah Touro, the far-famed and far-beloved philanthropist of New Orleans, who on this day served his country in a capacity much more dangerous than that of combatant.

"After performing other severe labors as a common soldier in the ranks, Mr. Touro, on the first of January, volunteered his services to aid in carrying shot and shell from the magazine to Humphrey's battery. In this humble but perilous duty he was seen actively engaged, during the terrible cannonade with which the British opened the day, regardless of the cloud of iron missiles which flew around him, when many of the stoutest-hearted clung closely to the embankment or sought some shelter. But in the discharge of duty this good man knew no fear and perceived no danger. It was whilst thus engaged that he was struck on the thigh by a twelve-pound shot, which produced a ghastly and dangerous wound, tearing off a large mass of flesh. Mr. Touro long survived this event, leading a life of unostentatious piety and charity, and setting an example of active philanthropy which justly merited the fervent gratitude and warm affection in which he was held by the community, of which he was justly regarded as the patriarch—the 'Israelite without guile.'

"No charitable appeal was ever made to him in vain. His contributions to philanthropic and pious enterprises exceed those of any other citizen. The same patriotism which prompted him to expose his life on the plains of Chalmette dictated that handsome donation of ten thousand dollars for the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument, and has characterized a thousand other deeds of like liberality, performed 'by stealth,' which were no less commendable for their generosity than their entire freedom from sectarian feeling or selfish aim.

"An incident illustrative of the beauty of friendship and gratitude, of the noble and gentle traits of humanity, may serve as an agreeable relief in this narrative of strife and bloodshed.

"Judah Touro and Rezin D. Shepherd, two enterprising merchants, the one from Boston and the other from Virginia, had settled in New Orleans at the commencement of the present century. They were intimate, devoted friends, who lived under the same roof, and were scarcely ever separated. When the State was invaded, both volunteered their services, and were enrolled among its defenders. Mr. Touro was attached to the regiment of Louisiana militia, and Mr. Shepherd to Captain Ogden's horse troop.

"Commodore Patterson, who was an intimate friend of Mr. Shepherd, solicited General Jackson to detach him, as his aid, to assist the Commodore in the erection of his battery on the right bank of the river, and in the defence of that position. It was whilst acting as Patterson's aid that Mr. Shepherd came across the river on the 1st of January, with orders to procure two masons to execute some work on the Commodore's battery. The first person Mr. Shepherd saw, on reaching the left bank, was Reuben Kemper, who informed him that his old friend Touro was dead. Forgetting his urgent and important mission, Mr. Shepherd eagerly inquired whither they had taken his friend. He was directed to a wall of an old building which had been demolished by the British battery in the rear of Jackson's headquarters, and on reaching it found Mr. Touro in an apparently dying condition. He was in charge of Dr. Kerr, who had dressed his wound, but who, shaking his head, declared that there was no hope for him. Mr. Shepherd, with the devotion of true friendship, determined to make every effort to save his old companion. He procured a cart, and, lifting the wounded man into it, drove to the city. He administered brandy very freely to his fainting and prostrate friend, and thus in a great degree kept him alive.* On reaching the city, Mr. Shepherd carried Touro into his house, and there obtaining the services, as nurses, of some of those noble ladies of the city, who devoted themselves with so much ardor to the care and attendance of the sick and wounded of Jackson's army, and, seeing that he was supported with every comfort and need, he hastened to discharge the important duty which had been confided to him, and which he had nearly pretermitted, in responding to the still more sacred calls of friendship and affection.

"It was late in the day before Shepherd, having performed his mission, returned to Patterson's battery. The cloud of anger was gathering on the brow of the Commodore when he met his delinquent or

* The good old man used to say this was the only time he ever drank to excess.

dilatory aid, but it soon dispersed when the latter promptly and frankly exclaimed,

“ ‘Commodore, you can hang or shoot me, and it will be all right; but my best friend needed my assistance, and nothing on earth could have induced me to neglect him.’ He then stated the circumstances of Mr. Touro’s misfortune, and the causes of his dilatory execution of the duty assigned to him. Commodore Patterson was a man—he appreciated the feelings of his aid, and thought more of him after this incident than before. They continued warm friends throughout the campaign and ever afterwards.

“Shepherd and Touro, with a friendship thus tested and cemented, were ever afterwards inseparable in this world. Death alone could sever them, and then only in a material sense. Such fidelity deserved the rich reward which fortune showered on them. They became millionaires, and as the most valuable of their possessions retained the esteem and regard of the community of which they were the patriarchs.”

Mr. Touro died in 1854, leaving one-half of his immense estate for charitable purposes, and the other half to the friend to whom he was indebted for his life on the 1st of January, 1815. That friend, in the same noble spirit, has devoted the greater part of the legacy to improving the street in which both passed their lives, after a plan long meditated and desired by Mr. Touro. To perpetuate the memory of his benevolent friend, Mr. Shepherd has given the name of **TOURO** to the renovated street.

CHAPTER XV.

FINAL PREPARATIONS.

THE cotton error was quickly repaired. Every bale of that delusive material was removed from the works, and its place supplied with the black and spongy soil of the Delta, which the Sunday cannonade had shown to be a perfect defense; the balls sinking into it out of sight without shaking the embankment. The lines were strengthened in every part,

and new cannon mounted upon them. Work was continued upon the second line, a mile and half in the rear. Even a third line of defense was marked out and begun, still nearer the city. On the opposite bank of the river, the old works were repaired and strengthened, and new ones commenced.

What the enemy would attempt next was a mystery which General Jackson anxiously revolved in his mind, and strove in all ways to penetrate. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday passed away, and still the hostile army made no movement which gave the American General a clue to their design, if design they had. Strong men and weak men, good men and men less good, are all alike liable to the error of judging others by themselves. During these days, therefore, Jackson inclined to the opinion that his lines would not again be attacked, and so wrote to the Secretary of War. While apparently bending all his energies to the sole object of strengthening his position, his mind was racked with fear of being surprised in another quarter. How natural such an idea! If thirty pieces of cannon could not penetrate the lines, what could? If, on the 1st of January, the American position was found impregnable, could it be deemed less so after three thousand men had worked upon it for nearly a week? Two attempts having signally and ignominiously failed, would any general risk his army and his reputation upon a third?

Reasoning thus, and having already experienced two false alarms of a landing above the city, the General ordered his trusty friend and volunteer, the indomitable Reuben Kemper, hater of Spaniards, to take a file of picked men and steal round, by canal and bayou, to the mouth of the Bienvenu, where the enemy had landed, and see what they were doing, whether they were preparing to go elsewhere, or whether they seemed permanently established. With extreme difficulty and danger, after twenty-four hours of incessant exertion, Kemper reached a point which overlooked the enemy's position. He saw that they were strongly intrenched there; had sentinels

posted in trees ; were burning the prairies so as to command a wider view ; were evidently in dread of being attacked ; and had no thought of shifting the base of their operations. Some of Kemper's men, though they were in the heart of the enemy's position, had the audacity, before taking to the swamp on their return, to fire upon a small party of troops guarding boats. The enemy gave chase, and succeeded in taking prisoner one of the Americans. Kemper was the first to reach Jackson's headquarters, and the intelligence he brought had an important effect in quieting the General's apprehensions and enabling him to concentrate his forces and his faculties upon the lines. It was still no less a mystery, however, what the English soldiers were so busy about below the Villeré mansion house.

On Wednesday morning, January the 4th, the long-looked-for Kentuckians, two thousand two hundred and fifty in number, reached New Orleans. Seldom has a reinforcement been so anxiously expected ; never did the arrival of one create keener disappointment. They were so ragged that the men, as they marched shivering through the streets, were observed to hold together their garments with their hands to cover their nakedness ; and, what was far worse, because beyond remedy, not one man in ten was well armed, and only one man in three had any arms at all. It was a bitter moment for General Jackson when he heard this ; and it was a bitter thing for those brave and devoted men, who had fondly hoped to find in the abundance of New Orleans an end of their exposure and destitution, to learn that the General had not a musket, a blanket, a tent, a garment, a rag, to give them. A body of Louisiana militia, too, who had arrived a day or two before from Baton Rouge, were in a condition only less deplorable. Here was a force of nearly three thousand men, every man of whom was pressingly wanted, paralyzed and useless from want of those arms that had been sent on their way down the river sixty days before. It would have fared ill, I fear, with the captain of that loitering boat, if he had chanced to arrive just then, for the General was wroth exceedingly.

Up the river go new expresses to bring him down in irons. They bring him, at last, the astonished man, but days and days too late. The old soldiers of this campaign mention that the General's observations upon the character of the hapless captain, his parentage, and upon various portions of his mortal and immortal frame, were much too forcible for repetition in these piping times of peace.

The Legislature of Louisiana and the people of New Orleans behaved on this occasion with prompt and noble generosity. The Legislature had been admitted to their chambers after an exclusion of one day only. Major Latour, a staunch defender of the Legislature, records what was done by them and by the people for the relief of the destitute soldiers :

"Mr. Louaillier, the elder, a member of the House of Representatives, obtained from the Legislature the sum of six thousand dollars, which was put at the disposition of a committee formed for their relief. Subscriptions were also opened at New Orleans for the same purpose, and another sum of six thousand dollars was soon subscribed ; and it is to be observed that the Orleans volunteers and militia, not satisfied with discharging their duty to their country by their presence in the camp, sent for a subscription list, and filled it with their signatures. The county of the German coast subscribed about three thousand six hundred, and that of Attakapas remitted to the committee five hundred dollars. The whole sum thus obtained, including what was voted by the Legislature, amounted to sixteen thousand one hundred dollars, and was laid out in purchasing blankets and woollens, which were distributed among the ladies of New Orleans, to be made into clothes. Within one week twelve hundred blanket cloaks, two hundred and seventy-five waistcoats, eleven hundred and twenty-seven pairs of pantaloons, eight hundred shirts, four hundred and ten pairs of shoes, and a great number of mattresses, were made up, or purchased ready made, and distributed among our brethren in arms, who stood in the greatest need of them. Though the gratitude of their fellow-citizens, and the consciousness of their patriotic service, be to Mr. Louaillier, and to Messrs. Dubuys and Soulié, who coöperated with him in his honourable exertions, a sufficient reward, yet I must be allowed to pay those gentlemen the tribute of applause so justly due to them.

"In the course of the campaign several fathers, or men who were the support of families, among the volunteers and militia of the State, having been killed or wounded, those who depended on them for support were

left in the greatest distress; wherefore the Legislature, on the 6th of February, enacted that the pay of wounded men should be continued till the end of next session, and that the families of those slain in the service of the country should receive pay for the deceased until the same period. With pleasure I take this opportunity to do justice to the patriotic and highly praiseworthy conduct of the Legislature, not only on this occasion but during the whole session. The sole reproach that attaches to them is their having, early in the session, spent, in unimportant discussions relative to elections, much more time than was consistent with a due regard to the exigencies of the critical circumstances in which we then were."

As most of the merchants were absent from the city, their deserted warehouses were ransacked for the necessary goods, receipts being left for all that were taken. Among the articles thus unceremoniously seized were those identical blankets which Nolte had so sily brought from Pensacola at the time of the attack on Fort Bowyer. Every man in the army who could repair a gun was sought out. We see in the letters of the time that every day a cart conveyed to the city defective weapons, and returned in the afternoon with a load of them repaired. General Adair, at the last moment, will negotiate a loan of muskets from the guard of veterans and exempts in the city, and so will render available a large proportion of his men. General John Adair, in the absence of General Thomas, who is sick, commands the Kentucky troops.

The enemy, meanwhile, had recovered their spirits and increased their numbers. Two regiments, the seventh and forty-third infantry, numbering together seventeen hundred, under General John Lambert, had arrived from England, infusing new life into the disheartened army, and raising its force to seven thousand three hundred men.* General Pakenham had formed a bold and soldierlike design, for the execution of which the whole army was preparing, and the camp was alive with expectation. The "chained dog" would at length get at his enemy and growled no more. "The new scheme," says the Subaltern, "was worthy, for its boldness, of the school in which Sir Edward had studied his profession. It was deter-

* James' Military Occurrences, ii., p. 373.

mined to divide the army ; to send part across the river, who should seize the enemy's guns, *and turn them on themselves* ; whilst the remainder should at the same time make a general assault along the whole entrenchment. But before this plan could be put into execution it would be necessary to cut a canal across the entire neck of land from the Bayou de Catiline to the river, of sufficient width and depth to admit of boats being brought up from the lake. Upon this arduous undertaking were the troops immediately employed. Being divided into four companies, they labored by turns, day and night ; one party relieving another after a stated number of hours, in such order as that the work should never be entirely deserted. The fatigue undergone during the prosecution of this attempt no words can sufficiently describe ; yet it was pursued without repining, and at length, by unremitting exertions, they succeeded in effecting their purpose by the 6th of January."

The lines, then, were to be stormed ! As conceived, the plan was that of a general ; as carried out—but we must not anticipate. The vital clause of the scheme was that which contemplated the carrying of the works on the western bank first, and the turning of Commodore Patterson's great guns upon the back of Jackson's lines. Let that be done, and the lines are untenable, and will require little storming. If that is not done, or not done in time, the storming of the lines will be a piece of work such as British soldiers have seldom attempted. The naked bodies of the troops will have to encounter that before which sugar hogsheads and earth-works crumbled to pieces in an hour !

It was not till Friday evening, the sixth of the new year, that General Jackson began to so much as suspect the enemy's design. On that day Sailing-Master Johnson, who was posted at the Chef-Menteur, seeing a small English brig on her way from the fleet to the Bienvenu, laden, as he supposed, with supplies for the British army, darted out upon her with three boats and captured her and ten prisoners. From these prisoners the American General learned one important fact, that the enemy were deepening and prolonging a canal across the

plain. Then their plan began to dawn upon Jackson's mind. Early the next morning Commodore Patterson walked behind the levee of the western bank to a point directly opposite the British position, and spent several hours there in watching their movements. Upon his return the General no longer doubted that in a very few days or hours he would have to resist a simultaneous attack on both sides of the river. The bustle in the enemy's camp, and the forward state of their preparations, indicated that ere the sun of another Sunday had appeared above the horizon they might be upon him.

On Saturday afternoon Jackson was much at his high window at headquarters, observing the enemy's movements. He had done what he could do to prepare for them, and little then remained but to await the result with what calmness he could. He had been showing the lines to his old friend General Adair, of Kentucky, and asking his opinion of them. Perhaps the reader would like to accompany the two generals as they walked along the lines, stopping here and there to note the thickness of the embankment or the construction of a battery. General Adair had afterwards no great opinion of Jackson's generalship, but he must have been amazed as he surveyed the position, and learned that of all these batteries and this long line of intrenchment there had been no trace, or only a trace, fourteen days before, and that on five or six of those days it had rained, and during two more the work had been interrupted by fighting.

Let us begin at the river's edge on the eastern bank. There, on Friday, had been constructed in haste, and as an after thought, a redoubt or horn-work, which extended a few feet in advance of the lines, and was so constructed as to enfilade their front, in case the enemy should succeed in reaching the edge of the canal. It was an isolated structure. Between it and the lines ran the Roderiguez canal, over which a single plank was laid for convenience of access. Jackson did not like the plan of this work when it was presented to him by the engineers, but yielded to what he supposed their better judgment. When to-day he saw this horn-work nearly

complete, he shook his head, and, turning to one of his aids, said—

“That will give us trouble!”

This redoubt was manned by a company of the 44th, commanded by Lieutenant Ross, and its three guns were served by a detachment of the same regiment, commanded by Lieutenant Marant. It should be added here, that the ditch designed to encircle this redoubt was never dug to any great depth, and was nearly dry, owing to the falling of the river.

In the lines, behind this redoubt, were posted thirty of Beale's New Orleans riflemen; the rest of the company being prisoners on board the British fleet, whither they were taken after the night battle of the 23d of December.

On the high road, within the levee, and seventy feet from the river, was battery number one, containing two brass twelve-pounders and a six-inch howitzer, commanded by Captain Humphrey, of ‘the eternal cigar.’ This battery commanded the road, and its fire just grazed the side of that redoubt at which Jackson had shaken his head. Humphrey's guns were manned by regulars of the artillery service, and his howitzer by a party of New Orleans dragoons belonging to the company of Major St. Geme.

Walking along to a point ninety yards from battery number one, we come to battery number two, on the highest ground in the lines, containing one twenty-four, served by part of the crew of the Carolina, and commanded by their Lieutenant Norris. Between battery number one and battery number two, and beyond number two as far as number three, was posted the 7th regiment of United States infantry, numbering four hundred and thirty men, commanded by Major Peire, of Pensacola celebrity.

Fifty yards from battery number two was battery number three, the famous battery of the privateers Dominique and Bluche, each of whom had a twenty-four pounder under his charge, served by French sailors.

Twenty yards further we reach battery number four, under Lieutenant Crawley, who has a huge thirty-two pounder, and

a part of the Carolina's crew to work it. Between number three and number four were stationed Major Planché's battalion of 'fathers of families,' numbering two hundred and eighty-nine men, and Major Lacoste's colored freemen, numbering one hundred and eighty.

Between battery number four and battery number five was an interval of one hundred and ninety yards, occupied by Major Dacquin's colored freemen, one hundred and fifty in number. Number five contained but two six-pounders, under Colonel Perry and Lieutenant Kerr, both of the regular artillery.

Thirty-six yards further was battery number six, containing a brass twelve, served by a French company under General Garrigue Flaujac, assisted by Lieutenant Bertel. The interval between number five and number six was occupied by the 44th United States infantry, two hundred and forty muskets, under Captain Baker.

One hundred and ninety yards from battery number six was battery number seven, with its long brass eighteen, and a six-pounder, under Lieutenant Spots and Lieutenant Chauveau. Beyond number seven was posted a body of fifteen marines, under Lieutenant Bellevue, and they were the last of the regular force.

Sixty yards beyond number seven was battery number eight, containing merely a small brass carronade, with a defective carriage, under the direction of a corporal of artillery, and served by a few of General Carroll's militiamen. At this last battery the forest began, and there the lines elbowed to the north, and soon struck the mire of the cypress swamp.

From battery number eight, half a mile into the swamp, as far as any kind of an earth-work could be kept erect, the lines were defended by the Tennesseans of General Coffee and General Carroll, all of whom were compelled, for many days and nights, to lead the lives of amphibious creatures. "Though constantly living," says Latour, "and even sleeping in the mud, those worthy sons of Columbia never uttered a complaint, nor showed the least symptom of discontent or impatience. Those who have not seen the ground, can not

form an idea of the deplorable condition of the troops encamped on the left of the line. But it was necessary to guard that quarter against the attacks of the enemy ; it was necessary that troops should be stationed there to repulse him on the edge of the breastwork, if, under cover of the bushes, he advanced to our intrenchments. Those brave men supported all their hardships with resignation, and even with alacrity." These defenders of the swamp numbered about twenty-one hundred. At the extreme left General Coffee commanded—the man who always had the luck to get the hardest duty, and who always did it unflinchingly.

The embankment, behind which all these men and cannon were posted, varied in height and thickness. At some places it was twenty feet thick at the summit, and eight feet high ; at others not more than four feet thick and five feet high. Where it was highest, a banquette or shelf had been formed for the men to stand upon when they fired. Where it was lowest, the marksmen stooped to load and bent to fire. If a mile of the river levee had been pierced for cannon, lifted from its place and laid across the plain, it would have closely resembled Jackson's lines. At the center, let us not forget to add, from a tall flag-staff floated the stars and stripes, visible to both armies, and to all the country round on both sides of the river—waving inspiration over the army defending their native or their adopted soil, and keeping them ever in mind of the sacred and glorious nature of the duty they were there to do.

At a safe distance behind the lines was a town of tents and shanties, where some of the troops found brief and sweet repose after the toils of the day and the roving combats of the early night ; each tent and shanty marked and decorated with any small apology for a flag or ensign that Creole fancy or American ingenuity could hastily devise. Behind these again, at a distance of four hundred yards from the intrenchments, stretched a close line of sentinels from the river to the swamp, to prevent any one from leaving the camp. Five hundred yards in front of the lines were the last of the Amer-

ican outposts, watching the movements of the enemy. It was a scene most animated and picturesque which General Jackson looked down upon from his upper window at the McCarty mansion ; a proud one, too, for him whose energetic and energizing genius had evoked it, as it were, from the Delta's yielding ooze.

"Well," said Jackson to Adair, after they had gone the rounds, "what do you think of our situation? Can we defend these works or not?"

"There is one way," replied the Kentuckian, "and but one way, in which we can hope to defend them. We must have a strong corps of reserve to meet the enemy's main attack, wherever it may be. No *single* part of the lines," continued Adair, "is strong enough to resist the united force of the enemy. But, with a strong column held in our rear, ready to advance upon any threatened point, we can beat them off."* •

This was an important suggestion. Two heads are better than one, Jackson might have said, and, perhaps, did say, for he was a man addicted to proverbs. He adopted General Adair's idea. "He agreed," says Adair, "that I should act with the Kentuckians as a reserve corps, and directed me to select my own ground for encampment, to govern my men as I thought most proper, and that I would receive no orders but from himself."

And off to town gallops Adair, on the General's own white horse, to prevail on the veteran guard to lend him some of their muskets for three days only, so that he was able to employ several hundreds of his troops in that important service.

Such was the position of affairs on Jackson's side of the river. On the western bank the prospect was less promising. Commodore Patterson was there, and he had spent the week in arduous labor ; but all his exertions had been directed toward the annoyance of the enemy on the other side of the river, not to the defense of his own position. As late as Wed-

* Letter of General Adair, in *Kentucky Reporter*, October, 1817.

nesday morning nothing had been done to prepare for an attack on the western bank. "During the 2d and 3rd," wrote Commodore Patterson to the Secretary of the Navy, "I landed from the ship and mounted, as the former ones, *on the banks of the river*, four more twelve-pounders, and erected a furnace for heating shot, to destroy a number of buildings which intervened between General Jackson's lines and the camp of the enemy, and occupied by him. On the evening of the 4th I succeeded in firing a number of them and some rice stacks by my hot shot, which the enemy attempted to extinguish, notwithstanding the heavy fire I kept up, but which at length compelled them to desist. On the 6th and 7th I erected another furnace, and mounted on the banks of the river two more twenty-four pounders, which had been brought up from the English Turn by the exertions of Colonel Caldwell, of the drafted militia of this State, and brought within and mounted on the intrenchments on this side the river one twelve-pounder. In addition to which, General Morgan, commanding the militia on this side, planted two brass six-pound field pieces in his lines, which were incomplete, having been commenced only on the 4th. *These three pieces were the only cannon on the lines.* All the others, being mounted on the bank of the river, with a view to aid the right of General Jackson's lines on the opposite shore, and to flank the enemy should they attempt to march up the road leading along the levee, or erect batteries on the same, of course could render no aid in defense of General Morgan's lines. My battery was manned in part from the crew of the ship, and in part by militia detailed for that service by General Morgan, as I had not seamen enough to fully man them."

On Saturday afternoon, upon Commodore Patterson's reporting to General Jackson what he had observed at the enemy's camp, it was determined to send over the river, to reinforce General Morgan, a body of Kentuckians. Colonel Davis and four hundred of those troops were detailed for that purpose. At seven o'clock in the evening, after a day of hard duty, during which they had only once broken their fast,

Colonel Davis and his men marched from the lines toward New Orleans, where they were to receive their arms and cross the river by the ferry. At the city it was found that only two hundred muskets, and those old and defective, could be procured. Only two hundred men, therefore, crossed the river. It was two o'clock before they reached the western shore. Fatigued, hungry, and chilled to the bone with long waiting, they formed upon the levee, and set out for General Morgan's position. Over a road miry from the recent rains, walking sometimes knee deep in mud and water, the Kentuckians made their way, and reached Morgan's soon after four o'clock in the morning, as unfit for any duty involving danger and exertion as can be imagined.

Even with this reinforcement, General Morgan's command amounted to no more than eight hundred and twelve men, all militia, all badly armed, posted behind works upon which four hundred men had labored for three days. Jackson should have spared a few companies of regulars for this side of the river, which had suddenly become so important ; although, for his own lines, he had but three thousand two hundred men, against an army which he supposed to consist of twelve thousand disciplined troops. With another day of preparation and clear insight into the enemy's design he would have done something effectual for the western bank. It was too late then. The days of preparation were numbered—were passed. Fare with him as it might to-morrow, he could do no more.

The demeanor of the two armies on the eve of the 8th of January is worth noting. It does not appear that any considerable number of the American troops knew on Saturday that an attack on the lines was impending, and was likely to take place on the morrow. Jackson, Livingston, Patterson, Latour, and others, closely observing the enemy's movements from the high window at headquarters, on Saturday afternoon, discovered many of the British soldiers tying together bundles of sugar-cane. "Fascines for filling up our ditch," suggested some one. Others of the British troops seemed to be working upon poles and pieces of wood. "Scaling ladders,

perhaps." Far away, below the Villeré mansion, a great crowd of red-coats were apparently endeavoring to move some huge, unwieldy thing ; but whether it was a boat they were trying to launch, or a piece of cannon they were getting into position, no one could determine. Officers were galloping about from post to post, apparently leaving orders as they went.

"Oh, there is no doubt of it," thought Jackson's informal council ; "they mean business ; they will attack at day-break."

Nolte tells us that Commodore Patterson, on his way from headquarters to his post on the other side of the river, said to him as he passed, "I expect you will see some fun between this and to-morrow." Nolte adds that only himself and a few others knew what was expected.

But when, soon after dark, the noise of preparation in the British camp grew louder and came nearer, there could not have been much doubt in the lines that another most unquiet Sunday was in reserve for them. There was much silent and rather grim preparation in Jackson's camp ; a cleaning of arms, a counting out of cartridges, and adjustment of flints, and a careful loading of muskets and rifles. Beside the thirty-two pounder was heaped up a bushel or two of musket balls and fragments of iron, enough to fill the piece up to the muzzle, and which will fill it up to the muzzle if the enemy come to close quarters, and deal such wholesale death among them as no thirty-two pounder has ever dealt before. Yes, grimness certainly prevails to a considerable extent. We are in earnest. Jackson walks slowly along the lines just before dark. He, too, is grim, but confident. He wears the look of a man whose mind is wholly made up, and who clearly knows what he will do in any and every case. He stops occasionally, to see that the stacked muskets are all loaded, and says to Planché's men, as he goes along their part of the lines :

"Don't fire till you can see the whites of their eyes, and if you want to sleep, sleep upon your arms"

There was not much sleeping that night. One half the men remained in the lines ; the other half went to the camp, as usual, and relieved their comrades about one. "And yet," says Nolte, "few were prepared for to-morrow's tragedy." But who *could* have been prepared for it ? Was there one man in either army who had formed any image of the morrow's events which at all resembled the reality ? Not one ; not Jackson, though he came nearest, probably ; least of all, poor Pakenham.

In the English camp there was merriment enough it appears. At least there was a great deal of that loud, hollow gaiety which soldiers are wont to assume on the eve of battle. Captain Cooke's narrative gives us some interesting and some impressive glimpses. Captain Cooke came with the two new regiments :—

"On the 7th of January," says he, "two days after our landing, the first brigade, consisting of the seventh and the forty-third regiments (the two corps mustering under arms upwards of seventeen hundred bayonets), were reviewed in line and within long cannon range, their backs turned towards the enemy's lines. The music played, the vapor of this swamp had cleared off, the sun shone brilliantly, and the officers and soldiers of these regiments were in the highest spirits at the near probability of their being led on to the attack. When it was asked why the general-in-chief, Pakenham, did not appear at this review, as he was expected, we were told that he was up in a tree in the pine wood, examining the works of the Americans.

"In the afternoon of this day the eighty-fifth regiment, which was about three hundred and fifty strong, passed our lines from the front by companies, with intervals between each, as I have seen the light divisions march in Spain. These companies, though weak, were in excellent order, and proceeded towards the headquarters, to be in readiness to embark before daybreak the following morning.

"As the eighty-fifth passed along, it struck me that they looked displeased at their being removed from the main body, and indeed one or two of the officers so expressed themselves, saying that it would be now our turn to get into New Orleans, as they had done at Washington. This corps had not been fortunate in Spain, and they could not get rid of a mark that had been set upon them, although this regiment had been fresh officered similar to other corps, and remodeled since that time, and when employed behaved quite as well as other regiments. However, do what

they would, 'the peninsular fire-eaters,' as they were jocosely called, would give them little or no credit; for in these days, if a man had not been in half a dozen battles, from the effects of which seventy or eighty thousand on either side were swept off, he was designated as 'a young hand,' and bade to hold his peace, or to be gone with his 'subaltern ideas.' " . . .

"However, to the point. The eighty-fifth regiment will not be easily obliterated from the archives of America, although certain 'peninsulars' still give them little quarter. When this corps crossed my vista, I must confess that I eyed these soldiers of 'Bladensburgh,' and of the previous 'night combat' already told, with a considerable degree of curiosity.

"Some hours after dark so much noise and confusion took place round the headquarters near the canal, that the continued buzz of voices must have been heard in the American lines, added to which several of the huts were in flames. Myself and another officer, being attracted by so unusual a noise, walked to the bank of the river to see whether we could distinguish any lights in the forest on the opposite side of the Mississippi, but every thing on the part of the enemy was dark and silent, while on our side confusion, revelry, and mirth prevailed, and we both agreed, on the dyke of the river, that things wore an aspect of an ominous complexion, and, like days mentioned of old, when the rejoicing forestalled the victory.

"And we noticed it as a most extraordinary circumstance, that there was no person or sentinel on the bank of the river employed in looking out, and at such remissness we were much astonished. The night was rather dark; and we stood on the *levée de terre* of the river as much alone and undisturbed, although only a short way from the wooden house, containing the headquarters and the hut of the bivouac, as if there had been no troops within a hundred miles of the spot."

* * * * *

"On this eventful night we both agreed in opinion that there was a looseness and bawling in the sugar-cane bivouac and about the slave huts, which we had never seen or heard before within sight of an enemy and on the eve of an attack; besides, these burnings presented a clear sign to the Americans that there was some commotion unusual in our lines, and put them on their guard for a movement of some sort. Further, with a foreboding which proved too ominous in the sequel, we agreed, to use cant phraseology, that there was a screw loose somewhere.

"And, moreover, without being accused of speaking of myself imprudently, these, my opinions, may be strengthened by stating that in other countries I had been employed on the look-out post to report the movements of armies larger than the small number of troops occupying the contracted space I now speak of. Therefore, according to such official etiquette, if it goes for any thing in America, I may now give my opinion, I trust, without being accused of unpardonable presumption, that, during the whole

of the previous day there had been a downright row in the camp. And it was amusing to see the non-combatants galloping and capering about on short-tailed American hackneys, as though they were bound on some sportive excursion, or collecting names to fill up a handy-cap for some contemplated horse-race; and this gayety was carried on, and might be observed by the Americans, casting an oblique glance from the tops of the trees just within the left of their lines.

"I was always a lover of festive gambols; but the contrast between the past and the coming day was so singularly remarkable, that it calls forth remarks for some of these Lotharios, or more properly the leeches of the army, who, like vultures growing fat upon the carnage of the field of battle, and now prancing about on their American horses, were not to be seen the following day on ground plowed up, every now and then, by the rusty balls from the American batteries. And there were some strange stories told of certain gentlemen throwing themselves headlong into the boats with the wounded, declaring they were ill, under the care of the doctor, and worn down by dysentery.

"Some of the large boats, with carronades in their bows, were lying in the canal (into which a sufficiency of water had not yet flowed), which were intended to carry the troops across the river. Standing on its bank, we contemplated the probable result of coming events, and looked with anxiety to descry whether there was any light or fire kindled in the forest on the opposite shore, as the best way of judging whether the Americans were aware of the intended passage of the British troops to that bank of the river during the night, or as soon as the boats could be got out; but no such indication on the part of the Americans was visible; all in that direction was wrapped in somber darkness. My friend and myself, having staid some time at this spot, were of opinion that the Americans were on the opposite bank of the river, or their scouts at the supposed spot of debarkation, but had prudently refrained from kindling any fires, the more effectually to conceal their object.

* * * * *

"I had scarcely reached the bivouac from the bank of the river, and was about to lie down to take some repose, when I was ordered to join two hundred soldiers of my own corps at eleven o'clock at night, for the purpose of marching to the front to mend and guard a battery, within seven hundred yards of the right of the American lines—in fact, to the very spot close to the high road leading to New Orleans, where the British had hesitated and twice recoiled from the effects of the American artillery.

"As soon as we had reached this dilapidated mud redoubt, within point-blank range of the American crescent battery, both in front as well as from

the batteries on the right bank of the river, spades were put into the hands of the soldiers (while others kept guard) to endeavor to make it tenable before daylight, but as the water sprang up at the depth of a foot or nine inches below the surface of the soft ground, the men were obliged to pare the surface for a great extent round, and to bring the shovels and spades dropping with mud to plaster on the queerest entrenchment I ever saw. In this fashion we labored the latter portion of the night. And some pieces of cannon were dragged with exceeding toil by the soldiers and sailors to place in battery. But the time would not permit all the platforms to be laid down. And, indeed, its epaulements were not cannon-shot proof. The want of materials and the short time allowed made it impossible to make them so.

"Some time before daybreak I noticed the forms of men silently gliding past the right of the temporary battery, and on approaching I found them to consist of some of the rifle corps, who were going to the front to take up their ground, to watch the American lines, to form a chain of posts, and to be in readiness to open their fire *à la point de jour*. These riflemen were gliding along with the same silent footsteps as they were wont to do on the eve of so many memorable occasions where their services had been required.

"Probably no troops that ever stood under arms could boast of having taken up so many dangerous and venturesome posts, and of having been so often in close contact with an enemy without being detected, or without making any unnecessary noise in their ranks, or causing a lonely shot to be discharged at them, owing to an enemy having been prematurely alarmed. The outposts, during the silent hour of night, give rise to a variety of solitary thoughts. How often have we seen the day close, and kept watch together during the hours of the tempest, on the snow-covered ground, as well as on those brilliant nights in Spain, when the broad shadows of the moon lighted up the soft and tranquil scenery, to lull the imagination with the most alluring thoughts and associations of the 'past, the present, and the future.' When people talk of the field of battle, and the heat of the fight, how little do they know how many tedious hours the troops of outpost duty have to undergo, waiting for the whispers or the tread of an armed foe, or in momentary expectation of a flash of fire, or a discharge of bullets, and how often these troops are exposed to straggling and single combats for whole days. This was the case with the rifles, for they had always been in front, and always called for, and before New Orleans were much cut up.

"These troops took up their ground according to orders, and were ready to attack as soon as the signal was given, but were extended in a useless way and ranged along a front to be exposed singly to an overpowering fire, instead of leading the front of the small column destined to

attack the detached half-moon battery on the right of the enemy's lines or barricades.

"I do not remember ever looking for the first signs of daybreak with more intense anxiety than on this eventful morning; every now and then I thought I heard the distant hum of voices, then again something like the doleful rustling of the wind before the coming storm among the leaves of the foliage. But no, it was only the effect of the momentary buzzing in my ears; all was silent—the dew lay on the damp sod, and the soldiers were carefully putting aside their intrenching tools, and laying hold of their arms to be up and ready to answer the first war call at a moment's warning. How can I convey a thought of the intense anxiety of the mind when a solemn and somber silence is broken in upon by the intonation of cannon, and when the work of death begins. Now the vail of night was less obscured, and its murky mantle dissolved on all sides, and the mist was sweeping off the face of the earth; yet it was not day, and no object was very visible beyond the extent of a few yards. The morn was chilly—I augured not of victory, an evil foreboding crossed my mind, and I meditated in solitary reflection. All was tranquil as the grave, and no camp fires glimmered from either friends or foes.

"Soon after this the two light companies of the seventh and ninety-third regiments came up without knapsacks, the Highlanders with their blankets rolled and slung across their backs, and merely wearing the shell of their bonnets, the sable plumes of real ostrich feathers brought by them from the Cape of Good Hope having been left in England. One company of the forty-third light infantry also followed, marching up rapidly. These three companies formed a compact little column of two hundred and forty soldiers near the battery on the high road to New Orleans. They were to attack the crescent battery near the river, and, if possible, to silence its fire under the muzzles of twenty pieces of cannon; at a point, too, where the bulk of the British force had hesitated when first they landed, and had recoiled from its fire on the 28th of the last December and on the 1st of January. I asked Lieutenant Duncan Campbell where they were going, when he replied, 'I be hanged if I know:' then said I, 'you have got into what I call a good thing; the far-famed American battery is in front at a short range, and on the left this spot is flanked at eight hundred yards by their batteries on the opposite bank of the river.' At this piece of information he laughed heartily, and I told him to take off his blue pelisse coat, to be like the rest of the men.

"'No,' he said, gayly, 'I will never peel for any American. Come, Jack, embrace me.' He was a fine grown young officer of twenty years of age, and had fought in many bloody encounters in Spain and France, but this was to be his last, as well as that of many more brave men."

The more prudent Subaltern omits such particulars, which reveal so impressively the spirit of the scene. But he tells us of a sore mishap which befell the party under Colonel Thornton, who were detailed for the attack on the western bank. The water, owing to the fall of the river, was so low in the canal, that it was not until eight hours after the appointed time of embarking that enough boats were launched into the Mississippi to convey across one-third of the designated force. Instead of fourteen hundred men, only four hundred and ninety-eight went over. Instead of embarking immediately after dark, it was nearly daybreak before they reached the opposite bank. Instead of landing directly opposite the British position, the swift deceptive current swept them down a mile and a half below it. But this little band, thus balked and delayed, was led by a soldier, Colonel W. Thornton, the most daring and efficient man in the British army, who, at Bladensburgh, and wherever else he had served, had shown what the British army will do when valor and good conduct are weightier claims to advancement than being a Duke of Wellington's brother-in-law.

Captain Hill makes an important statement respecting the occurrences in the British camp on the seventh of January. "Before sunset," he says, "I was directed to carry instructions to Lieutenant Tapp, of the royal engineers, for communicating with the Honorable Colonel Mullins of the 44th, respecting the redoubt in which the fascines, etc., were placed, and to report the result of my interview. It so happened that whilst I was in conversation with the engineer, Colonel Mullins approached us, and I instantly availed myself of the opportunity, and read the directions from headquarters to him, begging to know if he thoroughly understood their purport ; *in reply, I was assured that nothing could be clearer.* On my return, I reported to Sir Edward my good fortune in finding these two officers together ; his excellency expressed himself much pleased, and thanked me for having so completely satisfied him of the impossibility that any mistake could arise in the execution of orders so important."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE EIGHTH OF JANUARY

AT one o'clock on the morning of this memorable day, on a couch in a room of the M'Carty mansion-house, General Jackson lay asleep, in his worn uniform. Several of his aids slept upon the floor in the same apartment, all equipped for the field, except that their sword-belts were unbuckled, and their swords and pistols laid aside. A sentinel paced the adjacent passage. Sentinels moved noiselessly about the building, which loomed up large, dim and silent in the foggy night, among the darkening trees. Most of those who slept at all that night were still asleep, and there was as yet little stir in either camp to disturb their slumbers.

Dreaming of their Scottish hills and homes, their English fields and friends, may have been many brave Britons in their cold and wet bivouac. O tardy science, O Oersted, O Morse, O Cyrus Field, why were you not ready with your Oceanic Telegraph then, to tell those men of both armies when they woke that they were not enemies, but friends and brothers, and send them joyful into each other's arms, not in madness against each other's arms? The ship that bore this blessed news was still in mid-ocean, contending with its wintry winds and waves. How much would have gone differently in our history if those tidings had arrived a few weeks sooner? But it was not to be. This fight, it was the decree of Providence, was to be fought out.

Commodore Patterson was not among the sleepers that night. Soon after dark, accompanied by his faithful aid, Shepherd, the friend of Judah Touro, he again took his position on the western bank of the river, directly opposite to where Colonel Thornton was struggling to launch his boats into the stream, and there he watched and listened till nearly midnight. He could hear almost every thing that passed, and could see, by the light of the camp-fires, a line of red-

coats drawn up along the levee. He heard the cries of the tugging sailors, as they drew the boats along the shallow, caving canal, and their shouts of satisfaction as each boat was launched with a loud splash into the Mississippi. From the great commotion, and the sound of so many voices, he began to surmise that the main body of the enemy were about to cross, and that the day was to be lost or won on his side of the river. There was terror in the thought, and wisdom too ; and if General Pakenham had been indeed a general the Commodore's surmise would have been correct. Patterson's first thought was to drop the ship *Louisiana* down upon them. But no ; the *Louisiana* had been stripped of half her guns and all her men, and had on board, above water, hundreds of pounds of powder : for she was then serving as powder-magazine to the western bank. To man the ship, moreover, would involve the withdrawal of all the men from the river batteries ; which, if the main attack were on Jackson's side of the river, would be of such vital importance to him. Oh ! for the little *Carolina* again, with Captain Henly and a hundred men on board of her !

Revolving such thoughts in his anxious mind, Commodore Patterson hastened back to his post, again observing and lamenting the weakness of General Morgan's line of defense. All that he could do in the circumstances was to dispatch Mr. Shepherd across the river to inform General Jackson of what they had seen, and what they feared, and to beg an immediate reinforcement.*

Informing the captain of the guard that he had important intelligence to communicate, Shepherd was conducted to the room in which the General was sleeping.

"Who's there ?" asked Jackson, raising his head, as the door opened.

Mr. Shepherd gave his name and stated his errand, adding that General Morgan agreed with Commodore Patterson in

* Dispatch of Commodore Patterson to Secretary of the Navy, January 10, 1815.

the opinion that more troops would be required to defend the lines on the western bank.

“Hurry back,” replied the General, as he rose, “and tell General Morgan that he is mistaken. The main attack will be on this side, and I have no men to spare. He must maintain his position at all hazards.”

Shepherd recrossed the river with the General’s answer, which could not have been very reassuring to Morgan and his inexperienced men, not a dozen of whom had ever been in action.

Jackson looked at his watch. It was past one.

“Gentlemen,” said he to his dozing aids, “we have slept enough. Rise. The enemy will be upon us in a few minutes. I must go and see Coffee.”

The order was obeyed very promptly. Sword belts were buckled ; pistols resumed ; and in a few minutes the party were ready to begin the duties of the day.* There was little for the American troops to do but to repair to their posts. By four o’clock in the morning, along the whole line of works, every man was in his place and every thing was ready. A little later, General Adair marched down the reserve of a thousand Kentuckians to the rear of General Carroll’s position, and, halting them fifty yards from the works, went forward himself to join the line of men peering over the top of the embankment into the fog and darkness of the morning. The position of the reserve was most fortunately chosen. It was almost directly behind that part of the lines which a deserter from Jackson’s army had yesterday told General Pakenham was their weakest point ! And the deserter was half right. He had deserted on Friday, before there had been any thought of the reserve, and he forgot to mention that Coffee and Carroll’s men, over two thousand in number, were the best and coolest shots in the world. What a terrible trap his half-true information led a British column into !

Not long after the hour when the American General had been roused from his couch, General Pakenham, who had

* Jackson and New Orleans, page 318.

slept an hour or two at the Villeré mansion, also rose, and rode immediately to the bank of the river, where Thornton had just embarked his diminished force. He learned all that the reader knows of the delay and difficulty that had there occurred, and lingered long upon the spot listening for some sound that should indicate the whereabouts of Thornton. But no sound was heard, as the swift Mississippi had carried the boats far down out of hearing. Surely Pakenham must have known that the vital part of his plan was, for that morning, frustrated. Surely he will hold back his troops from the assault until Thornton announces himself. The doomed man had no such thought. The story goes that he had been irritated by a taunt of Admiral Cochrane, who had said, that if the army could not take those mud-banks, defended by ragged militia, *he* would do it with two thousand sailors armed only with cutlasses and pistols. And, besides, Pakenham believed that nothing could resist the calm and determined onset of the troops he led. He had no thought of waiting for Thornton, unless, perhaps, till daylight.

Before four o'clock the British troops were up, and in the several positions assigned them. Let us note, as accurately as possible, the distribution of the British forces. The official statements of the general aid us little here ; for, as an English officer observed, nothing was done on this awful day as it was intended to be done. The actual positions of the various corps at four o'clock in the morning, and the duty assigned to each, as I gather after the study of about thirty narratives of the battle, were as follows :

First, and chiefly. On the borders of the cypress swamp, half a mile below that part of the lines where Carroll commanded and Adair was ready to support him, was a powerful column of nearly three thousand men, under the command of General Gibbs. This column was to storm the lines where they were supposed to be weakest, keeping close to the wood, and as far as possible from the enfilading fire of Commodore Patterson's batteries. This was the main column of attack. It consisted of three entire regiments, the fourth, the twenty-

first, and the forty-fourth, with three companies of the ninety-fifth rifles. The forty-fourth, an Irish regiment, which had seen much service in America, was ordered to head this column and carry the fascines and ladders, which, having been deposited in a redoubt near the swamp over night, were to be taken up by the forty-fourth as they passed to the front.

Secondly, and next in importance. A column of light troops, something less than a thousand in number, under the brave and energetic Colonel Rennie, stood upon the high road that ran along the river. This column, at the concerted signal, was to spring forward and assail the strong river end of Jackson's lines. That isolated redoubt, or horn-work, lay right in their path. We shall soon see what they did with it.

Third. About midway between these two columns of attack stood that magnificent regiment of praying Highlanders, the ninety-third, mustering that morning about nine hundred and fifty men, superbly appointed, and nobly led by Colonel Dale. Here General Keane, who commanded all the troops on the left, commanded in person. His plan was, or seems to have been, to hold back his Highlanders until circumstances should invite or compel their advance, and then to go to the aid of whichever column should appear most to need support.

Fourth. There was a corps of about two hundred men, consisting of some companies of the ninety-fifth rifles and some of the fusileers, who, as Captain Cooke has told us, had been employed at the battery all night, and were now wandering, lost, and leaderless in the fog. They were designed to support the Highlanders, but never found them. Such adventures as they had, and such sights as they saw, Captain Cooke, in his rough, graphic way, shall describe to us in due time.

Fifth. One of the black regiments, totally demoralized by cold and hardship, was posted in the wood on the very skirts of the swamp, for the purpose of "skirmishing," says the British official paper; to amuse General Coffee, let us say.

The other black corps was ordered to carry the ladders and fascines for General Keane's division, and fine work they made of it.

Sixth. On the open plain, eight hundred and fifty yards from Dominguez' post in the American lines, was the English battery, mounting six eighteen-pounders, and containing an abundant supply of congreve rockets.

Seventh. The reserve corps consisted of the greater part of the newly-arrived regiments, the seventh and the forty-third, under the officer who accompanied them, General Lambert. This column was posted behind all, a mile, perhaps, from the lines, and stood ready to advance when the word came.

Such was the distribution of the British army on this chill and misty morning. What was the humor of the troops? As they stood there, performing that most painful of all military duties, waiting, there was much of the forced merriment with which young soldiers conceal from themselves the real nature of their feelings. But the older soldiers augured ill of the coming attack. Colonel Mullens, of the forty-fourth, openly expressed his dissatisfaction.

"My regiment," said he, "has been ordered to execution. Their dead bodies are to be used as a bridge for the rest of the army to march over."

And, what was worse, in the dense darkness of the morning he had gone by the redoubt where were deposited the fascines and ladders, and marched his men to the head of the column without one of them. Whether this neglect was owing to accident or design concerns us not. For that and other military sins Mullens was afterward cashiered.

Colonel Dale, too, of the 93d Highlanders, a man of far different quality from Colonel Mullens, was grave and depressed.

"What do you think of it?" asked the physician of the regiment, when word was brought of Thornton's detention.

Colonel Dale made no reply in words. Giving the doctor

his watch and a letter, he simply said, "Give these to my wife ; I shall die at the head of my regiment."

Soon after four, General Pakenham rode away from the bank of the river, saying to one of his aids, "I will wait my own plans no longer."

He rode to the quarters of General Gibbs, who met him with another piece of ominous intelligence. "The forty-fourth," Gibbs said, "had not taken the fascines and ladders to the head of the column ; but he had sent an officer to cause the error to be rectified, and he was then expecting every moment a report from that regiment." General Pakenham instantly dispatched Major Sir John Tylden to ascertain whether the regiment could be got into position in time. Tylden found* the forty-fourth just moving off from the redoubt, "in a most irregular and unsoldierlike manner, with the fascines and ladders. I then returned," adds Tylden, in his evidence, "after some time, to Sir Edward Pakenham, and reported the circumstance to him ; stating, that by the time which had elapsed since I left them they must have arrived at their situation in column."

This was not half an hour before dawn. Without waiting to obtain absolute certainty upon a point so important as the condition of the head of his main column of attack, the impetuous Pakenham commanded, to use the language of one of his own officers, "that *the fatal, ever-fatal rocket* should be discharged as a signal to begin the assault on the left." A few minutes later a second rocket whizzed aloft—the signal of attack on the right.

If there was confusion in the column of General Gibbs, there was uncertainty in that of General Keane—at least, in that lost fraction of it where Captain Cooke was, and young Duncan Campbell, who would not "peel for any American."

"The mist," says Cooke, "was slowly clearing off, and objects could only be discerned at two or three hundred yards distant, as the morning was rather hazy ; we had only quit-

* Court-martial of Lieutenant-Colonel Mullens. Evidence of Sir John Tylden, p. 26.

ted the battery two minutes when a congreve rocket was thrown up, but whether from the enemy or not we could not tell ; for some seconds it whizzed backwards and forwards in such a zig-zag way that we all looked up to see whether it was coming down upon our heads. The troops simultaneously halted, but all smiled at some sailors dragging a two-wheeled car a hundred yards to our left, which had brought up ammunition to the battery, who, by common consent as it were, let go the shaft, and left it the instant the rocket was let off. (This rocket, although we did not know it, proved to be the signal to begin the attack.) All eyes were cast upwards, like those of so many philosophers, to descry, if possible, what would be the upshot of this noisy harbinger, breaking in upon the solemn silence that reigned around. During all my military services I never remember seeing a small body of troops thrown at once into such a strange configuration, having formed themselves into a circle, and having halted, both officers and men, without any previous word of command, each man looking earnestly as if by the instinct of his own imagination to see in what particular quarter the anticipated firing would begin. Canopied over as these soldiers were with a concave mist, beyond the distance of two hundred yards it was impossible to see.

“The Mississippi was not visible, its waters likewise being covered over with the fog ; nor was there a single soldier, save our own little phalanx, to be seen, or the tramp of a horse or a single footstep to be heard, by way of announcing that the battle scene was about to begin, before the vapory curtain was lifted or cleared away for the opposing forces to get a glimpse one of the other. So that we were completely lost, not knowing which way to bend our footsteps, and the only words which now escaped the officers were, ‘steady, men,’ ‘steady, men,’ these precautionary warnings being quite unnecessary, as every soldier was, as it were, transfixed like fox-hunters, waiting with breathless expectation, and casting significant looks one at the other before Reynard breaks cover.

“All eyes seemed anxious to dive through the mist, and all ears were attentive to the coming moment, as it was impossible to tell whether the blazing would begin from the troops who were supposed to have already crossed the river, or from the great battery of the Americans on the right bank of the Mississippi, or from their main lines. From all these points we were equidistant and within point-blank range, and were left, besides, totally without orders and without knowing how to act, or where exactly to find out our own corps, just as if we had not formed part and parcel of the army.

“The rocket had fallen probably into the Mississippi. All was silent ; nor did a single officer or soldier attempt to shift his foothold, so anxiously was the mind taken up for the first intonation of the cannon to guide our footsteps, or, as it were, to pronounce with loud peals where was the point of our destination.”

The suspense was soon over. Daylight struggled through the mist. About six o'clock both columns were advancing at the steady, solid, British pace to the attack ; the forty-fourth nowhere, straggling in the rear with the fascines and ladders. The column soon came up with the American outposts, who at first retreated slowly before it, but soon quickened their pace, and ran in, bearing their great news, and putting every man in the works intensely on the alert ; each commander anxious for the honor of first getting a glimpse of the foe, and opening fire upon him.

Lieutenant Spotts, of battery number six, was the first man in the American lines who descried through the fog the dim red line of General Gibbs' advancing column, far away down the plain, close to the forest. The thunder of his great gun broke the dread stillness. Then there was silence again ; for the shifting fog, or the altered position of the enemy concealed him from view once more. The fog lifted again, and soon revealed both divisions, which, with their detached companies, seemed to cover two thirds of the plain, and gave the Americans a repetition of the splendid military spectacle which they

had witnessed on the 28th of December. Three cheers from Carroll's men. Three cheers from the Kentuckians behind them. Cheers continued from the advancing column, not heard yet in the American lines.

Steadily and fast the column of General Gibbs marched toward batteries numbered six, seven, and eight, which played upon it, at first with but occasional effect, often missing, sometimes throwing a ball right into its midst, and causing it to reel and pause for a moment. Promptly were the gaps filled up; bravely the column came on. As they neared the lines the well aimed shot made more dreadful havoc, "cutting great lanes in the column from front to rear," and tossing men and parts of men aloft, or hurling them far on one side. At length, still steady and unbroken, they came within range of the small arms, the rifles of Carroll's Tennesseans, the muskets of Adair's Kentuckians, four lines of sharpshooters, one behind the other. General Carroll, coolly waiting for the right moment, held his fire till the enemy were within two hundred yards, and then gave the word—

"FIRE!"

At first with a certain deliberation, afterwards, in hottest haste, always with deadly effect, the riflemen plied their terrible weapon. The summit of the embankment was a line of spurting fire, except where the great guns showed their liquid, belching flash. The noise was peculiar, and altogether indescribable; a rolling, bursting, echoing noise, never to be forgotten by a man that heard it. Along the whole line it blazed and rolled; the British batteries showering rockets over the scene; Patterson's batteries on the other side of the river joining in the hellish concert. Imagine it. Ask no one to describe it. Our words were mostly made before such a scene had become possible.

The column of General Gibbs, mowed by the fire of the riflemen, still advanced, Gibbs at its head. As they caught sight of the ditch, some of the officers cried out,

Where are the 44th? If we get to the ditch, we have no means of crossing and scaling the lines!

"Here come the 44th ! Here come the 44th !" shouted the General ; adding, in an undertone, for his own private solace, that if he lived till to-morrow he would hang Mullens on the highest tree in the cypress wood.

Reassured, these heroic men again pressed on, in the face of that murderous, slaughtering fire. But this could not last. With half its number fallen, and all its commanding officers disabled except the general, its pathway strewn with dead and wounded, and the men falling ever faster and faster, the column wavered and reeled (so the American riflemen thought) like a red ship on a tempestuous sea. At about a hundred yards from the lines the front ranks halted, and so threw the column into disorder, Gibbs shouting in the madness of vexation for them to re-form and advance. There was no re-forming under such a fire. Once checked, the column could not but break and retreat in confusion.

Captain Hill says of this first repulse : "Hastily galloping to the scene of confusion, we found the men falling back in great numbers. Every possible means were used to rally them ; the majority of the retreating party were wounded, and one and all bitterly complained that not a single ladder or fascine had been brought up to enable them to cross the ditch. A singular illusion, for which I have never been able to account, occurred on our nearer approach to the American lines : the roar of musketry and cannon seemed to proceed from the thick cypress-wood on our right, whilst the bright flashes of fire in our front were not apparently accompanied by sound. This strange effect was probably produced by the state of the atmosphere and the character of the ground ; but I leave the solution of the mystery to time and the curious."

Just as the troops began to falter, General Pakenham rode up from his post in the rear toward the head of the column.

Meeting parties of the 44th running about distracted, some carrying fascines, others firing, others in headlong flight, their leader nowhere to be seen, Pakenham strove to restore them to order, and to urge them on the way they were to go.

"For shame," he cried bitterly, "recollect that you are

British soldiers. *This* is the road you ought to take!" pointing to the flashing and roaring hell in front.

Riding on, he was soon met by General Gibbs, who said, "I am sorry to have to report to you that the troops will not obey me. They will not follow me."*

Taking off his hat, General Pakenham spurred his horse to the very front of the wavering column, amid a torrent of rifle balls, cheering on the troops by voice, by gesture, by example. At that moment, a ball shattered his right arm, and it fell powerless to his side. The next, his horse fell dead upon the field. His aid, Captain M'Dougal, dismounted from his black Creole pony, and Pakenham, apparently unconscious of his dangling arm, mounted again, and followed the retreating column, still calling upon them to halt and re-form. A few gallant spirits ran in toward the lines, threw themselves into the ditch, plunged across it, and fell scrambling up the sides of the soft and slippery breastwork.

Once out of the reach of those terrible rifles, the column halted and regained its self-possession. Laying aside their heavy knapsacks, the men prepared for a second and more resolute advance. They were encouraged, too, by seeing the superb Highlanders marching up in solid phalanx to their support with a front of a hundred men, their bayonets glittering in the sun, which had then begun to pierce the morning mist. Now for an irresistible onset! At a quicker step, with General Gibbs on its right, General Pakenham on the left, the Highlanders, in clear and imposing view, the column again advanced into the fire. Oh! the slaughter that then ensued! There was one moment, when that thirty-two pounder, loaded to the muzzle with musket balls, poured its charge directly, at point-blank range, right into the head of the column, literally levelling it with the plain; laying low, as was afterwards computed, two hundred men. The American line, as one of the British officers remarked, looked like a row of fiery furnaces!

The heroic Pakenham had not far to go to meet his doom.

* Court-martial of Lieutenant-Colonel Mullens, p. 10.

He was three hundred yards from the lines when the real nature of his enterprise seemed to flash upon him ; and he turned to Sir John Tylden and said,

“ Order up the reserve.”

Then, seeing the Highlanders advancing to the support of General Gibbs, he, still waving his hat, but waving it now with his left hand, cried out,

“ Hurrah ! brave Highlanders !”

At that moment a mass of grape-shot, with a terrible crash, struck the group of which he was the central figure. One of the shots tore open the General's thigh, killed his horse, and brought horse and rider to the ground. Captain McDougal caught the general in his arms, removed him from the fallen horse, and was supporting him upon the field when a second shot struck the wounded man in the groin, depriving him instantly of consciousness. He was borne to the rear, and placed in the shade of an old live-oak, which still stands ; and there, after gasping a few minutes, yielded up his life without a word, happily ignorant of the sad issue of all his plans and toils.

A more painful fate was that of General Gibbs. A few moments after Pakenham fell Gibbs received his death wound, and was carried off the field writhing in agony, and uttering fierce imprecations. He lingered all that day and the succeeding night, dying in torment on the morrow. Nearly at the same moment General Keane was painfully wounded in the neck and thigh, and was also borne to the rear. Colonel Dale, of the Highlanders, fulfilled his prophecy, and fell at the head of his regiment. The Highlanders, under Major Creagh, wavered not, but advanced steadily, and too slowly, into the very tempest of General Carroll's fire, until they were within one hundred yards of the lines. There, for cause unknown, they halted and stood, a huge and glittering target, until five hundred and forty-four of their number had fallen, then broke and fled in horror and amazement to the rear. The column of General Gibbs did not advance after the fall of their leader. Leaving heaps of slain

behind them, they, too, forsook the bloody field, rushed in utter confusion out of the fire, and took refuge at the bottom of wet ditches and behind trees and bushes on the borders of the swamp.

But not all of them! Major Wilkinson, the "Wilky" of a previous page, followed by Lieutenant Lavack and twenty men, pressed on to the ditch, floundered across it, climbed the breastwork, and raised his head and shoulders above its summit, upon which he fell riddled with balls. The Tennesseans and Kentuckians defending that part of the lines, struck with admiration at such heroic conduct, lifted his still breathing body and conveyed it tenderly behind the works.

"Bear up, my dear fellow," said Major Smiley, of the Kentucky reserve, "you are too brave a man to die."

"I thank you from my heart," whispered the dying man. "It is all over with me. You can render me a favor; it is to communicate to my commander that I fell on your parapet, and died like a soldier and a true Englishman."*

Lavack reached the summit of the parapet unharmed, though with two shot holes in his cap. He had heard Wilkinson, as they were crossing the ditch, cry out,

"Now, why don't the troops come on? The day is our own."

With these last words in his ears, and not looking behind him, he had no sooner gained the breastwork than he demanded the swords of two American officers, the first he caught sight of in the lines.

"Oh, no," replied one of them, "you are alone, and, therefore, ought to consider yourself *our* prisoner."

Then Lavack looked around and saw, what is best described in his own language:

"Now," he would say, as he told the story afterwards to his comrades, "conceive my indignation, on looking round, to find that the two *leading regiments had vanished as if the earth had opened and swallowed them up.*"†

* Jackson and New Orleans, p. 332. † Captain Cooke's Narrative, p. 256.

The earth had swallowed them up, or was waiting to do so, and the brave Lavack was a prisoner. Lieutenant Lavack further declared, that when he first looked down behind the American lines he saw the riflemen "flying in a disorderly mob;" which all other witnesses deny. Doubtless there was some confusion there, as every man was fighting his own battle, and there was much struggling to get to the rampart to fire, and from the rampart to load. Moreover, if the lines had been surmounted by the foe, a backward movement on the part of the defenders would have been in order and necessary.

Thus, then, it fared with the attack on the weakest part of the American position. Let us see what success rewarded the enemy's efforts against the strongest.

Colonel Rennie, when he saw the signal rocket ascend, pressed on to the attack with such rapidity that the American outposts along the river had to run for it—Rennie's vanguard close upon their heels. Indeed, so mingled seemed pursuers and pursued, that Captain Humphrey had to withhold his fire for a few minutes for fear of sweeping down friend and foe. As the last of the Americans leaped down into the isolated redoubt, British soldiers began to mount its sides. A brief hand-to-hand conflict ensued within the redoubt between the party defending it and the British advance. In a surprisingly short time, the Americans, overpowered by numbers, and astounded at the suddenness of the attack, fled across the plank, and climbed over into safety behind the lines. Then was poured into the redoubt a deadly and incessant fire, which cleared it of the foe in less time than it had taken them to capture it; while Humphrey, with his great guns, mowed down the still advancing column; and Patterson, from the other side of the river, added the fire of his powerful batteries.

Brief was the unequal contest. Colonel Rennie, Captain Henry, Major King, three only of this column, reached the summit of the rampart near the river's edge.

"Hurrah, boys!" cried Rennie, already wounded, as the

three officers gained the breastwork, "Hurrah, boys! the day is ours."

At that moment Beale's New Orleans sharpshooters, withdrawing a few paces for better aim, fired a volley, and the three noble soldiers fell headlong into the ditch.

That was the end of it. Flight, tumultuous flight—some running on the top of the levee, some under it, others down the road; while Patterson's guns played upon them still with terrible effect. The three slain officers were brought out of the canal behind the lines; when, we are told, a warm discussion arose among the Rifles for the honor of having "brought down the Colonel." Mr. Withers, a merchant of New Orleans, and the crack shot of the company, settled the controversy by remarking,

"If he isn't hit above the eyebrows, it wasn't my shot."

Upon examining the lifeless form of Rennie, it was found that the fatal wound was, indeed, in the forehead. To Withers, therefore, was assigned the duty of sending the watch and other valuables found upon the person of the fallen hero to his widow, who was in the fleet off Lake Borgne. *

A pleasanter story, connected with the advance of Colonel Rennie's column, is related by the same author. "As the detachments along the road advanced, their bugler, a boy of fourteen or fifteen, climbing a small tree within two hundred yards of the American lines, straddled a limb, and continued to blow the charge with all his power. There he remained during the whole action, whilst the cannon balls and bullets plowed the ground around him, killed scores of men, and tore even the branches of the tree in which he sat. Above the thunder of the artillery, the rattling of fire, the musketry, and all the din and uproar of the strife, the shrill blast of the little bugler could be heard, and even when his companions had fallen back and retreated from the field, he continued true to his duty, and blew the charge with undiminished vigor. At last, when the British had entirely abandoned the ground, an American soldier, passing from the lines, captured

* Jackson and New Orleans, page 337.

the little bugler and brought him into camp, where he was greatly astonished when some of the enthusiastic Creoles, who had observed his gallantry, actually embraced him, and officers and men vied with each other in acts of kindness to so gallant a little soldier."

The reserve, under General Lambert, was never ordered up. Major Tylden obeyed the last order of his general, and General Lambert had directed the bugler to sound the advance. A chance shot struck the bugler's uplifted arm, and the instrument fell to the ground. The charge was never sounded. General Lambert brought forward his division far enough to cover the retreat of the broken columns, and to deter General Jackson from attempting a sortie. The chief command had fallen upon Lambert, and he was overwhelmed by the unexpected and fearful issue of the battle.

It remains to allow Captain Cooke to complete his narrative of the adventures of his party of two hundred. The firing began at length.

"The first objects we saw, inclosed as we were in this little world of mist, were the cannon-balls tearing up the ground and crossing one another, and bounding along like so many cricket-balls through the air, coming on our left flank from the American batteries on the right bank of the river, and also from their lines in our front.

"At this momentous crisis a droll occurrence took place; a company of blacks emerged out of the mist, carrying ladders, which were intended for the three light companies of the left attack, but these Ethiopians were so confounded at the multiplicity of noises, that without further ado they dropped the ladders and fell flat on their faces, and without doubt, had their claws been of sufficient length, they would have scratched holes and buried themselves from such an unpleasant admixture of sounds and concatenation of iron projectiles, which seemed at war one with the other, coming from two opposite directions at one and the same time.

"To see the ladders put on the shoulders of these poor creatures, who were nipped by the cold, excited our greatest astonishment, knowing that it requires the very élite of an army for such an undertaking; for soldiers that will place ladders under a heavy fire are capable of any thing, as it requires the most desperate efforts to lug them along over broken ground, ditches, and other obstacles, the men all the while falling from the effects of the enemy's balls; sometimes one end of the ladder comes to the ground

without supporters, and then the other. For if the difficult operation takes place in the day-time, the enemy point all their engines of destruction at those carrying the ladders; the troops are excited; those that are left rush forward to grapple with difficulties not to be surmounted without assistance, at a time when the supporters of the ladders have let them drop, irritated and suffering from the pain of their wounds, others having fallen to rise no more. And probably out of ten or twenty ladders only two or three out of the whole can be raised against the enemy's parapets. On the other hand, if such an operation takes place at night, the least obstacle stops the progress of those carrying them, the soldiers fall, the ladders lay upon the ground, and are lost during the dreadful confusion. These evils in war are out of the pale of all theory. The operation must be seen to be well understood, and I know of no rule except by selecting men of the most tried courage, and gifted with the most persevering and undaunted resolution, and if they fall, the operation must be left to the energy of the storming party. But, taken as a whole, it is one of the most difficult of all enterprises, and of this the practical engineer officer is aware as well as myself, having seen in Spain and elsewhere the difficulty of raising ladders against walls, when well opposed, and also the great numbers dropped and left lying about even by the most veteran troops.

"If these blacks were only intended to carry the ladders to the three light companies on the left, they were too late. The great bulk of them were cut to pieces before the ladders were within reach of them, even if the best troops in the world had been carrying them they would not have been up in time. This was very odd, and more than odd; it looked as if folly stalked abroad in the English camp. One or two officers went to the front in search of some responsible person to obtain orders *ad interim*; finding myself the senior officer, I at once making a double, as it were, or as Napoleon recommended, marched to the spot where the heaviest firing was going on; at a run we neared the American lines. The mist was now rapidly clearing away, but owing to the dense smoke we could not at first well distinguish the attacking column of the British troops to our right.

"We now also caught a view of the seventh and the forty-third regiments in echelon on our right, near the wood, the royal fusileers being within about three hundred yards of the enemy's lines, and the forty-third deploying into line two hundred yards in echelon behind the fusileers. These two regiments were every now and then almost enveloped by the clouds of smoke that hung over their heads and floated on their flanks, for the echo from the cannonade and musketry was so tremendous in the forests that the vibration seemed as if the earth was cracking and tumbling to pieces, or as if the heavens were rent asunder by the most terrific peals of thunder that ever rumbled; it was the most awful and the grandest mixture

of sounds to be conceived; the woods seemed to crack to an interminable distance, each cannon report was answered one hundredfold, and produced an intermingled roar surpassing strange. And this phenomenon can neither be fancied nor described, save by those who can bear evidence of the fact. And the flashes of fire looked as if coming out of the bowels of the earth, so little above its surface were the batteries of the Americans.

"We had run the gauntlet from the left to the center in front of the American lines, under a cross fire, in hopes of joining in the assault, and had a fine view of the sparkling of the musketry and the liquid flashes from the cannon. And melancholy to relate, all at once many soldiers were met wildly rushing out of the dense clouds of smoke lighted up by a sparkling sheet of fire which hovered over the ensanguined field. Regiments were shattered, broke, and dispersed—all order was at an end. And the dismal spectacle was seen of the dark shadows of men, like skirmishers, breaking out of the clouds of smoke which slowly and majestically rolled along the even surface of the field. And so astonished was I at such a panic that I said to a retiring soldier, 'have we or the Americans attacked?' for I had never seen troops in such a hurry without being followed. 'No,' replied the man, with the countenance of despair and out of breath, as he ran along, 'we attacked, sir.' For still the reverberation was so intense towards the great wood that any one would have thought the great fighting was going on there instead of immediately in front.

"Lieutenant Duncan Campbell, of our regiment, was seen to our left running about in circles, first staggering one way, then another, and at length fell on the sod helplessly upon his face, and in this state several times recovered his legs, and again tumbled, and when he was picked up he was found to be blind from the effects of a grape-shot that had torn open his forehead, giving him a slight wound in the leg, and had also ripped the scabbard from his side and knocked the cap from his head. While being borne insensible to the rear, he still clenched the hilt of his sword with a convulsive grasp, the blade thereof being broken off close at the hilt with grape-shot, and in a state of delirium and suffering he lived for a few days.

"The first officer we met was Lieutenant Colonel Stovin, of the staff, who was unhorsed, without his hat, and bleeding down the left side of his face. He at first thought that the two hundred men were the whole regiment, and he said, 'forty-third, for God's sake, save the day!' Lieutenant Colonel Smith, of the rifles and one of Pakenham's staff, then rode up at full gallop from the right (he had a few months before brought to England the dispatches of the capture of Washington), and said to me, 'Did you ever see such a scene? There is nothing left but the seventh and forty-third! just draw up here for a few minutes to show front, that the repulsed troops may re-form.' For the chances now were, as the greater portion of the ac-

tually attacking corps were stricken down, and the remainder dispersed, that the Americans would become the assailants. The ill-fated rocket was discharged before the British troops moved on, the consequence was that every American gun was warned by such a silly signal to be laid on the parapets ready to be discharged with the fullest effects.

"The misty field of battle was now inundated with wounded officers and soldiers, who were going to the rear from the *right, left, and center*, in fact, little more than one thousand soldiers were left unscathed out of the three thousand that attacked the American lines, and they fell like the very blades of grass beneath the scythe of the mower. Packenham was killed, Gibbs was mortally wounded, and his brigade dispersed like the dust before the whirlwind, and Keane was wounded. The command of his Majesty's forces at this critical juncture now fell to Major General Lambert, the only general left, and who was in reserve with his fine brigade.

"With the exception of two hundred soldiers under my orders, in the center there was hardly a man formed all the way to the bank of the Mississippi, or any reserve ready to resist, for nearly the space of half a mile of ground, which was immediately in front of the whole of the right and the center of the American barricade, or to hinder them from dashing up the high road to the canal and the place where Colonel Thornton had embarked with his force, for the passage of the river.

"Had the Americans only advanced, the probability would have been by this movement that they would have got one mile behind the seventh and the forty-third regiments, and the fugitives that had retired into the swampy wood; and had they succeeded in beating back the soldiers under my orders, and some sixty or seventy soldiers under the orders of Lieutenant Hutchinson of the royal fusileers, who clung round the left battery after retreating from the crescent battery, when he found nearly all his men killed or wounded, and that the principal attack had utterly failed, and himself left without any support.

"The rifle corps individually took post to resist any forward movement of the enemy, but the ground already named being under a cross fire of at least twenty pieces of artillery, the advantage was all on the side of the Americans, who in a crowd might have completely run down a few scattered troops exposed to such an overpowering force of artillery.

"The black troops behaved in the most shameful manner to a man, and, although hardly exposed to fire, were in utter and abominable consternation, and lying down in all directions, and amongst them the white feather nodded triumphant. One broad beaver with the ample folds of the coarse blanket thrown across the shoulders of the American was as terrible in their eyes as a panther might be whilst springing amongst a timid multitude. These black corps, it was said, had behaved well at some West

India Islands, where the thermometer was more congenial to their feelings."

* * * * *

"As soon as the action was over, and some troops were formed in our rear, we then, under a smart fire of grape and round-shot, moved to the right and joined our own corps, who had been ordered to lay down at the edge of a ditch; and some of the old soldiers, with rage depicted on their countenances, were demanding why they were not led on to the assault.

"The fire of the Americans from behind their barricade had been indeed most murderous, and had caused so sudden a repulse that it was difficult to persuade ourselves that such an event had happened—the whole affair being more like a dream, or some scene of enchantment, than reality."

Like a dream, indeed. How long a time, does the reader think, elapsed between the fire of the first American gun and the total rout of the attacking columns? **TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES!** Not that the American fire ceased, or even slackened, at the expiration of that period. The riflemen on the left, and the troops on the right, continued to discharge their weapons into the smoke that hung over the plain for two hours. But in the space of twenty-five minutes the discomfiture of the enemy in the open field was complete. The battery alone still made resistance. It required two hours of a tremendous cannonade to silence its great guns, and drive its defenders to the rear.

The scene behind the American works during the fire can be easily imagined. One half of the army never fired a shot. The battle was fought at the two extremities of the lines. The battalions of Planché, Dacquin and Lacoste, the whole of the forty-fourth regiment, and one half of Coffee's Tennesseans, had nothing to do but to stand still at their posts, and chafe with vain impatience for a chance to join in the fight. The batteries alone at the center of the works contributed any thing to the fortunes of the day. Yet, no; that is not quite correct. "The moment the British came into view, and their signal rocket pierced the sky with its fiery train, the band of the Battalion D'Orleans struck up 'Yankee Doodle;' and thenceforth, throughout the action, it did not cease to

discourse all the national and military airs in which it had been instructed.”*

When the action began, Jackson walked along the left of the lines, speaking a few words of good cheer to the men as he passed the several corps.

“Stand to your guns. Don’t waste your ammunition. See that every shot tells.” “Give it to them, boys. Let us finish the business to-day.”

Such words as these escaped him now and then ; the men not engaged cheering him as he went by. As the battle became general, he took a position on ground slightly elevated, near the center, which commanded a view of the scene. There, with mien composed and mind intensely excited, he watched the progress of the strife. When it became evident that the enemy’s columns were finally broken, Major Hinds, whose dragoons were drawn up in the rear, entreated the General for permission to dash out upon them in pursuit. It was a tempting offer to such a man as Jackson. In the intoxication of such a moment, most born fighters could not but have said, Have at them, then ! But prudence prevailed, and the request was refused.

“My reason for refusing,” he would afterwards say, in conversation, “was that it might become necessary to sustain him, and thus a contest in the open field be brought on : the lives of my men were of value to their country, and much too dear to their families to be hazarded where necessity did not require it ; but, above all, from the numerous dead and wounded stretched out on the field before me, I felt a confidence that the safety of the city was most probably attained, and hence that nothing calculated to reverse the good fortune we had met should be attempted.”†

At eight o’clock, there being no signs of a renewed attack, and no enemy in sight, an order was sent along the lines to cease firing with the small arms. The General, surrounded by his staff, then walked from end to end of the works,

* Jackson and New Orleans, p. 338.

† Eaton, p. 371.

stopping at each battery and post, and addressing a few words of congratulation and praise to their defenders. It was a proud, glad moment for these men, when, panting from their two hours' labor, blackened with smoke and sweat, they listened to the General's burning words, and saw the light of victory in his countenance. With particular warmth he thanked and commended Beale's little band of riflemen, the companies of the seventh, and Humphrey's artillerymen, who had so gallantly beaten back the column of Colonel Rennie. Heartily, too, he extolled the wonderful firing of the divisions of General Carroll and General Adair ; not forgetting Coffee, who had dashed out upon the black skirmishers in the swamp, and driven them out of sight in ten minutes.

This joyful ceremony over, the artillery, which had continued to play upon the British batteries, ceased their fire for the guns to cool and the dense smoke to roll off. The whole army crowded to the parapet, and looked over into the field. What a scene was gradually disclosed to them ! That gorgeous and imposing military array, the two columns of attack, the Highland phalanx, the distant reserve, all had vanished like an apparition. Far away down the plain, the glass revealed a faint red line still receding. Nearer to the lines, "we could see," says Nolte, "the British troops concealing themselves behind the shrubbery, or throwing themselves into the ditches and gullies. In some of the latter indeed they lay so thickly that they were only distinguishable in the distance by the white shoulder belts, which formed a line along the top of their hiding place."

Still nearer, the plain was covered and heaped with dead and wounded, as well as with those who had fallen paralyzed by fear alone. "I never had," Jackson would say, "so grand and awful an idea of the resurrection as on that day. After the smoke of the battle had cleared off somewhat, I saw in the distance more than five hundred Britons emerging from the heaps of their dead comrades, all over the plain, rising up, and still more distinctly visible as the field became clearer, coming forward and surrendering as prisoners of war

to our soldiers. They had fallen at our first fire upon them, without having received so much as a scratch, and lay prostrate, as if dead, until the close of the action."

The American army, to their credit be it repeated, were appalled and silenced at the scene before them. The writhings of the wounded, their shrieks and groans, their convulsive and sudden tossing of limbs, were horrible to see and hear. Seven hundred killed, fourteen hundred wounded, five hundred prisoners, were the dread result of that twenty-five minutes' work. Jackson's loss, as all the world knows, was eight killed and thirteen wounded. Two men were killed at the left of the lines, two in the isolated redoubt, four in the swamp pursuing the skirmishers.

"The field," says Mr. Walker, "was so thickly strewn with the dead, that from the American ditch you could have walked a quarter of a mile to the front on the bodies of the killed and disabled." The space in front of Carroll's position, for an extent of two hundred yards, was literally covered with the slain. The course of the column could be distinctly traced in the broad red line of the victims of the terrible batteries and unerring guns of the Americans. They fell in their tracks: in some places, whole platoons lay together, as if killed by the same discharge. Dressed in their gay uniforms, cleanly shaved and attired for the promised victory and triumphal entry into the city, these stalwart men lay on the gory field, frightful examples of the horrors of war. Strangely, indeed, did they contrast with those ragged, unshorn, begrimed and untidy, strange-looking, long-haired men, who, crowding the American parapet, surveyed and commented upon the terrible destruction they had caused. There was not a private among the slain whose aspect did not present more of the pomp and circumstance of war than any of the commanders of the victors. In the ditch there were no less than forty dead, and at least a hundred who were wounded, or who had thrown themselves into it for shelter. On the edge of the woods there were many who, being slightly wounded, or unable to reach the rear, had concealed them-

selves under the brush and in the trees. It was pitiable, indeed, to see the writhings of the disabled and mutilated, and to hear their terrible cries for help and water, which arose from every quarter of the plain. As this scene of death, desolation, bloodshed and suffering, came into full view of the American lines, a profound and melancholy silence pervaded the victorious army. No sounds of exultation or rejoicing were now heard. Pity and sympathy had succeeded to the boisterous and savage feelings which a few minutes before had possessed their souls. They saw no longer the presumptuous, daring, and insolent invader, who had come four thousand miles to lay waste a peaceful country; they forgot their own suffering and losses, and the barbarian threats of the enemy, and now only perceived humanity, fellow-creatures in their own form, reduced to the most helpless, miserable, and pitiable of all conditions of suffering, desolation and distress. Prompted by this motive, many of the Americans stole without leave from their positions, and with their canteens proceeded to assuage the thirst and render other assistance to the wounded. The latter, and those who were captured in the ditch, were led into the lines, where the wounded received prompt attention from Jackson's medical staff. Many of the Americans carried their disabled enemies into the camp on their backs, as the pious Eneas bore his feeble parent from burning Troy."

Others, again, of the victorious army wandered over the field in search of trophies and mementos of the victory. Packenham's glass, Keane's sword, the bugles of General Gibbs' and General Keane's divisions, a thousand stand of arms, belts, swords, scabbards, chapeaus, accouterments of all descriptions, were hastily gathered and brought in.

But all this was soon over. It was still possible to annoy the enemy with cannon balls, as large numbers of the soldiers were still lying in the ditches and among the shrubbery, not daring to run out of range. The cannonade recommenced. "For five hours," says Captain Cooke, "the enemy plied us with grape and round shot. Some of the wounded, lying in the mud or on the wet grass, managed to crawl away; but

every now and then some unfortunate man was lifted off the ground by round shot, and lay killed or mangled. During the tedious hours we remained in front it was necessary to lie on the ground to cover ourselves from the projectiles. An officer of our regiment was in a reclining posture, when a grapeshot passed through both his kness; at first he sank back faintly, but at length opening his eyes and looking at his wounds, he said, 'Carry me away, I am *chilled to death*;' and as he was hoisted on the men's shoulders more round and grape-shot passed his head; taking off his cap, he waved it, and after many narrow escapes got out of range, suffered amputation of both legs, but died of his wounds on board ship, after enduring all the pain of the surgical operation, and passing down the lake in an open boat.

"A wounded soldier, who was lying amongst the slain two hundred yards behind us, continued without any cessation, for two hours, to raise his arm up and down with a convulsive motion, which excited the most painful sensations amongst us, and as the enemy's balls every now and then killed or maimed some soldiers, we could not help casting our eyes towards the moving arm, which really was a dreadful magnet of attraction: it even caught the attention of the enemy, who, without seeing the body, fired several round shot at it. A black soldier lay near us, who had received a blow from a cannon-ball, which had obliterated all his features, and although blind, and suffering the most terrible anguish, he was employing himself in scratching a hole to put his money into. A tree, about two feet in diameter and fifteen in height, with a few scattered branches at the top, was the only object to break the monotonous scene. This tree was near the right of our regiment; the Americans, seeing some persons clustering around it, fired a thirty-two pound shot, which struck the tree exactly in the centre, and buried itself in the trunk with a loud concussion. Curiosity prompted some of us to take a hasty inspection of it, and I could clearly see the rusty ball within the tree. I thrust my arm in a little above the elbow-joint, and laid hold of it; it was truly amus-

ing, between the intervals of firing the cannon, to witness the risks continually run by the officers to take a peep at this good shot. Owing to this circumstance, the vicinity of the tree became rather a hot berth ; but the American gunners failed to hit it a second time, although some balls passed very near on each side, and for about an hour it was a source of excessive jocularità to us."

General Jackson had no sooner finished his round of congratulations, and beheld the completeness of his victory on the eastern bank, than he began to cast anxious glances across the river, wondering at the silence of Morgan's lines and Patterson's guns. They flashed and spoke, at length. Jackson and Adair, mounting the breastwork, saw Thornton's column advancing to the attack, and saw Morgan's men open fire upon them vigorously. All is well, thought Jackson.

"Take off your hats and give them three cheers !" shouted the General, though Morgan's division was a mile and a half distant.*

The order was obeyed, and the whole army watched the action with intense interest, not doubting that the gallant Kentuckians and Louisianians, on that side of the river, would soon drive back the British column, as they themselves had just driven back those of Gibbs and Rennie. These men had become used to seeing British columns recoil and vanish before their fire. Not a thought of disaster on the western bank crossed their elated minds.

* Letter of General Jackson to General Adair, July, 1817.—*Kentucky Reporter*.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER.

YET Thornton carried the day on the western bank. Even while the men were in the act of cheering, General Jackson saw, with mortification and disgust, never forgotten by him while he drew breath, the division under General Morgan abandon their position and run in headlong flight toward the city. Clouds of smoke soon obscured the scene. But the flashes of the musketry advanced *up* the river, disclosing to General Adair and his men the humiliating fact that their comrades had not rallied, but were still in swift retreat before the foe. In a moment the elation of General Jackson's troops was changed to anger and apprehension.

Fearing the worst consequences, and fearing them with reason, the General leaped down from the breastwork, and made instant preparations for sending over a powerful reinforcement. At all hazards the western bank must be regained. All is lost if it be not. Let but the enemy have free course up the western bank, with a mortar and a twelve pounder, and New Orleans will be at their mercy in two hours ! Nay, let Commodore Patterson but leave one of his guns unspiked, and Jackson's lines, raked by it from river to swamp, are untenable ! All this, which was immediately apparent to the mind of General Jackson, was understood also by all of his army who had reflected upon their position.

The story of the mishap is soon told. At half past four in the morning Colonel Thornton stepped ashore on the western bank, at a point about four miles below General Morgan's lines. By the time all his men were ashore and formed the day had dawned, and the flashing of guns on the eastern bank announced that General Packenham had begun his attack. At double-quick step Thornton began his march along the

levee, supported by three small gun-boats in the river, that kept abreast of his column. He came up first with a strong outpost, consisting of a hundred and twenty Louisianians, under Major Arnaud, who had thrown up a small breastwork in the night, and then fallen asleep, leaving one sentinel on guard. A shower of grape-shot from one of the gun-boats roused Arnaud's company from their ill-timed slumber. These men, taken by surprise, made no resistance, but awoke only to fly toward the main body. And this was right. There was nothing else for them to do. To place them in such a position was absurd enough; but being there, their only course was to retreat on the approach of the enemy in such order as they could.

Thornton next descried Colonel Davis' two hundred Kentuckians; the Kentuckians who were to be immortalized by an act of hasty injustice. These men, worn out, as we have seen, by hunger and fatigue, reached Morgan's lines about the hour of Colonel Thornton's landing. Immediately, without rest or refreshment, they were ordered to march down the river until they met the enemy; then engage him; defeat him if they could; retreat to the lines if they could not. This order, ill-considered as it was, *was obeyed by them to the letter*.^{*} Meeting the men of Major Arnaud's command running breathlessly to the rear, they still kept on, until, seeing Thornton's column advancing, they halted, and formed in the open field to receive it. Upon being attacked, they made a better resistance than could have been reasonably expected. The best armed among them fired seven rounds upon the enemy; the worst armed, three rounds. Effectual resistance being manifestly impossible, they obeyed the orders they had received, and fell back (in disorder, of course) to the lines, having killed and wounded several of the enemy, and for a few minutes checked his advance. On reaching the lines, they were ordered to take post on the right, where the lines consisted merely of a ditch and of the earth that had been

^{*} Letter of General Adair to General Jackson, 1817, in *Kentucky Reporter*.

thrown out of it, a work which left them exposed to the enemy's fire from the waist upward.

Colonel Thornton having now arrived within seven hundred yards of General Morgan's position, halted his force for the purpose of reconnoitering and making his last preparations for the assault. He saw at once the weakness of that part of the lines which the Kentuckians defended. And not only that. Beyond the Kentuckians there was a portion of the swampy wood, practicable for troops, wholly undefended ! The result of his reconnoitering, therefore, was a determination, as Thornton himself says in his dispatch, now before me, "*to turn the right of the enemy's position.*" Observe his words : "I accordingly detached two divisions of the eighty-fifth, under Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Gubbins, to effect that object," (of turning the right ;) "while Captain Money, of the royal navy, with one hundred sailors, *threatened* the enemy's left, supported by the division of the eighty-fifth, under Captain Schaw." The brunt of the battle was, therefore, to be borne by our defenceless Kentuckians, while the strong part of the lines was to be merely "threatened" with a squad of sailors and a party of the eighty-fifth.

The result was precisely what Thornton expected, and what was literally inevitable. The bugle sounded the charge. Under a shower of screaming rockets, the British troops and sailors advanced to the attack. A well-directed fire of grape-shot from Morgan's guns made great havoc among the sailors on the right, and compelled them first to pause, and then recoil, Captain Money, their commander, falling wounded. But Colonel Gubbins, with the main strength of Thornton's force, marched toward the extreme left, firing upon the Kentuckians, and *turning their position*, according to Thornton's plan. At the same moment, Thornton, in person, rallying the sailors, led them up to the battery. The Kentuckians, seeing themselves about to be hemmed in between two bodies of the enemy, and exposed to a fire both in front and rear, fired three rounds, and then took to flight. Three minutes more and they would have been prisoners. Armed as they were, and

posted as they were, the defense of their position against three hundred perfectly armed and perfectly disciplined troops was a moral impossibility, and almost a physical one. They fled, as raw militia generally fly, in wild panic and utter confusion, and never stopped running until they had reached an old mill-race two miles up the river, where they halted and made a show of forming.

The flight of the Kentuckians was decisive upon the issue of the action. The Louisianians held their ground until they saw that the enemy, having gained the abandoned lines, were about to attack them in the rear. Then, having fired eight rounds, and killing or wounding a hundred of the enemy, they had no chance but to join in the retreat. In better order than the Kentuckians, they fell back to a point near which the Louisiana was anchored, half a mile behind the lines, where they halted and assisted the sailors to tow the ship higher up the stream.

Commodore Patterson, in his battery on the levee, three hundred yards in the rear of Morgan's position, witnessed the flight of the Kentuckians and the retreat of the Louisianians with fury. As he had retained but thirty sailors in his battery, just enough to work the few guns that could be pointed down the road, the retreat of Morgan's division involved the immediate abandonment of his own batteries—the batteries of which he had grown so fond and so proud, and which had done so much for the success of the campaign. In the rage of the moment, he cried out to a midshipman standing near a loaded gun with a lighted match—

“Fire your piece into the d——d cowards!”

The youth was about to obey the order when the Commodore recovered his self-possession and arrested the uplifted arm.* With admirable calmness, he caused every cannon to be spiked, threw all his ammunition into the river, and then walked to the rear with his friend Shepherd, now cursing the Kentuckians, now cursing the British—the worst-tempered Commodore then extant.

* Jackson and New Orleans, p. 354.

Colonel Thornton, severely wounded in the assault, had strength enough to reach Morgan's redoubt; but there, overcome by the anguish of his wound, he was compelled to give up the command of the troops to Colonel Gubbins. Ignorant as yet of General Pakenham's fall, he sent over to him a modest dispatch announcing his victory; and, soon after, was obliged to re-cross the river and go into the hospital.

And thus, by ten o'clock, the British were masters of the western bank, although, owing to the want of available artillery, their triumph, for the moment, was a fruitless one. On one of the guns captured in General Morgan's lines the victors read this inscription: "Taken at the surrender of Yorktown, 1781." In a tent behind the lines they found the ensign of one of the Louisiana regiments, which still hangs in Whitehall, London, bearing these words: "Taken at the Battle of New Orleans, Jan. 8th, 1815."

General Lambert, stunned by the events of the morning, was morally incapable of improving this important success. And it was well for him and for his army that he was so. Soldiers there have been who would have seen in Thornton's triumph the means of turning the tide of disaster and snatching victory from the jaws of defeat. But General Lambert found himself suddenly invested with the command of an army which, besides having lost a third of its effective force, was almost destitute of field officers. The mortality among the higher grade of officers had been frightful. Three major-generals, eight colonels and lieutenant-colonels, six majors, eighteen captains, fifty-four subalterns, were among the killed and wounded. In such circumstances, Lambert, instead of hurrying over artillery and reinforcements, and marching on New Orleans, did a less spirited, but a wiser thing: he sent over an officer to survey General Morgan's lines, and ascertain how many men would be required to hold them. In other words, he sent over an officer to bring him back a plausible excuse for abandoning Colonel Thornton's conquest. And during the absence of the officer on this errand the British general resolved upon a measure still more pacific,

General Jackson, meanwhile, was intent upon dispatching his reinforcements. It never, for one moment, occurred to his warlike mind that the British general would relinquish so vital an advantage without a desperate struggle, and, accordingly, he prepared for a desperate struggle. Organizing promptly a strong body of troops, he placed it under the command of General Humbert, a refugee officer of distinction, who had led the French revolutionary expedition into Ireland in 1798, and was then serving in the lines as a volunteer. Humbert, besides being the only general officer that Jackson could spare from his own position, was a soldier of high repute and known courage, a martinet in discipline, and a man versed in the arts of European warfare. About eleven o'clock (as I conjecture) the reinforcement left the camp, with orders to hasten across the river by the ferry at New Orleans, and march down towards the enemy, and, after effecting a junction with General Morgan's troops, to attack him and drive him from the lines. Before noon, Humbert was well on his way.

Soon after midday, some American troops who were walking about the blood-stained field in front of Jackson's position perceived a British party of novel aspect approaching. It consisted of an officer in full uniform, a trumpeter, and a soldier bearing a white flag. Halting at the distance of three hundred yards from the breastwork, the trumpeter blew a blast upon his bugle, which brought the whole army to the edge of the parapet, gazing with eager curiosity upon this unexpected but not unwelcome spectacle. Colonel Butler and two other officers were immediately dispatched by General Jackson to receive the message thus announced. After an exchange of courteous salutations, the British officer handed Colonel Butler a letter directed to the American Commander-in-Chief, which proved to be a proposal for an armistice of twenty-four hours, that the dead might be buried and the wounded removed from the field. The letter was signed "Lambert," a device, as was conjectured, to conceal from Jackson the death of the British general-in-command.

The sprinkling of canny Scottish blood that flowed in Jackson's veins asserted itself on this occasion. Time was now an all-important object with him, since Humbert and his command could not yet have crossed the river, and Jackson's whole soul was bent to the regaining of the western bank.

"Lambert?" thought the General. "Who is Lambert? An untitled Lambert is not the individual for the commander-in-chief of this army to negotiate with."

Colonel Butler was ordered to return to the flag of truce, and to say, that Major-General Jackson would be happy to receive any communication from the commander-in-chief of the British army; but as to the letter signed "Lambert," Major-General Jackson, not knowing the rank and powers of that gentleman, must beg to decline corresponding with him.

The flag departed; but returned in half an hour, with the same proposal, signed, "John Lambert, commander-in-chief of the British forces." Jackson's answer was prompt and ingenious. Humbert, by this time, he thought, if he had not crossed the river, must be near crossing, and might, in a diplomatic sense, be considered crossed. Jackson, therefore, consented to an armistice on the eastern bank; expressly stipulating that hostilities were not to be suspended on the western side of the river, and that neither party should send over reinforcements until the expiration of the armistice! A cunning trick, but not an unfair one, considering the circumstances; and the less unfair as some reinforcements on the English side had already gone over the river.

When this reply reached General Lambert he had not yet received the report from the western bank, and was still, in some degree, undecided as to the course he should pursue there. With the next return of the flag, therefore, came a request from Lambert for time to consider General Jackson's reply. To-morrow morning, at ten o'clock, he would send a definite answer. The cannonade from the lines continued through the afternoon, and the troops stood at their posts, not certain that they would not again be attacked.

Early in the afternoon the officer returned from his in-

spection of the works on the western bank, and gave it as his opinion that they could not be held with less than two thousand men. General Lambert at once sent an order to Colonel Gubbins to abandon the works, and to recross the river with his whole command!! The order was not obeyed without difficulty; for, by this time, the Louisianians, urged by a desire to retrieve the fortunes of the day and their own honor, began to approach the lost redoubts in considerable bodies. Our friend, the Subaltern, who served this day on the western bank, was the officer designated to cover, with a strong picket, the rear of the retiring column, and keep off those threatening parties, "As soon," he says, "as the column had got sufficiently on their way, the picket likewise prepared to follow. But, in doing so, it was evident that some risk must be run. The enemy, having rallied, began again to show a front; that is to say, parties of sixty or a hundred men approached to reconnoiter. These, however, must be deceived, otherwise a pursuit might be commenced, and the reëmbarkation of the whole corps hindered or prevented. It so happened that the picket in question was this day under my command; as soon, therefore, as I received information that the main body had commenced its retreat, I formed my men, and made a show of advancing. The Americans, perceiving this, fled; when wheeling about, we set fire to the chateau, and, under cover of the smoke, destroyed the bridge and retreated. Making all haste toward the rear, we overtook our comrades just as they had begun to embark; when the little corps, being once more united, entered their boats, and reached the opposite bank without molestation."

The Subaltern performed his duty so well as to conceal from the Americans the departure of the English troops until the following morning. With what alacrity Commodore Patterson and General Morgan then rushed to their redoubts and batteries; with what assiduity the sailors bored out the spikes of the guns, toiling at the work all the next night; with what zeal the troops labored to strengthen the lines;

with what exultant joy Jackson heard the tidings, may be left to the reader to imagine.

The dead in front of Jackson's lines, scattered and heaped upon the field, lay all night, gory and stiff, a spectacle of horror to the American outposts stationed in their midst. Many of the wounded succeeded in crawling or tottering back to their camp. Many more were brought in behind the lines and conveyed to New Orleans, where they received every humane attention. But, probably, some hundreds of poor fellows, hidden in the wood or lying motionless in ditches, lingered in unrelieved agony all that day and night, until late in the following morning—an eternity of anguish. As soon as night spread her mantle over the scene, many uninjured soldiers, who had lain all day in the ditches and shrubbery, rejoined their comrades in the rear.

The Subaltern describes the feelings of the discomfited troops, when he and the rest of Thornton's command reached the camp:—"The change of expression," he says, "visible in every countenance, no language can portray. Only twenty hours ago and all was life and animation; wherever you went you were enlivened by the sound of merriment and raillery; whilst the expected attack was mentioned in terms indicative not only of sanguine hope, but of the most perfect confidence as to its result. Now gloom and discontent everywhere prevailed. Disappointment, grief, indignation and rage succeeded each other in all bosoms; nay, so completely were the troops overwhelmed by a sense of disgrace, that for awhile they retained their sorrow without so much as hinting at its cause. Nor was this dejection occasioned wholly by the consciousness of laurels tarnished. The loss of comrades was to the full as afflicting as the loss of honor; for out of more than five thousand men, brought on this side into the field, no fewer than fifteen hundred had fallen. Among these were two Generals (for Gibbs survived his wound but a few hours) and many officers of courage and ability; besides which, hardly an individual survived who had not to mourn the loss of some particular and well-known companion.

“Yet it is most certain that, amidst all this variety of conflicting passions, no feeling bordering upon despair, or even terror, found room. Even among the private soldiers no fear was experienced, for if you attempted to converse with them on the subject of the late defeat, they would end with a bitter curse upon those to whose misconduct they attributed their losses, and refer you to the future, when they hoped for an opportunity of revenge. To the Americans they would allow no credit, laying the entire blame of the failure upon certain individuals among themselves; and so great was the indignation expressed against one corps (the forty-fourth regiment), that the soldiers of other regiments would hardly exchange words with those who chanced to wear that uniform. Though deeply afflicted, therefore, we were by no means disheartened, and even yet anticipated, with an eagerness far exceeding what we felt before, a renewal of the combat.”

Mullens and the forty-fourth were not the only scapegoats. The deserter, whose information had led General Gibbs' column into the fiery jaws of destruction, was now supposed to be a spy, sent by Jackson for the purpose of misleading General Pakenham. A party of soldiers seized the traitor, and, in spite of his vehement protestations, hanged him upon a tree—a fate which the dastard well deserved, though not from them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LADIES IN NEW ORLEANS.

FROM daylight fear blanched the cheeks of the mothers and maidens of the city, left almost alone on the day of the great battle. When the cannonade began most of the male population who, from age, infirmity, or the scarcity of arms, were exempt from military duty, hastened toward the camp. From a safe distance in the rear of the lines they witnessed

the flash and smoke of the combat ; the boys climbing trees to get a wider view ; men and boys all ready, if the lines were carried, to hurry back to New Orleans to give warning of the enemy's approach, and assist to a place of safety such of the ladies as meant to fly. The corps of veterans were posted in detachments in front of the banks and public buildings with such arms as were left to them.

And thus it was that in the houses of New Orleans, on this decisive day, the women and little children were alone, awaiting the issue of the strife, the ceaseless thunder of which for many hours shook their windows and their souls. At such a time Rumor and Imagination play into each others hands. If at one moment there flew from house to house a report that the enemy were gaining the day, the next moment the cannonade seemed to be coming nearer. The ladies who intended to leave the city, in case it were taken, sat dressed and ready all the morning, with their valuables about their persons, and their children prepared for a journey. But these were few. The extreme scarcity of money, the absence of their natural protectors, and the withdrawal of the horses for the public service, compelled most of the women to forego all thought of escape. They must stay and face the danger, though it should come in the form of a mob of infuriated soldiers, burning to avenge the obstinate defense of the place. The hurried crossing of General Humbert's command by the city ferry, after midday, could not have tended to allay the alarm. It must have been afternoon before the best informed of the ladies breathed quite freely, and felt that for that day, at least, they were safe, and might take off their own and their childrens' cloaks, and unbar their windows and doors.

There was also to these trembling women a special cause of panic, which demands a few words of explanation here.

In that age of war and siege, it was common for soldiers investing a town to give, in convivial moments, the toast, "Beauty and Booty." It was also common for the same soldiers, when they had taken a town, to comport themselves in the spirit of that infamous sentiment ; rioting for days and

nights in the streets and houses, deaf to the cry of pleading innocence, and wallowing in every species of debauchery. And the nobler the defense of the town had been the more devilish and protracted were such scenes likely to be. For particulars, see that candid and eloquent work, Napier's History of the Peninsula War, in which both the heroic and the diabolical deeds of the very men that besieged New Orleans are set forth with truth and vividness. From the same work we learn that General Pakenham was conspicuous among the officers that served in the Peninsula war for the resolution with which he strove, wherever he commanded, to prevent the misconduct of the men after the capture of fortified places. At such times, however, the spell of discipline loses its potency. If the mass of the soldiery are ignorant and debased, excesses *will* be committed in the confusion and intoxication of a triumph which has been hardly won and long deferred. Officers lost their lives in the Peninsula war in rescuing women from the clutches of men maddened with fury, wine, and lust; and still the riot went on, till the soldiers were satiated and exhausted. If we may believe the newspaper accounts of what has lately transpired in India, it is to be inferred that, much as the British army has improved since 1815 in the moral quality of its rank and file, some of its regiments are still mainly composed of drilled and uniformed barbarians.

The ladies of New Orleans had heard of this toast of Beauty and Booty. It appears, according to a confused story of Nolte's, which probably had some foundation in truth, that a Creole planter, the owner of one of the estates occupied by the enemy, visited the British camp a few days before the last battle, pretending to be, or thought to be, inimical to the American cause. Invited to dine with a party of officers, he heard one of them offer the toast, "Beauty and Booty," and also gathered some intimations of General Pakenham's plans. During the succeeding night he made his escape, reported to General Jackson what he had heard, and mentioned, doubtless, to his friends the ominous toast, which was soon whis-

pered about among the ladies of the city. Hence, or in some similar way, arose the thousand times reiterated lie, that the watchword given out by General Pakenham for the eighth of January was the language of this camp-fire toast. There was no watchword on that day,* nor need of any. In 1833, five British officers who served before New Orleans, Generals Keane, Lambert, Thornton, and Blakeney, and Colonel Dickson, published a formal denial in the *London Times* of this odious charge, then, for the first time, brought to their notice by the work of an English traveler.† Nevertheless, in its essential meaning, the charge was just; that is to say, if the British had taken New Orleans, the women of the place would not have been safe from the insults and violence of the soldiers.

That the ladies had cause for alarm in this particular, I am enabled to adduce the confirmatory opinion of an English officer, who was in the army of New Orleans. The story about to be told was kindly related to me by one who was an inmate, during the whole campaign, of the house in which the events transpired, the hospitable house of Edward Livingston, General Jackson's friend and most confidential aid.

* James' Military Occurrences, ii. 390.

† After stating the charges, these officers said :

"We, the undersigned, serving in that army, and actually present, and through whom all orders to the troops were promulgated, do, in justice to the memory of that distinguished officer who commanded and led the attack, the whole tenor of whose life was marked by manliness of purpose and integrity of view, most unequivocally deny that any such promise (of plunder) was ever held out to the army, or that the watchword asserted to have been given out was ever issued. And, further, that such motives could never have actuated the man who, in the discharge of his duty to his king and country, so eminently upheld the character of a true British soldier.

* * * * * *

"JOHN LAMBERT, *Lieutenant General*,
JOHN KEANE, *General*,
W. THORNTON, *Major General*,
EDWARD BLAKENEY, *Major General*,
ALEX. DICKSON, *Colonel*."

—*James Stuart's Three Years in North America.*

From what occurred in that house, on this day and on preceding days, the reader may judge what was felt and feared, what was done and suffered in many houses.

The day after the night battle of December 23, General Jackson sent Edward Livingston to New Orleans to see, first, that the wounded of both armies were well cared for in the hospitals ; and, secondly, that effectual measures were taken for preventing the wounded prisoners from holding communication with the British camp. The latter was a most vital point, since nothing prevented the enemy's immediate advance but his ignorance of General Jackson's real strength, or rather, General Jackson's deplorable weakness. While employed at one of the hospitals, Livingston saw an English officer brought in from the field on a plank, badly wounded and insensible. There was something in the appearance of this officer that strongly excited the compassion of the aid-de-camp, who was the most amiable of human beings. The thigh of the wounded man had been horribly torn by a cannon ball ; the loss of blood left his handsome young countenance as pallid as death itself ; it was evident that nothing but immediate dressing of the wound and the most assiduous attention could save his life. In the hurry and confusion of the hour such treatment could not be afforded in the hospital, and Mr. Livingston ordered the bearers of the wounded officer to carry him to his own house. An hour later, the officer awoke from the swoon to find himself, not on the cold wet field where he had lain all night, but in a warm, luxurious bed, in a spacious and elegant apartment, with lovely women around him looking with tenderest pity into his opening eyes. His first languid, delicious thought was, that he had died last night, and was then in heaven among the angels. So, at least, he would afterwards say, when pouring out his heartfelt thanks to his generous and beautiful benefactress.

But in removing this officer to his own house the good aid-de-camp had very seriously transcended his authority, an act which General Jackson was not the man to overlook, even in his best friend. There was a little family consultation

held upon the matter, the result of which was that Mrs. Livingston undertook the task of procuring the General's consent : "For, you know, the General can refuse nothing to a lady or a child."

In her lively, French way, Mrs. Livingston wrote a note to the General, stating what her husband had done, and asking, as a reward for his faithful services, the privilege of retaining and restoring the wounded officer "I will be," said she in substance, "both the nurse and guard of Captain ———. Not the smallest scrap of paper shall leave or reach the house without my reading it, nor shall any one have a moment's access to his presence except ourselves. And the captain, who is evidently a gentleman, has given me his sacred word of honor that he will not attempt any communication with his comrades in camp. And, besides, dear General, how can he, poor fellow? as he is so weak that he can not lift his arm, nor speak above a whisper. In short, General, we have set our hearts upon keeping the captain. You will not refuse this confidence to the wife of Edward Livingston."

In words like these, but better than these, Mrs. Livingston addressed the General, who freely granted her request. And later in the siege, when the hospitals became overcrowded, and wounded prisoners were necessarily placed in private houses, and all such houses had a guard before them night and day, the house of Mrs. Livingston was not guarded—the General permitting her to be both guard and nurse, as she had petitioned. The privilege of having a wounded prisoner in their houses was eagerly sought by the ladies ; and not merely for humane reasons. It was supposed that the presence of an English soldier would be a protection against outrage if the city were sacked. During some of the nights of terror, when the city was thought to be in unusual peril, as many as thirty of Mrs. Livingston's female friends would come to her house, hoping to find safety under the roof which had given its hospitable shelter to a wounded officer of rank.

The eighth of January dawned. The early roar of the artillery, and its unprecedented violence, announced to every one in New Orleans that the day decisive of the city's fate had come. The cathedral doors were opened at the usual hour, and a few devout Creoles and quadroons went to their devotions, as usual on Sunday morning, but whispered their prayers with an earnestness unusual. High mass was performed, with dread accompaniment of distant cannon, to a congregation of shuddering women; the Ursuline nuns doing acts of prayer in the hospitals by the bedside of wounded men.

Those of the nuns who remained in their convent were greeted in the morning with an encouraging omen. Many years after, Mr. Livingston, then a senator in Congress, said in a speech delivered on an eighth of January:—"In the city of New Orleans is a convent, in which a number of respectable ladies have dedicated their lives to the practice of piety, to the education of poor children of their own sex, and to works of charity. This pious sisterhood were awakened from their rest, or disturbed in their holy vigils, before the dawn of the 8th of January, by the roar of cannon and volleys of musketry. The calendar which pointed out the prayers of the day was hastily opened, and indicated the auspicious name of ST. VICTORIA! They hailed the omen, and prostrate on the pavement which 'holy knees had worn, implored the God of battles to nerve the arm of their protectors, and turn the tide of combat against the invaders of their country. Their prayers were heard. And while they daily offer up their thanks to that Power to whose aid they ascribed their deliverance, they have not been unmindful of him who was chosen as the instrument to effect it."

As the morning hours wore away, and rumors of defeat became frequent, Mrs. Livingston went alone to the chamber of her sick officer, who was now fast recovering his strength

"Captain ——," said she, "I have come to ask you a serious question, and beg you to give me a candid an-

swer. If the city is taken to-day, we have the means of leaving, and we are ready to leave. Shall we be safe if we remain ?

“Madame,” was his reply, “if the sacrifice of my own life could protect you and your family, I would gladly promise you protection. But I can not answer for the violence of the soldiery. If you have the means of going, I advise you, go.”

The lady acted upon this advice so far as to have every thing in perfect readiness for flight. The horse was harnessed to the chaise. A hundred doubloons, which Mr. Livingston had bought just before going to the field on the 23d of December, were taken from their hiding place. The General’s fair little friend was equipped. Provisions were prepared. At the first authentic signal of disaster the family would have begun a long journey up the river to Baton Rouge ; to Natchez, if necessary. But such a signal never came ; the alarm subsided, and was changed, at length, into delirious joy.

The author of Jackson and New Orleans describes in his lively and picturesque manner the change that came over the city as the news of the victory became certain. “The anxious spectators and listeners in the rear, quickly comprehending the glorious result, caught up the sounds of exultation and echoed them along the banks of the river, until the glad tidings reached the city, sent a thrill of joy throughout its limits, and brought the whole population into the streets to give full vent to their extravagant joy. The streets resounded with hurras. The only military force in the city, the veterans, under their indefatigable commander, the noble old patriot soldier, Captain De Buys, hastily assembled, and with a drum and fife paraded the streets amid the salutes and hurras of the people, the waving of the snowy handkerchiefs of the ladies, and the boundless exultation and noisy joy of the juveniles. Every minute brought forth some new proof of the great and glorious victory. First, there came a messenger, whose horse had been severely taxed, who inquired for the residences of the physicians of the city, and dashed madly

through the streets in pursuit of surgeons and apothecaries. All of the profession, whether in practice or not, were required to proceed to the lines, as their services were needed immediately. "For whom?" was the question which agitated the bosom of many an anxious parent and devoted wife, and for a moment clouded and checked the general hilarity. Soon it was known, however, that this demand for surgeons was on account of the enemy. All who possessed any knowledge of the curative art, who could amputate or set a limb, or take up an artery, hurried to the camp. Next there came up a message from the camp to dispatch all the carts and other vehicles to the lines. This order, too, was fully discussed and commented on by the crowd, which gathered in the streets and in all public resorts. But, like all Jackson's orders, it was also quickly executed.

"It was late in the day before the purpose of this order was clearly perceived, as a long and melancholy procession of these carts, followed by a crowd of men, was seen slowly and silently wending their way along the levee from the field of battle." (Forty cart-loads and ten boat-loads, says one letter.) "They contained the British wounded; and those who followed in the rear were the prisoners in charge of a detachment of Carroll's men. Emulating the magnanimity of the army, the citizens pressed forward to tender their aid to their wounded enemies. The hospitals being all crowded with their own sick and wounded, these unfortunate victims of English ambition were taken in charge by the citizens, and by private contributions were supplied with mattresses and pillows, with a large quantity of lint and old linen for dressing their wounds, all of which articles were then exceedingly scarce in the city. Those far-famed nurses, the quadroon women of New Orleans, whose services are so conspicuously useful when New Orleans is visited by pestilence, freely gave their kind attentions to the wounded British, and watched at their bedsides night and day. Several of the officers, who were grievously wounded, were taken to private residences of citizens, and there provided

with every comfort. Such acts as these ennoble humanity, and obscure even the horrors and excesses of war.*

"From the city the news of Jackson's triumph flew rapidly through the neighboring country. It soon reached a gloomy detachment which, under Jackson's orders, had been condemned to a mortifying and disgusting inactivity at the little Fort of St. John. Here on the shores of the placid Pontchartrain the roar of Jackson's batteries, on the morning of the 8th, could be distinctly heard. It was known that this was the great attack—the last effort of the British. Their absence from the scene of such a great crisis was humiliating beyond all expression to the gallant men of this detachment. One of them, an officer, the late venerable Nicholas Sinnott, a stalwart and determined veteran, who had wielded a pike at Vinegar Hill, bore this disappointment with ill grace and little philosophy. In the excitement of the moment, he could with difficulty be restrained from heading a detachment to proceed to the lines, and expressed his disgust in words which were not forgotten to the day of his death by his intimate friends and associates. "Oh ! there are the bloody villians, murthuring my countrymen, and myself stuck down in this infernal mudhole."

To which I may add, that the wounded guest whom Mrs. Livingston guarded and nursed recovered his health, and, in a few weeks, when the prisoners were exchanged, rejoined his regiment, who learned from his grateful lips, at least, that the Americans were not barbarians. Thirty years after, he

* "Immediately," says Major Latour, "one hundred and forty mattresses, a great number of pillows, with a large quantity of lint and old linen for dressing their wounds, were procured by contributions from all quarters, at a moment when such articles were extremely scarce in New Orleans, where not a truss of straw could be purchased. Until the hospital directors could establish an hospital for those wounded men, whose number amounted to nearly four hundred, all kinds of refreshments and every attendance that their situation required were liberally provided for them by a number of citizens. Several women of color offered their services, and were employed in tending them, without any compensation but the pleasure of relieving suffering humanity."

visited his benefactress in the city of New York, to testify again his gratitude to her, and to renew an acquaintance begun amid the terrors of the siege.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

THE ninth of January was the day on which General Jackson really felt himself the victor—felt that he had done what he came to New Orleans to do. The evening before a deserter brought in the news of General Pakenham's death. In the morning, while the whole army was in the lines again ready to repel another attack, if another attack were intended, word came that the enemy had abandoned the western bank, and that General Morgan's troops were at their post once more, repairing damages and adding strength to the line of defense. The day dawned, the mist rolled off, and there were no signs of a renewal of the strife. "They *may* try it again," said the General, in effect, to confidential officers; "but my private opinion is they will not; and if they do, we shall be able to give a good account of ourselves." On this day, and succeeding days and nights, his vigilance was not relaxed, but every thing went on in the lines as it had before the battle.

Before the day was far advanced the flag of truce returned again, bringing General Lambert's assent to the terms of the proposed armistice. A melancholy scene ensued. A line was marked off three hundred yards below the American position, near to which detachments of both armies were drawn up. The bodies of the heroic men who had fallen on or within the rampart were first conveyed to the line and delivered to their comrades. The dead that lay upon the field were next carried in, the ladders that were made for the scaling of the lines being used as biers. "I was present," says Nolte, "for a while,

when they were trying to recognize the bodies, and when they found that of Major Whittaker the soldiers burst into tears, saying, 'Ah, poor Major Whittaker! he is gone, the worthy fellow.'" Some of the American troops, it appears, could not conceal their exultation, even then. "An American officer," says the Subaltern, "stood by smoking a cigar, and apparently counting the slain, with a look of savage exultation, and repeating over and over again to each individual that approached him that their loss amounted to eight men killed and fourteen wounded. I confess that when I beheld the scene I hung down my head, half in sorrow and half in anger. With my officious informant I had every inclination to pick a quarrel; but he was on duty, and an armistice existed, both of which forbade the measure. I could not, however, stand by and repress my choler; and since to give it vent would have subjected me to a more serious inconvenience than a mere duel, I turned my horse's head and galloped back to the camp." It is safe to say that that American officer, whoever he was, would not have been the last to run if the English had carried the lines.

The collection of the dead and the digging of the graves consumed the day. In the evening, by the light of torches, in the presence of the whole British army, with brief impressive ceremonial, the dead were laid in their wet and shallow graves. So numerous were they, and buried so imperfectly, that the place was not approachable during the succeeding summer. I read in a New Orleans paper of that summer that the odor of the dissolving bodies was perceived in the city itself at times, and excited fears of pestilence. For a long time some of the bodies were even visible above the surface of the plain. To this hour "the spot thus consecrated has never been invaded by the plow or the spade, but is regarded with awe and respect by the superstitious Africans, and is now occupied by a grove of stunted cypress, strikingly commemorative of the disasters of this ill-fated expedition."*

* Jackson and New Orleans, page 361.

How horrible the scenes in the British hospitals the day after the battle ! Says Captain Hill : “ The scene presented at La Ronde’s was one I shall never forget ; almost every room was crowded with the wounded and dying. The bodies of two gallant generals lay close to each other, and another was severely hurt ; mortifying defeat had again attended the British arms, and the loss in men and officers was frightfully disastrous. I was the unwilling spectator of numerous amputations ; and on all sides nothing was heard but the piteous cries of my poor countrymen, undergoing various operations. The ninety-third regiment had suffered severely ; and I cannot describe the strange and ghastly feelings created by seeing a *basket nearly full of legs* severed from these fine fellows, most of which were still covered with their hose.”

* * * * *

“ I have already mentioned that, on the disastrous 8th, General Keane received a wound from a rifle ball. A curious circumstance occurred while he was under the hands of the surgeon : the lower limbs of the gallant officer were encased in pantaloons of double-milled elastic web ; the ball had penetrated to a considerable depth in the thigh ; and the doctor, even before probing, deemed it advisable to pull away from the mouth of the orifice as much of the pantaloons as possible, which operation, from its adhering so pertinaciously to the flesh, inflicted considerable pain on the general ; great, however, was their surprise and delight when, after some agreeable tugs at the aforesaid double-milled, the bullet fell out, and although the elastic web was rendered nearly as fine as a cobweb, it had resisted the progress of the ball, and had effected its removal more skillfully than the finest pair of forceps.”

Was General Jackson satisfied with his victory ? Was he inclined to repose upon his laurels ? By no means. He had no sooner learned the full extent of the enemy’s loss, and comprehended the full effect of that loss upon the mind of the British general, than he began to revolve in his mind the feasibility of attacking them in their position, or, by cutting them off from their ships, to force them to surrender. Indeed,

he had resolved upon such a measure, and, in furtherance of it, ordered the veteran guard to give up all their remaining muskets.* With these, and the muskets found upon the field of battle, he could arm his men well enough, he thought, to admit of the detachment of a large force without imprudently weakening his own position. In his own mind the project was swiftly completed, and there is now little doubt that he could have done what he proposed. Before taking a decisive step, however, he called an informal council of officers, and asked their opinion of the scheme.

They opposed it with one accord.

"What do you want more?" said Edward Livingston. "Your object is gained. The city is saved. The British have retired. For the pleasure of a blow or two, will you risk against those fearless troops your handful of men, composed of the best and worthiest citizens, and rob so many families of their heads!"†

General Adair's advice was to the same effect. "I was asked by General Jackson," wrote Adair, in 1817, "what I thought of an attack on the enemy's lines. I objected to its being made at that time, as we were daily and hourly expecting a large supply of arms from government, and stated as my principal reason that it would be risking too much on the event—that if we were beaten back it would be with considerable loss of both officers and men, and might encourage the enemy (who were still double our number) to renew the attack on us; that our men (meaning the army generally, for I did not discriminate) were militia without discipline, and if once beaten they could not be relied on again. Therefore I deemed the risk on our part too great, because, if beaten, the country would probably be lost. I made other observations, all of which, so far as I understood, met the approbation of all present, and concluded by telling the General, if he had determined on the attack, not to think from my observations that

* Letter of General Jackson to General Adair, July, 1817. In *Kentucky Reporter*.

† Nolte, p. 224.

I would not engage in it cheerfully ; that if he would give the order and point out the ground over which I was to march, I would engage to lead the Kentuckians as far as I could go myself, and I believed the other corps would follow their officers as far as they could survive to lead them.”*

The General did not persist. The old way of annoying the enemy by cannonade in the daytime, and by “hunting parties” during the night, he concluded, was the wiser plan, and it was adopted accordingly. How effective it was, the English narratives attest. “Of the extreme unpleasantness of our situation,” says the Subaltern, “it is hardly possible to convey any adequate conception. We never closed our eyes in peace, for we were sure to be awakened before many minutes elapsed by the splash of a round shot or shell in the mud beside us. Tents we had none, but lay, some in the open air, and some in huts made of boards, or any materials that could be procured. From the first moment of our landing, not a man had undressed excepting to bathe, and many had worn the same shirt for weeks together. Besides all this, heavy rains now set in, accompanied with violent storms of thunder and lightning, which, lasting during the entire day, usually ceased towards dark, and gave place to keen frosts. Thus were we alternately wet and frozen ; wet all day, and frozen all night. With the outposts, again, there was constant skirmishing. With what view the Americans wished to drive them in, I can not tell ; but every day were they attacked and compelled to maintain their ground by dint of hard fighting. In one word, none but those who happened to belong to this army can form a notion of the hardships which it endured, and the fatigue which it underwent.

“Nor were these the only evils which tended to lessen our numbers. To our soldiers every inducement was held out by the enemy to desert. Printed papers, offering lands and money as the price of desertion, were thrown into the pickets, whilst individuals made a practice of approaching our posts, and endeavoring to persuade the very sentinels to quit their

* *Kentucky Reporter*, October, 1817.

stations. Nor could it be expected that bribes so tempting would always be refused. Many desertions began daily to take place, and became before long so frequent that the evil rose to be of a serious nature."

Captain Cooke adds some curious and striking incidents : "Although the distance was one mile and a quarter, still they contrived to elevate their cannon, so that the balls sometimes flew over us or lobbed into our frail huts, and the heavy shells from a large mortar dropped amongst us in a similar manner, but the ground was so soft, being composed of alluvial soil, that whenever the shells reached it without exploding they seldom did any injury, merely making large holes of five or six feet deep, then bursting with a dead sound and scattering the loose mold. At this spot the water did not spring up so near the surface as in the vicinity of the American lines, which could not be approached by zig-zags, as at ordinary sieges, owing to the water springing up at the depth of a foot. From the time we landed I did not see a stone or pebble of any sort, and as if the birds were aware of this, they would hop within a few yards of us without taking flight. These flocks consisted of birds very like robins, their breasts being of a reddish tint, but they were much larger than a blackbird. The Americans, hearing our martial music, seemed resolved to give a response, and every morning before daylight played several times with a band of music that was stationed about the center of their lines, and one particular waltz was seldom omitted.

"Three days after the attack a grave was dug for Lieutenant Duncan Campbell of our regiment, who expired in great agony from a wound in the head, and being sewed up in a blanket he was consigned to a clayey resting-place. An officer stood at the head of the wet grave reading the funeral service, with a prayer-book in his hand ; the rest of the officers were standing round the grave with caps off, when a shell from the enemy came whistling through the air, and was descending apparently upon our heads, but fortunately it exploded one hundred yards in the air with a dreadful crash,

showering down a thousand iron fragments, which we heard dropping in every direction without injuring one of us. The noise having subsided, the prayer was then concluded, the grave covered over, and we retired from the solitary ceremony. The night after this burial a shell exploded over a hut in which two officers of our regiment were sleeping, which cut off both the feet of Lieutenant D'Arcy—the one just below the knee, and the other at the ankle-joint, and he crawled out of the hut in this horrible situation. One of his feet was driven so far into the soft mold that it was obliged to be dug out the following day.

“A round shot knocked the cooking kettle off a fire which was encircled by officers' servants, without doing further damage than spilling the soup, which in these hard times was a very serious inconvenience; for owing to adverse winds and the necessity of carrying the wounded down to the shipping by Lake Borgne, a distance of sixty miles, and bringing up in return provisions, the sailors were quite exhausted. They had been exposed for more than a *month* in the depth of winter to all kinds of weather, sweating on the oars by day, or perishing with cold in the open boats by night. The consequence was that the consumption was beyond the produce; on some days we did not taste food, and when we did it was served out in such small quantities as only to tantalize our voracious appetites, so that between short commons and a perpetual cannonade we passed ten days after the repulse in as uncomfortable a manner as could fall to the lot of most *militaires* to endure.

“One morning before daylight we were disturbed (having been kept awake half the night by the usual salutations of shot and shell) by the water pouring into our huts, and as soon as objects could be discerned what a dreary prospect presented itself to view! The Mississippi had overflowed its banks, and nothing but a sheet of water was to be seen, except a few straggling huts and one house, the lines of the Americans, and the forest trees. It was nearly dark before the waters subsided. The whole day the troops were envel-

oped in muddy blankets, shivering with cold, as hungry as hunters, and looked like polar bears standing on their hind legs. The enemy, who were as badly off as ourselves, ceased firing, being, as we afterwards understood, up to their knees in mire. One day, being in advance on picket, in a fort constructed by the parings of the black-loam for some twenty or thirty yards around, and within a few hundred yards of the enemy, I distinctly saw with my telescope a motley group of Americans traversing and elevating a gun, for the purpose of throwing *lob-shot* over our heads into the principal bivouac. One of these *civil artillery-men* was *capped* with a red woolen cap, a second wore the hat of a miller, and so on.

“A grove of the loftiest orange-trees I ever saw grew near the scattered houses, and were covered with oranges nearly ripe ; this may appear surprising at this season of the year, but such was the case ; and in lack of other food we cast them into iron pots half filled with sugar, mixed with a little water, by which process we converted them into candied orange-peel, which in some degree satisfied the cravings of hunger, but brought on complaints, added to the cold and wet, which sent many officers sick on board ship. The sugar in the hogsheads was crystallized with the alternate rains, frost, and the occasional gleams of sunshine, and ate very like candied sugar.”

Men so situated need not be attacked. Generals January and February, as the late Emperor Nicholas remarked, will suffice for them.

And while the army fared so ill on land, part of the fleet was meeting a disappointing repulse at Fort St. Philip, near the mouth of the Mississippi. Major Overton, the commandant of Fort St. Philip, received information, as early as the 1st of January, that a portion of the enemy's fleet were preparing to ascend the river for the purpose of coöperating with the army, and that his fort was first to be bombarded out of the way.

“On the grounds of this information,” says the major in his dispatch to General Jackson, “I turned my attention to the security of my command ;

I erected small magazines in different parts of the garrison, that if one blew up I could resort to another; built covers for my men to secure them from the explosion of the shells, and removed the combustible matter without the works. Early in the day of the 8th I was advised of their approach, and on the 9th, at a quarter past 10, A. M., hove in sight two bomb-vessels, one sloop, one brig, and one schooner; they anchored two and a quarter miles below. . . . At half-past three o'clock, P. M., the enemy's bomb-vessels opened their fire from four sea-mortars, two of thirteen inches, two of ten, and to my great mortification I found they were without the effective range of my shot, as many subsequent experiments proved; they continued their fire with little intermission during the 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th. I occasionally opened my batteries on them with great vivacity, particularly when they showed a disposition to change their position. On the 17th, in the evening, our heavy mortar was said to be in readiness. I ordered that excellent officer, Captain Wolstonecraft, of the artillerists, who previously had charge of it, to open a fire, which was done with great effect, as the enemy from that moment became disordered, and at daylight on the 18th commenced their retreat, after having thrown upwards of a thousand heavy shells, besides small shells from howitzers, round shot and grape, which he discharged from boats, under cover of the night.

Failure, failure everywhere to this imposing expedition.

On the day after the great battle General Jackson prepared his dispatch to the Secretary of War, which communicated to the people of the United States the leading particulars of the event. The passage in it relating to the flight of the Kentuckians caused general surprise, and general regret, too; for Kentucky has been, from of old, a kind of pet State (old Kentuck) to the rest of the Union. The words of the General expressed, doubtless, the prevalent feeling of the army at the moment. "The entire destruction of the enemy's army," said the General, after briefly narrating the main battle, "was now inevitable, had it not been for an unfortunate occurrence which at this moment took place on the other side of the river. Simultaneously with his advance upon my lines, he had thrown over in his boats a considerable force to the other side of the river. These, having landed, were hardy enough to advance against the works of General Morgan! and what is strange and difficult to account for, at the very moment

when their entire discomfiture was looked for with a confidence approaching to certainty, the Kentucky reinforcements ingloriously fled, drawing after them, by their example, the remainder of the forces, and thus yielding to the enemy that most fortunate position. The batteries which had rendered me for many days the most important service, though bravely defended, were of course now abandoned, not, however, until the guns had been spiked."

These words, penned in haste, and before the circumstances were known, were deeply grievous to the whole of General Adair's command, and to the patriotic State from which they came. Henry Clay read them in Europe with astonishment and sorrow. A court-martial afterwards pronounced the conduct of the Kentucky detachment "not reprehensible," an opinion in which General Jackson never could be brought heartily to coincide. It was difficult in the extreme for him to believe that running away before an enemy was "not reprehensible," whatever the circumstances might be. It was, if possible, more difficult for General Jackson to remove from his mind an opinion which he had strongly held, and to which he was publicly committed. Hence it was that the language of his dispatch became, in after times, the occasion of a most angry correspondence and lasting feud between General Jackson and General Adair, as will, in due time, be related.

CHAPTER XX.

THE NEWS AT THE NORTH.

As it will probably become apparent to the reader, before he has done with this work, that the popularity of Andrew Jackson is the principal fact in the political history of the United States during the last thirty-five years, it is impor-

tant to show how that popularity came to be so overshadowing and irresistible ; came to be such that, to use language current in his day, it "could stand anything." Such a defense as Jackson made of the southwest and of New Orleans would, in any country, at any time, have rendered famous enough the name of the defender. But there were several circumstances concurring at the time which caused the tidings of the victory to come upon the country with an effect thrilling and ineffaceable.

If an old man of perfect memory were asked to name the time when the prospects of this Republic were shrouded in the deepest gloom, and the largest number of the people despaired of its future, his answer, I think, would be : the first thirty-seven days of the year 1815. It was the dead of winter. Whatever evils the war had brought on the country were then most acutely and most generally felt. The capital of the nation was in ruins. Congress was as factious, ill-tempered and unmanageable as parliamentary bodies invariably are when there is most need of united and efficient action. The twenty-six staid and respectable old gentlemen, styled the Hartford Convention, had recently met, and the administration papers were denouncing them as traitors, and filling the country with the wildest misrepresentations of their character and designs. And, it must be owned, that the tone of the New England press was such as almost to justify such misrepresentations. "Is there," said the *Boston Gazette*, "a Federalist, a patriot in America, who conceives it his duty to shed his blood for Bonaparte, for Madison and Jefferson, and that host of ruffians in Congress who have set their faces against us for years, and spirited up the brutal part of the populace to destroy us ? Not one. Shall we, then, any longer be held in slavery and driven to desperate poverty by such a graceless faction ?" "No more taxes from New England," said many editors, "till the administration makes peace," as though the badgered and distracted administration had not been directing its best energies to that very object for nearly a year past.

The great British expedition, moreover, so long mustering in the West Indies, so long delayed, cast a vague but prodigious shadow before it. The inactivity of the enemy in the north was itself a cause of alarm. Gallatin's warning letter of June, 1814, had put New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore on their guard; but as the autumn passed without the reappearance of a hostile force in the northern waters, the conviction gained ground that something overwhelming was in contemplation against the defenseless south and southwest. Portentous paragraphs from the newspapers of the West Indies and Canada confirmed this opinion. In October General Wilkinson felt so sure that New Orleans would fall into the hands of the enemy, that he wrote successively to three of his friends there, and, finally, to Secretary Monroe, urging the instant removal of certain plans and charts which he had left in the town, and which would be of fatal value, he thought, to the British general.

At that day, the reader must keep in mind, New Orleans was as many days' journey from Washington as New York now is from San Francisco. Fancy the whole country in breathless expectation, to-day, of an attack upon San Francisco by a vast armament that had been for months gathering at the Sandwich Islands—San Francisco left, necessarily, to its own resources, with some vaguely-known Indian fighter from the mines in command of its militia. With what feelings should we read, in such a posture of affairs, the heading in the newspapers, "Fifteen days later from California!"

It so chanced that the eighth of January was the day on which it was first whispered about Washington that the President had received news of the arrival of the British fleet at the mouth of the Mississippi. The *National Intelligencer* of the day before contained "a rumor" that a fleet with fourteen thousand troops on board had been seen off the coast of Florida. The next issue of that paper, January 9th, announced as a certainty that this fleet had reached the coast of Louisiana. From that time the eyes of the country, as the papers of the day expressed it, were fixed upon New Or-

leans—not hopefully. It is not an over-statement of the case to say that there was not one well-informed man in the northern States who believed that New Orleans could be successfully defended. The administration papers tried to put the best face upon the matter ; but all the consolation that even the *Intelligencer* could afford its readers was contained in this mild remark : “Appearances justify the expectation of the British expedition not being ineffectually resisted.” The *Federal Republican*, of Georgetown, D. C., commented upon the news thus : “This great city [New Orleans] has shared the fate of Washington, or General Jackson has immortalized himself.” The western members of Congress, some of whom knew General Jackson personally, said, with great confidence, that whatever the result of the campaign might be, Jackson would do all that man could do to defend the city. Tennessee men went further than this, and offered to bet upon his success.

After a week of gossip and foreboding, came news of the gun-boat battle, and its disastrous result ; also rumors of a great armament hovering on the Atlantic coast. “We are a lost country,” said the federal papers in doleful concert. “A wicked administration has ruined us. New Orleans having fallen an easy prey, the British general will leave a few acclimated black regiments to garrison that city, and bring the Wellington heroes round to the Chesapeake. Baltimore will not be able to resist. Washington will again be overrun. Philadelphia and New York will next be attacked, and who shall say with what result ? See to what a pass Jefferson and French democracy have brought a deluded country !” The democratic papers still strove, though with evident faint heart, to talk hopefully ; a fact which the federal editors adduced as the very extreme of party perversity. “They have ruined the country, and yet even in this last dire extremity they will not own it.”

January 21st, the *Intelligencer* published accounts of the landing of General Keane and of the night battle of December 23d. But, unluckily, the news was like a “continued

story" in the newspapers, which leaves off at the precise moment when the reader gasps with desire to have the tale proceed. The mail closed at New Orleans at daylight on the morning of the 24th. No dispatch was received from the General, therefore, but merely some hasty letters from people in New Orleans ; particularly one already given in these pages, which left the army in the field expecting to renew the combat at dawn of day. Still it was encouraging to know that the city had not fallen, and that Jackson had so decisively announced his presence to a confident foe.

Then followed ten weary days and nights of suspense, without one word from the seat of war. Bad news, too, and worse rumors from other quarters ; news of the capture of the frigate *President*, a few days out of New York ; news of the appearance of a great fleet off Savannah, the town expecting assault from three thousand troops, martial law proclaimed, and universal alarm ; news of the dangerous illness of Secretary Monroe, worn out by the anxious toil of his position ; dreadful rumors respecting New England and the Hartford Convention ; rumors that the President had received the very worst news from New Orleans, but concealed it for purposes of his own ; rumors that the British had made "fearful havoc" among Jackson's troops ; rumors that Charleston was threatened ; rumors of British men-of-war off Montauk point, and the capture of fishermen in Long Island Sound. To the gossips of that day the country must have seemed hemmed in on every side by unknown fleets at the north, by indubitable Wellington heroes at the south. "Not a fishing smack," said a federal paper, "can venture out of harbor in the east without being immediately picked up by one of the enemy's cruisers." "See what Jefferson, and French democracy," etc., etc.

To add to the gloom that prevailed in Washington and elsewhere, a snow storm of remarkable violence and extent set in on the 23d of January, and continued for three days. The roads were blocked up in every direction, far and near. On the last day of the month, three southern mails were overdue

at Washington, and every soul in the place was worn out with mere hunger for news. A mail struggled in at last through the snow, and brought—simply dispatches from General Jackson, *detailing* the gun-boat battle and the night attack of the 23d. The dispatches were comforting, however, as they made certain what was before uncertain, and were instinct with Jackson's own resolution and confidence. A few hours later another mail arrived, with news of the grand *re-connoissance* of December 28th, and of the battle of the batteries on the 1st of January; but also of General Pakenham's arrival with exaggerated reinforcements. New Orleans is not taken *yet*, said the western members and the Republican editors. It is merely a question of time, replied the Federalists; the next mail will finish New Orleans and *you*!

During the next few days, the most intense and painful solicitude prevailed in all circles; a solicitude in which patriotic, partizan and humane feelings were strangely blended. Few people in Washington could more than hope for Jackson's final triumph, and that faintly. Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, Republican member of Congress, tells us that the evening before the arrival of the next mail he was closeted with a naval officer, when the standing topic of the siege of New Orleans was amply discussed between them. Maps were examined, the means of defense enumerated, comparisons of the contending armies made. The officer demonstrated to his own satisfaction, and probably convinced Mr. Ingersoll, that the defense of the city was impossible!

The next day Mr. Ingersoll, in his character of administration member, was listening, in silent ecstasy, to the reading of General Jackson's dispatch, recounting the victory of the 8th of January, which Mr. Madison had sent down to the House in order that his political friends might enjoy the first reading of it! How many things have been demonstrated to be impossible just before they were done!

Washington was wild with delight. The mayor, while yet the news was only known to official persons, issued his proclamation recommending the illumination of the city.

That evening the town was blazing with light, and the whole population was abroad, now thronging about the White House, cheering the President, then surging around the houses of the Secretaries, and the residences of the leading supporters of the war, rending the air with shouts. Modern readers vividly remember the news of Buena Vista, and can imagine the scenes which the saloons and streets of Washington presented on the 4th of February, 1815. The next issue of the *National Intelligencer* can not be glanced over to this day without exciting in the mind something of the feeling which is wont to express itself by three times three and one cheer more. The great news was headed in the moderate *Intelligencer's* largest type :

“ALMOST INCREDIBLE VICTORY !!!”

Then came a brief summary of the events of the eighth , how the enemy in prodigious force had attacked our intrenchments, and been repulsed by General Jackson and his brave associates with unexampled slaughter ! Then followed two dispatches from the General, with letters from other officers. The entire first page was filled with victory ; editorial comments succeeding, joyful but moderate. On the wings of the *Intelligencer* the news flew over the country, kindling everywhere the maddest enthusiasm. “A general illumination,” says Mr. John Binns, in his autobiography, “was ordered in Philadelphia. Few indeed there were, yet there were a few, who on that night closed their window-shutters, and mourned over the defeat of the enemies of their country. I had early intelligence of this joyous news, and gladly, by an extra, spread it abroad. I put the scene painters to work, and had a transparency painted which covered nearly the whole front of my house. There had been a heavy fall of snow, and there was that evening from nine to twelve inches depth of snow on the ground. That, however, did not prevent men, women, and children from parading the streets, and delighting their eyes by looking at the illuminations and illuminated transparencies, which made the principal streets of our city as light as day.

My transparency represented General Jackson on horseback at the head of his staff, in pursuit of the enemy, with the motto, "This day shall ne'er go by, from this day to the ending of the world, but He, in it, shall be remembered."

The opposition journals far surpassed even those of the administration in heaping laudations upon the name of Jackson, since they were anxious to keep their readers in mind that in the honors of this great triumph the administration had no share. Jackson, and Jackson alone, aided by his gallant troops, had won the battle. To Jackson and the army be all the glory ! Who is this Jackson ? Where was he born ? What State claims him ? Where has he been all his life ? What is his business and standing ? To such questions as these, uttered by tens of thousands of northern people, who knew little of Jackson but his name, editors and correspondents gave such answers as they could gather or invent. Wonderful things were told of him. "He is a lawyer of Tennessee, the most elegant scholar in the western country." "He was born in Ireland." "He was born in South Carolina." "No ; he was born in England, where his parents and a brother or two are still living, near Wolverhampton, where I saw them a few years ago." But all agreed that he had defended New Orleans in a masterly manner, gained the most splendid victory of the war, and wrote a perfect model of a clear, eloquent, and modest despatch.

Jackson was always fortunate in his secretaries. Or, to speak more correctly, he was an admirable judge of the man he wanted ! The dispatches which he sent from New Orleans were mostly penned by Edward Livingston ; but perhaps they were more truly his own than if he had written them himself. "My business is to fight, not write," he would say at New Orleans. Edward Livingston, in a formal dispatch, could express the General's meaning better than the General himself could, and did so, to the lasting admiration of the whole country. It is creditable to Mr. Livingston's good sense that he never, in his lifetime, would admit that he had written these and other similar papers ; nor would allow the

fact to be mentioned out of the small circle of his own home. Some of the original draughts of the New Orleans papers, and other Jacksonian utterances of greater importance, still exist in Mr. Livingston's hand-writing.

The Tennessee members of Congress came in for a large share of the honors of the victory. General Jackson's old enemy, Governor John Sevier, was a member of the House at the time. February 8th, he wrote thus to one of his sons at home:—"The Orleans mail has arrived with the news of Jackson's success in repulsing the enemy, which has occasioned much rejoicing in this place; and we have received as many congratulations as though we had been in the action. In consequence of the news the city was very brilliantly illuminated last night, and a constant firing nearly all the night afterwards. Our army from Tennessee is more talked of here than half the world besides. I expect the Wellingtonians begin to think somewhat differently of the Americans, and find they are to meet some trouble before they conquer them."*

Better news was, meanwhile, on its way to Washington. The intelligence of the great victory was nine days old, and was still a topic in all circles and papers, when a courier dashed through the city of Washington, dropping, as he went, the first hint of PEACE! The editor of the *National Intelligencer* has beautifully told, in later years, the story of the arrival in Washington of this great news:—

"Never, from the beginning of this government to the present, has a more gloomy day dawned upon it than the 13th of February, in the year 1815.

"Some time about noon of that memorable day mysteriously arose a rumor, faint as the earliest whisper of the western breeze on a summer's morn, but freshening and gathering strength as it spread, until, later in the day, it burst forth in a general acclaim of PEACE! PEACE! PEACE! Startled by a sound so unexpected and so joyful, men flocked into the streets, eagerly inquiring of whence and how came the news,

* MSS. of Colonel A. W. Putnam, President of Tennessee Historical Society.

and, receiving no answer, looking up into the heavens with straining eyes, as though expecting a visible sign of it from the seat of that Omnipotence by whose interposition alone they could, but a short moment before, have even hoped for so great a blessing.

“When, at length, the rumor assumed a more definite shape, the story ran that a private express had passed through the city at some time during the day, bearing to merchants in the south the glad tidings that a treaty of peace had reached the shores of the United States. It was still but a rumor, however, and wanted that consistency which was necessary to justify full confidence in it.

“Unable to procure any information which should even confirm the report that news of any kind had actually passed through the city (so vague was the rumor), one of the editors of this paper waited upon the President to obtain from him, who must certainly be informed, such information as he might possess on the subject. Mr. Madison, however, knew little more of the matter than the public; he had been, of course, among the first apprized of the rumor, and was inclined to believe it true, but deemed it prudent to suspend opinion upon the subject until it should be authentically confirmed; and in the *National Intelligencer* of the following morning that advice was accordingly given to the public. Having thus had occasion to allude to this interview with Mr. Madison, it may not be foreign to the subject of this article to state that we found that great man sitting alone, in the dusk of the evening, ruminating, probably, upon the prodigious changes which the news, if true (as he believed it to be), would make in the face of public affairs. Affable, as he always was, he conversed freely upon the probabilities of the news which had reached us, and showed a natural interest in its being confirmed. But it could not escape remark, at the same time, that any one not familiar with that calm fortitude which, in the most trying scenes had ever sustained him, and that equality of temper which on no occasion ever deserted him, might have deemed, from the unruffled composure

of his countenance, his manner, and his discourse, that he was the person in the city who had the least concern in the reported event, though, certainly, could personal considerations have been suffered to influence him at such a moment, no man living could have a greater.*

“Steam conveyances and electric telegraphs had not then been invented to realize the lover’s prayer to the gods “to annihilate both time and space,” and all classes in Washington had, with the President, no choice but to await the comparatively slow process of travel by horses and carriages from New York to Washington for confirmation or contradiction of the report. The interval of suspense, it may well be imagined, was sufficiently tedious, though it was brought to an end as early as could have been reasonably expected. Late in the afternoon of Thursday, the 14th of February, came thundering down Pennsylvania avenue a coach and four foaming steeds, in which was Mr. Henry Carroll (one of the secretaries at Ghent), the bearer, as was at once ascertained, of the treaty of peace between the American and British commissioners. Cheers and congratulations followed the carriage as it sped its way to the office of the Secretary of State, and directly thence, with the acting Secretary of State, to the residence of the President. . . .

“The other members of the Cabinet having joined the

* Mr. Madison had reasons for believing the report, which he did not communicate to the editor of the *Intelligencer*. Mr. J. C. Ingersoll, in his pamphlet on “General Jackson’s Fine,” says—“The news of peace was taken to Washington clandestinely by a merchant, brother of an eastern member of Congress, who imparted it in strict confidence to Jonathan Meigs, the Postmaster General, having first exacted a promise from him not to divulge certain highly important information, which, on that condition alone, would be made known to him. The scheme was to precede the mail, by delaying it one day, in order to speculate in cotton, tobacco, sugar, and other southern produce, then at low prices, to be immediately and greatly enhanced by peace. Perplexed between a promise to a member of Congress and a sense of public duty, the Postmaster General thought proper confidentially to advise with James Monroe, the Secretary of State and War, as to what was right to be done in such dilemma. Mr. Monroe had no hesitation in determining that such a promise of secrecy was not binding; forthwith, on his own responsibility, he carried the news to the President.”

Secretary of State at the President's residence, the treaty was of course taken into immediate consideration by the President and the Cabinet.

"Soon after night-fall members of Congress and others, deeply interested in the event, presented themselves at the President's house, the doors of which stood open. When the writer of this entered the drawing-room, at about eight o'clock, it was crowded to its full capacity, Mrs. Madison (the President being with the Cabinet) doing the honors of the occasion. And what a happy scene it was! Among the large proportion present of the members of both Houses of Congress were gentlemen of most opposite politics, but lately arrayed against one another in continual conflict and fierce debate, now with elated spirits thanking God, and with softened hearts cordially felicitating one another upon the joyful intelligence which (should the terms of the treaty prove acceptable) reëstablished peace, and opened a certain prospect of a great prosperity to their country. But the most conspicuous object in the room, the observed of all observers, was Mrs. Madison herself, then in the meridian of life and queenly beauty. *She* was in her person, for the moment, the representative of the feelings of him who was, at this moment, in grave consultation with his official advisers. No one could doubt who beheld the radiance of joy which lighted up her countenance and diffused its beams around, that all uncertainty was at an end, and that the government of the country had in very truth (to use an expression of Mr. Adams on a very different occasion) 'passed from gloom to glory.' With a grace, all her own, to her visitors she reciprocated heartfelt congratulations upon the glorious and happy change in the aspect of public affairs; dispensing with liberal hand, to every individual in the large assembly, the proverbial hospitalities of that house. . . .

"The Cabinet being still in session, the writer of this article was presently invited into the apartment in which it was sitting. . . . Subdued joy sat upon the faces of every one of them. The President, after kindly stating the result

of their deliberations, addressed himself to the Secretary of the Treasury, in a sportive tone, saying to him,

“ ‘Come, Mr. Dallas, you, with your knowledge of the contents of the treaty, derived from the careful perusal of it, and who write with so much ease, take the pen, and indite for this gentleman a paragraph for the paper of to-morrow, to announce the reception and probable acceptance of the treaty.’ ”

“Mr. Dallas cheerfully complied, and whilst we sat by in converse produced a brief, quiet paragraph, giving an outline of the treaty, and pronouncing it ‘honorable’ to all parties, which, being approved by all present, appeared in the *Intelligencer* the next morning.”*

No victory ever so electrified the nation as the news of this peace. The ship that bore the glad intelligence reached New York on Saturday evening, February 11th, an hour after dark. There chanced to be in the city that day a young gentleman from Connecticut, of observant mind, of wonderful memory, and graphic power of narration; his name, S. G. Goodrich, the Peter Parley of a later day. Mr. Goodrich records, in his own vivid and pleasant manner, his recollections of the scenes that ensued; appending, however, certain comments, which the reader will know how to estimate:

“It was about eight o’clock on Saturday evening that the tidings circulated through the city. In half an hour after the news reached the wharf, Broadway was one living sea of shouting, rejoicing people. ‘Peace! peace! peace!’ was the deep, harmonious, universal anthem. The whole spectacle was enlivened by a sudden inspiration. Somebody came with a torch; the bright idea passed into a thousand brains. In a few minutes thousands and tens of thousands of people were marching about with candles, lamps, torches—making the jubilant street appear like a gay and gorgeous procession. The whole night Broadway sang its song of peace. We were all democrats, all federalists! Old enemies rushed into each

* *National Intelligencer*, August 24, 1849.

other's arms ; every house was in a revel ; every heart seemed melted by a joy which banished all evil thought and feeling. Nobody asked that happy night what were the terms of the treaty : we had got peace, that was enough ! I moved about for hours in the ebbing and flowing tide of people, not being aware that I had opened my lips. The next morning I found that I was hoarse from having joined in the exulting cry of ' peace, peace !'

"The next day, Sunday, all the churches sent up hymns of thanksgiving for the joyous tidings. I set out in the stage-coach on Monday morning for Connecticut. All along the road the people saluted us with swinging of hats and cries of rejoicing. At one place, in rather a lonesome part of the road, a schoolmaster came out with the whole school at his heels to ask us if the news was true. We told him it was ; whereupon he tied his bandanna pocket handkerchief to a broom, swung it aloft, and the whole school hosannaed—'Peace ! peace !' At all our stopping-places the people were gathered to rejoice in the good tidings. At one little tavern I looked into a room by chance, the door being open, and there I saw the good wife, with a chubby boy in her lap—both in a perfect gale of merriment—the child crying out, 'Peath ! peath !' Oh, ye makers of war, reflect upon this heartfelt verdict of the people in behalf of peace !

"We arrived at New Haven in the evening, and found it illuminated ; the next day I reached Hartford, and there was a grand illumination there. The news spread over the country, carrying with it a wave of shouts and rejoicings. Boston became clamorous with pealing bells ; the schools had a jubilee ; the blockaded shipping, rotting at the dilapidated wharves, got out their dusty buntings, and these—ragged and forlorn—now flapped merrily in the breeze. At night the city flamed far and wide—from Beacon street down the bay, telling the glorious tale even unto Cape Cod. So spread the news over the country, everywhere carrying joy to every heart—with, perhaps, a single exception. At Washington the authors of the war peeped into the dispatches, and found that the treaty

had no stipulations against orders in council, paper blockades, or impressments! All that could be maintained was, that we had made war, charging the enemy with very gross enormities, and we had made peace, saying not one word about them! Madison and his party had, in fact, swallowed the declaration of war whole, and it naturally caused some uneasy qualms in the regions of digestion. 'Let us, however,' said they, 'put a good face upon it; we can hide our shame for the moment in the smoke of Jackson's victory; as to the rest, why we can brag the country into a belief that it has been a glorious war!' Madison set the example in a boasting message, and his party organs took up the tune, and have played it bravely till the present day."*

The joy of the country at the return of peace was far from being an affair of sentiment merely. The effect upon the business of the country was immediate and remarkable. A short "money article" in the New York Evening Post of the Monday following this joyful Saturday contains some curious particulars. Sugar, which "left off" on Saturday at twenty-six dollars per hundred weight, sold on Monday morning at twelve dollars and a half. Tea fell from two dollars and a quarter per pound to one dollar. Specie was sold on Saturday at twenty-two per cent. premium; on Monday at two per cent. ! Tin fell from eighty dollars per box to twenty-five. Government six per cent.'s rose from seventy-six to eighty-six; treasury notes from ninety-two to ninety-eight. Bank stock rose ten per cent. The shipping interest awoke from a lethargy which had been complete. The wharves resounded once more with the noise of labor, and the newspapers rejoiced in columns of advertisements announcing the speedy departure of vessels to foreign ports. "It is really wonderful," said the Post, "to see the change produced in a few hours in the city of New York. In no place has the war been more felt nor proved more disastrous—putting us back in our growth at least ten years; and no place in the United

* Recollections of a Lifetime. By S. G. Goodrich, i. 503.

States will more experience the reviving blessings of a peace. Let us be grateful to that merciful Providence who has kindly interposed for our relief and delivered us from all our fears."

The letters of the day are full of the new hopes inspired by the peace. As an expression of the higher feeling of the nation, take these words from a letter of Republican Judge Story, then young upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States: "Peace has come in a most welcome time to delight and astonish us. Never did a country occupy more lofty ground; we have stood the contest single-handed against the conqueror of Europe, and we are at peace, with all our blushing victories thick crowding upon us. If I do not much mistake, we shall attain to a very high character abroad, as well as crush domestic faction. Never was there a more glorious opportunity for the Republican party to place themselves permanently in power. They have now a golden opportunity; I pray God it may not be thrown away. Let us extend the national authority over the whole extent of power given by the Constitution. Let us have great military and naval schools; an adequate regular army; the broad foundations laid of a permanent navy; a national bank; a national system of bankruptcy; a great navigation act; a general survey of our ports, and appointments of port-wardens and pilots; judicial courts which shall embrace the whole constitutional powers; national notaries; public and national justices of the peace; for the commercial and national concerns of the United States. By such enlarged and liberal institutions the government of the United States will be endeared to the people, and the factions of the great States be rendered harmless. Let us prevent the possibility of a division by creating great national interests, which shall bind us in an indissoluble union."*

Curious language, the reader will say, to come from one who thought himself a Jeffersonian, and who was appointed to office as such by James Madison. "National bank,"

* Life and Letters of Judge Story, i. 254.

quotha. It was established ere long—the very bank that a certain seventh President of the United States had a severe tussle with in later years ; the good Judge Story looking on with patriotic horror.

From these glimpses of the time, the reader will comprehend the effect upon the nation of Jackson's victory. It occurred at a happy time. It finished the war in glory. *It restored and inflamed the national self-love.* And whoever does that in an eminent degree remains for ever dear to a nation—becomes its Wellington, its Jackson ! All is summed up in a single remark made by Henry Clay when the news of the victory reached Paris. “*Now,*” said he, “I can go to England without mortification !”*

Of the formal honors paid to the victorious General and his army little need be said. Not only every State in the Union nearly, but almost every corporate body of whatever description, sent resolutions of thanks and praise to him. With one voice, the country said, in various words, “WELL DONE !” The resolutions of the New York Legislature, on this occasion, were written by a Mr. Martin Van Buren, a young lawyer of much promise, a zealous champion of the war and of the Republican party. Mr. Van Buren was not sparing of panegyric. “The ever-memorable conflict of the 8th of January,” he styled “an event surpassing the most heroic and wonderful achievements which adorn the annals of mankind.” The resolutions unanimously adopted by Congress, besides bestowing special commendation upon Governor Claiborne, Major Overton, Commodore Patterson, Major Carmick, the people of Louisiana and the people of New Orleans, recognized the merit of the General-in-Chief and of his army in these terms :

“*Resolved,* By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the thanks of Congress be, and they are hereby, given to MAJOR GENERAL JACKSON, and through him, to the officers and sol-

* Life of Clay, by Epes Sargent, p. 59.

diers of the regular army, of the volunteers, and of the militia under his command, the greater proportion of which troops consisted of militia and volunteers, suddenly collected together, for their uniform gallantry and good conduct conspicuously displayed against the enemy, from the time of his landing before New Orleans until his final expulsion therefrom, and particularly for their valor, skill and good conduct on the 8th of January last, in repulsing, with great slaughter, a numerous British army of chosen veteran troops, when attempting by a bold and daring attack to carry by storm the works hastily thrown up for the protection of New Orleans, and thereby obtaining a most signal victory over the enemy with a disparity of loss, on his part, unexampled in military annals.

“Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to cause to be struck a gold medal, with devices emblematical of this splendid achievement, and presented to Major General Jackson as a testimony of the high sense entertained by Congress of his judicious and distinguished conduct on that memorable occasion.

“Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to cause the foregoing resolutions to be communicated to MAJOR GENERAL JACKSON, in such terms as he may deem best calculated to give effect to the objects thereof.”

In his den in Nassau street, “severed from the human race” by the lamentable death of his Theodosia and her boy, Aaron Burr heard, not with indifference, of Andrew Jackson’s glory—the quick fulfillment of his own prophecy. He had his own reflections upon the General’s new position before the country and its possible consequences, as the reader shall learn in due time. The reflections of that silent old head had often been of the kind that issue in important events, and series of events. Perhaps his present thoughts will prove fruitful. He was battling then with his army of creditors, trying all shifts to keep out of jail, and practicing law for others as well as himself; old friends eyeing him askance, as

he passed by with downcast head along the railing of the old brick church, and elsewhere in the region of law and newspapers. He knew, if no one else knew or knows, what men had kept him out of the presidency, and helped to make him what he was—a thing abhorred. He bore his old enemies in mind occasionally, and the thought arose that, perhaps, by setting Jackson at them, he might bring down from their pride of place those high and mighty Virginians !

But we must return to the seat of war. A courier was promptly dispatched from Washington to New Orleans, to convey to General Jackson the news of peace. Furnished by the Postmaster General with a special order to his deputies on the route to facilitate the progress of the messenger by all the means in their power, he traveled with every advantage, and made great speed. He left Washington on the 15th of February, thirty-eight days after the battle. He has a fair month's journey before him, which he will perform in nineteen days.

CHAPTER XXI.

FLIGHT OF THE ENGLISH.

How pleasant it would be to dismiss now the conqueror home to his Hermitage, to enjoy the congratulations of his neighbors and the plaudits of a nation whose pride he had so keenly gratified ! But this may not be. His work was not done. The next three months of his life at New Orleans were crowded with events, many of which were delightful, many of which were painful in the extreme.

The trials of the American army, so far as its patience was concerned, began, not ended, with the victory of the 8th of January. The rains descended and the floods came upon the soft delta of the Mississippi, converting both camps into

quagmires. Relieved of care, relieved from toil, yet compelled to keep the field by night and day, the greater part of the American army had nothing to do but endure the inevitable miseries of the situation. Disease began its fell work among them ; malignant influenza, fevers, and, worst of all, dysentery. Major Latour computes that during the few weeks that elapsed between the 8th of January and the end of the campaign five hundred of Jackson's army died from these complaints ; a far greater number than had fallen in action. While the enemy remained there was no repining. The sick men, yellow and gaunt, staggered into the hospitals when they could no longer stand to their posts, and lay down to die without a murmur.

Some glorious days, however, were vouchsafed to the suffering troops, during which every thing was forgotten that was not joyful. That was one bright day, the 18th of January, when a cartel for the exchange of prisoners was carried into effect. The uniformed companies of New Orleans, with colors flying and music playing, marched down to the line of British outposts, and drew up in showy array to receive their friends and comrades who had been taken by the enemy in the night battle, nearly a month before. The prisoners, about sixty in number, were escorted by a party of the 95th rifles. The roll was called and found to be correct. "Forward, Americans !" cried the commander of the uniformed companies. The prisoners marched along the line, saluted as they passed by the troops, and then proceeded to the American camp, where cheers and congratulations greeted them, and hundreds of their old friends rushed forward to grasp them by the hand. These prisoners, many of whom were leading citizens of New Orleans, bore grateful testimony to the courtesy and kindness of the British officers in whose charge they had been.

The day following, too, was one of unexpected and joyous triumph, the occasion of which must be more circumstantially related.

For ten days after the battle the English army remained

in their encampment, deluged with rain and flood, and played upon at intervals by the American batteries on both sides of the river. They seemed to be totally inactive. They were not so. General Lambert, from the day of the great defeat, was resolved to retire to the shipping. But that had now become an affair of extreme difficulty, as the Subaltern explains.

“In spite of our losses,” he says, “there were not throughout the armament a sufficient number of boats to transport above one half of the army at a time. If, however, we should separate, the chances were that both parties would be destroyed ; for those embarked might be intercepted, and those left behind would be obliged to cope with the entire American force. Besides, even granting that the Americans might be repulsed, it would be impossible to take to our boats in their presence, and thus at least one division, if not both, must be sacrificed.

“To obviate this difficulty, prudence required that the road which we had formed on landing should be continued to the very margin of the lake ; whilst appearances seemed to indicate the total impracticability of the scheme. From firm ground to the water’s edge was here a distance of many miles, through the very center of a morass where human foot had never before trodden. Yet it was desirable at least to make the attempt ; for if it failed we should only be reduced to our former alternative of gaining a battle, or surrendering at discretion.

“Having determined to adopt this course, General Lambert immediately dispatched strong working parties, under the guidance of engineer officers, to lengthen the road, keeping as near as possible to the margin of the creek. But the task assigned to them was burdened with innumerable difficulties. For the extent of several leagues no firm footing could be discovered on which to rest the foundation of a path ; nor any trees to assist in forming hurdles. All that could be done, therefore, was to bind together large quantities of reeds, and lay them across the quagmire ; by which

means at least the semblance of a road was produced, however wanting in firmness and solidity. But where broad ditches came in the way, many of which intersected the morass, the workmen were necessarily obliged to apply more durable materials. For these bridges, composed in part of large branches, brought with immense labor from the woods, were constructed; but they were, on the whole, little superior in point of strength to the rest of the path, for though the edges were supported by timber, the middle was filled up only with reeds."

It required nine days of incessant and most arduous labor to complete the road. The wounded were then sent on board, except eighty who could not be removed. The abandoned guns were spiked and broken. In the evening of the 18th the main body of the army commenced its retreat.

"Trimming the fires," continues the Subaltern, "and arranging all things in the same order as if no change were to take place, regiment after regiment stole away, as soon as darkness concealed their motions; leaving the pickets to follow as a rear guard, but with strict injunctions not to retire till daylight began to appear. As may be supposed, the most profound silence was maintained; not a man opening his mouth, except to issue necessary orders, and even then speaking in a whisper. Not a cough or any other noise was to be heard from the head to the rear of the column; and even the steps of the soldiers were planted with care, to prevent the slightest stamping or echo. Nor was this extreme caution in any respect unnecessary. In spite of every endeavor to the contrary, a rumor of our intended movement had reached the Americans; for we found them of late watchful and prying, whereas they had been formerly content to look only to themselves.

"For some time, that is to say, while our route lay along the high road and beside the brink of the river, the march was agreeable enough; but as soon as we began to enter upon the path through the marsh all comfort was at an end. Being constructed of materials so slight, and resting upon a foundation so infirm, the treading of the first corps unavoidably beat it to pieces; those which followed were therefore compelled to flounder on in the best way they could; and by the time the rear of the column gained the morass all trace of a way had entirely disappeared. But not only were the reeds torn asunder and sunk by the pressure of those who had gone before, but the bog itself, which at first might have furnished a few spots of firm footing, was trodden into the consistency of mud. The consequence was that every step sank us to the knees, and frequently higher. Near the

ditches, indeed, many spots occurred which we had the utmost difficulty in crossing at all; and as the night was dark, there being no moon, nor any light except what the stars supplied, it was difficult to select our steps, or even to follow those who called to us that they were safe on the opposite side. At one of these places I myself beheld an unfortunate wretch gradually sink until he totally disappeared. I saw him flounder in, heard his cry for help, and ran forward with the intention of saving him; but before I had taken a second step, I myself sank at once as high as the breast. How I contrived to keep myself from smothering is more than I can tell, for I felt no solid bottom under me, and continued slowly to go deeper and deeper, till the mud reached my arms. Instead of endeavoring to help the poor soldier, of whom nothing could now be seen except the head and hands, I was forced to beg assistance for myself; when a leathern canteen strap being thrown to me, I laid hold of it, and was dragged out, just as my fellow-sufferer became invisible.

“Over roads such as these did we continue our journey during the whole of the night; and in the morning reached a place called Fisherman’s Huts, upon the margin of the lake. The name is derived from a clump of mud-built cottages, situated in as complete a desert as the eye of man was ever pained by beholding. They stand close to the water, upon a part of the morass rather more firm than the rest. Not a tree or bush of any description grows near them. As far as the eye could reach a perfect ocean of weeds everywhere presented itself, except on that side where a view of the lake changed without fertilizing the prospect. Were any set of human beings condemned to spend their lives here, I should consider their fate as a little superior to that of the solitary captive; but during many months of the year these huts are wholly unoccupied, being erected, as their name denotes, merely to shelter a few fishermen, while the fishing season lasts.

“Here at length we were ordered to halt; and perhaps I never rejoiced more sincerely at any order than at this. Wearied with my exertions, and oppressed with want of sleep, I threw myself upon the ground without so much as pulling off my muddy garments; and in an instant all my cares and troubles were forgotten. Nor did I wake from that deep slumber for many hours, when I rose cold and stiff, and creeping beside a miserable fire of reeds, addressed myself to the last morsel of salt pork which my wallet contained.

“The whole army had now come up, the pickets having escaped without notice, or at least without annoyance. Forming along the brink of the lake, a line of outposts was planted, and the soldiers were commanded to make themselves as comfortable as they could. But, in truth, the word comfort is one which cannot in any sense be applied to people in such a situation. Without tents or huts of any description (for the few from which the place is named were occupied by the general and other heads of de-

partments), our bed was the morass, and our sole covering the clothes which had not quitted our backs for upwards of a month. Our fires, upon the size and goodness of which much of the soldier's happiness depends, were composed solely of reeds; a species of fuel which, like straw, soon blazes up, and soon expires again, almost without communicating any degree of warmth. But, above all, our provisions were expended, and from what quarter to obtain an immediate supply it defied the most inventive genius to discover. Our sole dependence was upon the boats. Of these a flotilla lay ready to receive us, in which were embarked the black corps, with the forty-fourth, but they had brought with them only food for their own use. It was, therefore, necessary that they should reach the fleet and return again, before they could furnish us with what we so much wanted. But the distance to the nearest of the shipping could not be less than eighty miles, and if the weather should become boisterous, or the winds obstinately adverse, we might starve before any supply could arrive.

"These numerous grievances were, however, without remedy, and we bore them with patience; though for two whole days the only provisions issued to the troops were some crumbs of biscuit and a small allowance of rum. For my own part, I did not fare so badly as many others. Having been always fond of shooting, I took a firelock and went in pursuit of wild ducks, which abounded throughout the bog. Wandering along in this quest I reached a lake, by the margin of which I concealed myself, and waited for my prey; nor was it long before I had an opportunity of firing. Several large flocks flew over me, and I was fortunate enough to kill three birds. But, alas! those birds upon which I had already feasted in imagination dropped into the water; my dog, more tired than her master, would not fetch them out, and they lay about twenty yards off, tantalizing me with the sight of a treasure which I could not reach. Moving off to another point, I again took my station, where I hoped for better fortune; but the same evil chance once more occurred, and the ducks fell into the lake. This was too much for a hungry man to endure; the day was piercingly cold, and the edge of the pool was covered with ice; but my appetite was urgent, and I resolved at all hazards to indulge it. Pulling off my clothes, therefore, I broke the ice and plunged in; and, though shivering like an aspen leaf, I returned safely to the camp with a couple of birds. Next day I adopted a similar course with like success; but at the expense of what was to me a serious misery. My stockings of warm wool were the only part of my dress which I did not strip off, and to-day it unfortunately happened that one was lost. Having secured my ducks, I attempted to land where the bottom was muddy, but my leg stuck fast, and in pulling it out, off came the stocking; to recover it was beyond my power, for the mud closed over it directly, and the consequence was, that till I regained the transport only one of my feet could be warm at a time.

To those who can boast of many pairs of fine cotton and woolen hose this misfortune of mine may appear light, but to me, who had only two stockings on shore, the loss of one was very grievous; and I therefore request that I may not be sneered at when I record it as one of the disastrous consequences of this ill-fated expedition.

“As soon as the boats returned, regiment after regiment embarked and set sail for the fleet; but the distance being considerable and the wind foul, many days elapsed before the whole could be got off. Excepting in one trifling instance, however, no accident occurred, and by the end of the month we were all once more on board our former ships. But our return was far from triumphant. We, who only seven weeks ago had set out in the surest confidence of glory, and, I may add, of emolument, were brought back dispirited and dejected. Our ranks were wofully thinned, our chiefs slain, our clothing tattered and filthy, and even our discipline in some degree injured. A gloomy silence reigned throughout the armament, except when it was broken by the voice of lamentation over fallen friends; and the interior of each ship presented a scene well calculated to prove the short-sightedness of human hope and human prudence.

“The accident to which I allude was the capture of a single boat by the enemy. About thirty men of the 14th dragoons having crowded into an unarmed barge, were proceeding slowly down the lake, when a boat, mounting a carronade in its bow, suddenly darted from a creek and made towards them. To escape was impossible, for their barge was too heavily laden to move at a rate of even moderate rapidity; and to fight was equally out of the question, because of the superiority which their cannon gave to the Americans. The whole party was accordingly compelled to surrender to six men and an officer, and, having thrown their arms into the lake, their boat was taken in tow, and they were carried away prisoners.

“This, however, was the only misfortune which occurred. Warned by the fate of their comrades, the rest kept together in little squadrons, each attended by one or more armed launches; and, thus rowing steadily on, they gained the shipping, without so much as another attempt at surprisal being made.

“On reaching the fleet we found that a considerable reinforcement of troops had arrived from England. It consisted of the 40th foot, a fine regiment, containing nearly a thousand men, which, ignorant of the fatal issue of our attack, had crossed the lakes, only to be sent back to the ships, without so much as stepping on shore. The circumstance, however, produced little satisfaction. We felt that the coming of thrice the number could not recover what was lost, or recall past events; and therefore no rejoicing was heard, nor the slightest regard paid to the occurrence. Nay, so great was the despondency which had taken possession of men's minds,

that not even a rumor respecting the next point of attack obtained circulation; whilst a sullen carelessness, a sort of indifference as to what might happen, seemed to have succeeded all our wonted curiosity and confidence of success in every undertaking."

With this ignominious wallow in the mire, ("the whole army," as another narrator remarks, "covered with mud from the top of the head to the sole of the foot,") the Wellington heroes ended their month's exertions in the delta of the Mississippi. They were in mortal terror of the crocodiles, it appears, whose domain they had intruded upon. "Just before dark," on the night after the retreat, says Captain Cooke, "I saw an alligator emerge from the water and penetrate the wilderness of reeds which encircled us on this muddy quagmire as far as the eye could reach. The very idea of the monster prowling about in the stagnant swamp took possession of my mind in a most forcible manner—to look out for the enemy was a secondary consideration. The word was, look out for alligators! Nearly the whole night I stood a few paces from the entrance of the hut, not daring to enter, under the apprehension that an alligator might push a broad snout through the reeds and gobble me up. The soldiers slept in a lump. At length, being quite worn out from want of sleep, I summoned up courage to enter the hut, but often started wildly out of my feverish slumbers, involuntarily laying hold of my naked sword, and conjuring up every rustling noise amongst the reeds to be one of those disgusting brutes, with a mouth large enough to swallow an elephant's leg."

The retreat was so well managed (General Lambert was knighted for it soon after) that the sun was high in the heavens on the following morning before the American army had any suspicion of the departure of the enemy. And when it began to be suspected some further time elapsed before the fact was ascertained. Their camp presented the same appearance as it had for many days previous. Sentinels seemed to be posted as before, and flags were flying. The American General and his aids, from the high window at headquarters,

surveyed the position through the glass, and were inclined to think that the enemy were only lying low, with a view to draw the troops out of the lines into the open plain. The veteran General Humbert surpassed the acuteness of the backwoodsmen on this occasion. Being called upon for his opinion, he took the glass and spied the deserted camp.

“They are gone,” said he, with the air of a man who is certain of his fact.

“How do you know?” inquired the General.

The old soldier replied by directing attention to a crow that was flying close to what had been supposed to be one of the enemy’s sentinels. The proximity of the crow showed that the sentinel was a “dummy,” and so ill-made, too, that it was not even a good scare-crow.* The game was now apparent; yet the General ordered out a party to reconnoiter. While it was forming, a British medical officer approached the lines bearing a letter from General Lambert, which announced his departure and recommended to the humanity of the American commander the eighty wounded men who were necessarily left behind. There could now be little doubt of the retreat; but Jackson was still wary, and restrained the exultant impetuosity of the men, who were disposed at once to visit the abandoned camp. Sending Major Hinds’ dragoons to harass the retreat of the army, if it had not already gone beyond reach, and dispatching his surgeon-general to the wounded soldiers left to his care, the General himself, with his staff, rode to the enemy’s camp. He saw that, indeed, they had departed, and that his own triumph was complete and irreversible. Fourteen pieces of cannon were found deserted and spoiled, and much other property, public and private. For one item, three thousand cannon balls were picked up in the field, and piled behind the American ramparts by the Kentuckian troops.

The General visited the hospital and assured the wounded officers and soldiers of his protection and care, a promise which was promptly and amply fulfilled. “The circumstances of

* Jackson and New Orleans, page 382.

these wounded men," says Mr. Walker, "being made known in the city, a number of ladies rode down in their carriages with such articles as were deemed essential to the comfort of the unfortunates. One of these ladies was a belle of the city famed for her charms of person and mind. Seeing her noble philanthropy and devotion to his countrymen, one of the British surgeons conceived a warm regard and admiration which subsequent acquaintance ripened into love. This surgeon settled in New Orleans after the war, espoused the Creole lady whose acquaintance he had made under such interesting circumstances, and became an esteemed citizen and the father of a large family. Dr. J. C. Kerr was the hero of this romantic story. He lived until within these few years. A son of his was that Victor Kerr who was executed at Havana with General Lopez and Colonel Crittenden in 1851, his last words, "I die like a Louisianian and a freeman!"

The English carried away with them a number of slaves in spite of themselves. Captain Hill explains how this occurred in, at least, one instance: "On the 14th of January," he says, "a general order appeared, intimating that no slave should be taken away, or liberated by the British force, and requesting that no officer would take a black inhabitant into his service. As soon as my man, Turner, had communicated this to my man Friday, he was thrown into a state bordering on madness: he vowed, by all the saints in the calendar—for George was a rigid Roman Catholic, and held in utter abhorrence the wooden idols of Africa—that, if he could not get away from the power of his old master and follow his new one, he would 'incontinently drown himself.' It was in vain that Turner explained to him that I should be subject to much blame in not obeying orders, and stay behind he must

"Neber, Massa Turner, neber! If dat debil of Scotch Yankee, dat I run away from, in New Orleans, catch me, he kill me for true, but not all in one day; he skin me alive wic dog whip, and den show him — teeth, and put pickle to my back, say do me good. No, Massa Turner, you tell de captain when he go, give me wink of him eye, den I know

what do ; I go before, nobody angry den, cause he no take me ; me savez ver well how go George, swim like fish. Me — —, if me stop !'

"The boy had proved so useful, and appeared so much attached to me, that I felt quite desirous to save him from the vengeance of his late employer, and, unwilling to be guilty of a breach of discipline, thought the best plan I could adopt was to give George his own way in the matter."

It will interest every reader to learn what were the private thoughts and feelings of General Jackson in view of the departure of the English army. January 27th, with his own hand, he wrote a hasty letter to Governor Blount of Tennessee, of which the following is a copy :—

GENERAL JACKSON TO GOVERNOR BLOUNT.

"HEADQUARTERS, NEW ORLEANS, }
January 27th, 1815. }

"SIR: I inclose you a paper that contains my address and general orders to the brave army I had the honor to command on the 8th instant. In addition, I have to state that the prisoners taken on the retreat of the enemy state their whole loss, including killed, wounded, and missing, is estimated at six thousand five hundred, and that Keane is dead of his wounds. When the numbers are known that were in action on our side, and those badly armed, it will not be accredited, and particularly when the loss of the enemy is compared with my loss, which in killed, since the landing of the enemy, does not exceed fifty-six. The unerring hand of Providence shielded my men from the showers of balls, bombs, and rockets; when, on the other hand, it appeared that every ball and bomb from our lines was charged with the mission of death. The spirit of the British in this quarter is broken; they have failed in every attempt. They bombarded Fort St. Philip for nine days, throwing upwards of one thousand large bombs, exclusive of small ones, with no other effect than killing two and wounding seven; five of the latter so slightly that they are reported for duty.

"Mr. Shields, purser of the navy, brave and full of enterprise, got a few volunteers, and with four small boats pursued them as they were embarking, took a transport and burned her, several small boats, and one hundred and odd prisoners. For the want of force he was compelled to parole a number; bringing with him in all seventy prisoners, including two officers.

They have lost all their valuable officers and the flower of their army. This argument will have greater weight at Ghent than any other, and I view it as the harbinger of peace. When you see the bravery of your countrymen you must feel proud that you govern such a people! They are worthy to be free. General Coffee's brigade for the whole time literally lay in a swamp, knee deep in mud and water, and the whole of General Carroll's line but little better. Still they maintained their position without a murmur. Three thousand stand of arms more than I had on the 8th would, in my opinion, have placed the whole British army in my hands. But the Lord's will be done.

Yours, etc.,

"ANDREW JACKSON.

"P. S.—I have had but few minutes of ease, and for some days bad health, but am better.

"P. S.—The picket guard state that they lost sight of the last sail of the British at half after eleven o'clock, A. M.; and Louisiana may again say her soil is not trodden by the sacrilegious footsteps of a hostile Briton. They were steering for Ship Island. Where destined from thence uncertain."

The joy of the army at the retreat of the enemy was extreme, since it was not only the assurance of their victory, but also gave them the near prospect of quarters more healthful and comfortable. The next few days were reward enough, they thought, for all that they had done and suffered.

The first public act of the General, after he returned from his visit to the British camp, was to address the following letter to the Abbé Dubourg, the chief of the Catholic clergy in Louisiana :—

"REVEREND SIR: The signal interposition of Heaven, in giving success to our arms against the enemy, who so lately landed on our shores—an enemy as powerful as inveterate in his hatred—while it must excite in every bosom attached to the happy government under which we live emotions of the liveliest gratitude, requires at the same time some external manifestation of those feelings.

"Permit me, therefore, to entreat that you will cause the service of public thanksgiving to be performed in the cathedral, in token of the great assistance we have received from the *Ruler of all events*, and of our humble sense of it."

He next began to make preparations for leading the main body of his army out of their quagmire camp to New Orleans.

A strong guard was organized for the occupation of the enemy's abandoned camp. A considerable force, too, was designated to guard the lines, a return of the enemy being still possible. The rest of the army were to march back in triumph to New Orleans on the 21st, two days after the departure of the foe.

The twentieth of January must have been a busy day with the General's secretaries at headquarters. There was much writing done that day. It was one of Jackson's conspicuous merits as a military commander, as we have shown before, that he made the pen nobly coöperate with the sword. He seems to have arrived instinctively at Napoleon's immortal maxim, that in war (as in every province of human exertion) moral force is to physical as three to one. To-day, therefore, he spends many hours in drawing up a general order—a permanent roll of honor, which was a source of lasting happiness to many brave men and to their friends. In this document, every corps which had served during the siege, every commanding officer, every subaltern who had distinguished himself, the physicians, the General's aids and secretaries, several privates and unattached volunteers, were mentioned by name, and honored with a few words of generally well-discriminated compliment. The officers who had fallen in action received also a kindly tribute. This paper contains seventy names. Hundreds of the descendants of the men thus distinguished still cherish it with gratitude and pride. "To the whole army," the order concluded, "the General presents the assurance of his official approbation, and of his individual regard. This splendid campaign will be considered as entitling every man who has served in it to the salutation of his brother in arms."

But this was not enough to satisfy the commander-in-chief. The general order, though it recognized the merits of the rank and file, was chiefly interesting to the seventy men whose names it mentioned. Something was required in which every man in the army could equally share. Accordingly, the General caused to be prepared an address, recount-

ing in glowing words the leading events of the campaign, and taunting the enemy with the miserable frustration of their designs. On the morning of the twenty-first, when the army was drawn up for the last time behind the lines, this burning address was read at the head of each corps, kindling an enthusiasm that prepared all ranks for the scenes that were to follow.

When the address concluded, the army broke into marching order, and began its triumphal return to New Orleans, which the General had not once visited during the campaign. It was a great and memorable day both to citizens and soldiers.

“The arrival of the army,” says Major Latour, who saw the spectacle; “was a triumph. The non-combatant part of the population of New Orleans, that is, the aged, the infirm, the matrons, daughters and children, all went out to meet their deliverers, to receive with felicitations the saviours of their country. Every countenance was expressive of gratitude—joy sparkled in every feature on beholding fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, who had so recently saved the lives, fortunes and honor of their families, by repelling an enemy come to conquer and subjugate the country. Nor were the sensations of the brave soldiers less lively on seeing themselves about to be compensated for all their sufferings by the enjoyment of domestic felicity. They once more embraced the objects of their tenderest affections, were hailed by them as their saviours and deliverers, and felt conscious that they had deserved the honorable title. How light, how trifling, how inconsiderable did their past toils and dangers appear to them at this glorious moment! All was forgotten, all painful recollections gave way to the most exquisite sensations of inexpressible joy.”

The Abbé Dubourg responded to the General's letter by appointing the 23d of the month for the performance of the *Te Deum* in the cathedral, and the citizens prepared for the occasion a splendid pageant, which displayed the talent of the French in devising emblematic shows.

“A temporary arch,” continues Major Latour, “was erected in the middle of the grand square, opposite the principal entrance of the cathedral. The different uniformed companies of Planché’s battalion lined both sides of the way, from the entrance of the square towards the river to the church. The balconies of the windows of the city hall, the parsonage house, and all the adjacent buildings, were filled with spectators. The whole square, and the streets leading to it, were thronged with people. The triumphal arch was supported by six columns. Amongst those on the right was a young lady representing Justice, and on the left another representing Liberty. Under the arch were two young children, each on a pedestal, holding a crown of laurel. From the arch in the middle of the square to the church, at proper intervals, were ranged young ladies, representing the different States and territories composing the American Union, all dressed in white, covered with transparent veils, and wearing a silver star on their foreheads. Each of these young ladies held in her right hand a flag, inscribed with the name of the State she represented, and in her left a basket trimmed with blue ribands and full of flowers. Behind each was a shield suspended on a lance stuck in the ground, inscribed with the name of a State or territory. The intervals had been so calculated that the shields, linked together with verdant festoons, occupied the distance from the triumphal arch to the church.

“General Jackson, accompanied by the officers of his staff, arrived at the entrance of the square, where he was requested to proceed to the church by the walk prepared for him. As he passed under the arch he received the crowns of laurel from the two children, and was congratulated in an address spoken by Miss Kerr, who represented the State of Louisiana. The General then proceeded to the church, amidst the salutations of the young ladies representing the different States, who strewed his passage with flowers. At the entrance of the church he was received by the Abbé Dubourg, who addressed him in a speech suitable to the occasion, and conducted him to a seat prepared for him near the altar. Te Deum was

chanted with impressive solemnity, and soon after a guard of honor attended the General to his quarters, and in the evening the town, with its suburbs, was splendidly illuminated."

The General's reply to the Abbé Dubourg's fine address was worthy of the occasion and of himself. "General Jackson knew well how to do a 'pretty thing,'" remarked to me a lady who heard him respond on this occasion, and beheld with admiration the courtly grace and dignity of his manner :

"Reverend Sir," began the General, with an imperial bow, "I receive with gratitude and pleasure the symbolical crown which piety has prepared ; I receive it in the name of the brave men who have so effectually seconded my exertions for the preservaion of their country—they well deserve the laurels which their country will bestow.

"For myself, to have been instrumental in the deliverance of such a country is the greatest blessing that heaven could confer. That it has been effected with so little loss—that so few tears should cloud the smiles of our triumph, and not a cypress leaf be interwoven in the wreath which you present, is a source of the most exquisite enjoyment.

"I thank you, reverend sir, most sincerely for the prayers which you offer up for my happiness. May those your patriotism dictates for our beloved country be first heard. And may mine for your individual prosperity, as well as that of the congregation committed to your care, be favorably received—the prosperity, the wealth, the happiness of this city will then be commensurate with the courage and other qualities of its inhabitants."

The day and night were given up to pleasure both by the soldiers and the people. The next day discipline resumed its sway. The Tennessee troops were encamped on their old ground above the city. New troops kept coming by squads and companies, and the boat-load of arms arrived for them. The General addressed himself to the task of rendering the country secure against a second surprise, in case the enemy should attempt a landing elsewhere. New works were ordered in exposed localities. New Orleans was saved, but the southwest was still the country menaced, and it was not to be supposed that the British fleet and army, reinforced by a thousand new troops, would retire from the coast without an

attempt to retrieve the campaign. Not a thought, not the faintest presentiment of immediate peace occurred to any one. The question was, not whether the enemy would make a new attempt, but whether New Orleans or Mobile would be its object. A day or two after the public entry into the city, General Jackson dispatched his friend and comrade, Colonel Arthur P. Hayne, to Washington, bearing orders most honorable to both.

GENERAL JACKSON TO COLONEL A. P. HAYNE.

"HEADQUARTERS, NEW ORLEANS, }
25th January, 1815. }

"SIR:—It is my desire, when you arrive at Washington, that you would impress on the mind of the Secretary of War the necessity of expediting regular troops to the defense of this district. General Coffee's brigade will be entitled to honorable discharge on the 20th of March—General Carroll's division about the 15th of May—and General Thomas' detachment from Kentucky about the same time. The present regular force does not exceed six hundred effectives.

"Prevented by motives of delicacy and other causes, I have not made those discriminations, nor urged those pretensions which the respective merits of officers required. I must therefore request you to mention the names of Major Peire and Captains Butler and Baker of the forty-fourth regiment, and of acting Lieutenant Call, as worthy of promotion. Captains Montgomery, Vail and Allen, of the seventh regiment, acted well during the whole campaign. They are certainly good captains, and merit promotion. Too much praise can not be bestowed on Captain Humphrey and Lieutenant Spotts of the artillery—Humphrey ought to be at the head of a regiment, and the latter of a company. I can not omit to mention the names of the Adjutant General, Colonel Robert Butler, and his Assistant Adjutant General, Major Chotard, also the Assistant Inspector General, Major Davis, and my two aids, Captains Reid and Butler. From the report of Major Overton, Captains Woolstonecraft, Murray and White ought to be noticed, and the major is worthy to command a regiment. The brave defenders of Fort Bowyer have been too long neglected. Their gallantry at one moment saved that section of the country.

"From General Coffee's brigade I am satisfied most valuable officers might be selected. The general would be a most valuable brigadier. Colonels Dyer, Elliot and Gibson are men of the utmost bravery. Captain Parish would do honor to the head of a company in any army. Captain Martin would, I have no doubt, command a company well. The govern-

ment and the world are sensible of the high opinion I entertain of General Carroll. General Adair is certainly a valuable officer, and ought to be noticed. As a brigadier, his superior is perhaps nowhere to be found. In General Coffee's brigade, there are Captain Donalson, of the rangers, and Captain Hutchins, of the mounted gunmen, whose names I have omitted asking you to mention, because they are my near connections.

"Any officers whose merit you may have noticed, and no doubt there are many such, you will be good enough to do justice to, and, for God's sake, entreat the Secretary of War not to yield too much, in time to come, to recommendations of *members of Congress*. He must be sensible of the motives from which, for the most part, such recommendations proceed, and events have too often and too sadly proved how little merit they imply.

"To all matters connected with the welfare and defense of this district you will have the goodness to direct the attention of the Secretary of War; and be assured, sir, when you are thus about to leave me at the close of a campaign which has been so full of interest, and to the successful prosecution of which your skill and courage have so much contributed, I should do no less injustice to my own feelings than to your merits did I not return you my warmest acknowledgments. Be assured, sir, wherever you go, you carry with you my high sense of your services, my thanks for them, and my prayers for your prosperity. I am your friend,

"ANDREW JACKSON,

"Major General Commanding.

"FOR COLONEL ARTHUR P. HAYNE,

"Inspector General, Southern Division, etc., etc., New Orleans."*

General Jackson, we see, was still a busy and an anxious man. He stood, moreover, on the verge of a sea of troubles, unexpected and exasperating.

Before entering with him into that tempestuous flood, the course of our narrative diverges, for a moment, to another scene, a scene without a parallel in the history of the United States, which will require the reader's best attention, and excite in him various thoughts.

* Sketch of the Life and Military Services of Arthur P. Hayne. New York: 1852.

CHAPTER XXII.

EXECUTION OF SIX MILITIAMEN.

ON the twenty-first of February, 1815, when the northern States were in the first ecstacies of peace, the "scene" just alluded to occurred. The place was Mobile, then threatened by the British fleet, which had taken Fort Bowyer nine days before, and thus had Mobile at its mercy. The news of peace, which reached the British general by a ship direct from England, arrested his career of conquest, but was still unknown to the Americans on shore. A rumor of peace may have reached General Winchester, who commanded at Mobile; but the arrival of the most certain intelligence of it could not then have averted the catastrophe now to be related. The fiat of doom had gone forth. On the twenty-second of January, the day before General Jackson went to the cathedral and was crowned with laurel, and spoke his answer to the Abbé Dubourg, he signed the order which this day was to be carried into effect.

Six coffins were placed in a row, several feet apart, in an open place near the village of Mobile. A large body of troops, perhaps fifteen hundred in number, were drawn up so that a view of the spectacle was afforded to all. Other on-lookers, a great concourse, were assembled, who stood in groups wherever the coffins could be seen. After an interval of waiting, a large country wagon drove up, containing six prisoners bound, escorted by a military guard. The wagon was driven into the center of the troops by the side of the coffins, where it stopped, and the men alighted, and each was placed next to one of the coffins. One or two of the men were visibly agitated; the rest were firm and composed. Colonel Russell, who commanded on this occasion, addressed them in an under tone:

"You are about to die by the sentence of a court-martial. Die like men—like soldiers. You have been brave in the

field. You have fought well. Do no discredit to your country, or dishonor to the army or yourselves by any unmanly fears. Meet your fate with courage."

One of the prisoners, John Harris by name, a poor illiterate Baptist preacher, the father of nine children, several of whom were very young, a weak, heavy-laden man, who had enlisted for the purpose of accompanying his son to the wars, was still unable to control his emotions. He continued to apologize for what he had done, and wept bitterly as he spoke.

Another of the prisoners, Henry Lewis, replied to Colonel Russell's exhortation in these words :

"Colonel, I have served my country well. I love it dearly, and would if I could, serve it longer and better. I have fought bravely—you know I have ; and *here* I have a right to say so myself. I would not wish to die in this way"—here his voice faltered, and he hastily brushed a tear from his eyes,—“I did not expect it. But I am now as firm as I have been on the day of battle, and you shall see that I will die as becomes a soldier. You know I am a brave man.”

“Yes, Lewis,” said the Colonel, “you have always behaved like a brave man.”

Other words were spoken by the doomed men, whom Colonel Russell continued to exhort and console. He soon retired to his place, and left the prisoners standing by their coffins, awaiting the final preparations.

These fragments of conversation give us some insight into the character of the men about to die. We have other sources of information. One of the condemned, David Hunt, on the morning of this day, wrote the following letter to his parents :—

“DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: Before this reaches you I shall be laid in the silent grave. This day, between the hours of two and four o'clock, I expect to die an innocent death. The doleful sentence of death is pronounced against me and five other militia men. I thank God that I have an interest in the blood of Jesus Christ. Dear brothers, these are the dying words of your affectionate brother. I want you to prepare to meet

me in glory. I expect to see you no more on this earth. Dear brothers and sisters, I request you all not to live in sin, but forsake your iniquities, for the day of death is a melancholy one to those who have no God. It is my prayer to God, for Christ's sake, for you all to be saved. Dear father, I want you to pay Joseph Bowton one dollar for me. I wish you to go to Squire Edwards, and get a power of attorney to draw my pay for my services; likewise collect the note you have of mine. I write no more. Time is growing short. I leave you all in the hands of that ever blessed Jesus, who is able to save to the uttermost all who put their trust in him. Dear father and mother, brothers and sisters, I bid you all farewell, until we meet in the happy regions above."

The last letter of poor Harris is also extant, duly certified. It contains about fifty mistakes in spelling and punctuation, which are here corrected:—

"DEAR WIFE: I take the opportunity of writing to you for the last time, as I expect, and am well at present; thanks be to God for his mercies; and I hope these lines may find you and all the rest in health. I did not expect to have had this awful news to write to you. But my sentence is come, and to-morrow I have to encounter death. To-morrow by twelve o'clock, which is an awful thing to think of. And I know your tenderness to me as a wife to a husband has been so great that it must be a grief to you, and as such I wish you to meet it with as much fortitude as possible. I hope we shall meet again in the worlds above. I wish you to do all you can to keep my children together, if possible. James* has promised me that he will stay with you, and I hope that my other two sons, Charles and John, will do all they can to keep their little sisters and brothers from suffering. I wish you, as soon as James returns, to move into the settlements, and do the best you can for yourselves. It grieves me hard to part with you all. But I must resign to God; and we have to part some time. And as such I hope you will bring my little son up in the fear of God, and my little daughters also, which, from your conduct, I have no reason to doubt. But, my little sons, you are young, and growing up into life. Be careful of what kind of company you keep, and never bring yourselves to any disgrace. Learn in time of youth to love both grace and truth. My mind is pestered, and I cannot write as I would wish. Remember me to all inquiring friends. So, my dear wife and children, I bid you adieu. This from your loving husband and father until death."

* A son of Harris, serving in the same regiment as his father, and with his father when this was written.

The execution proceeded. The prisoners were blindfolded, and each man knelt upon his coffin. Thirty-six soldiers were detailed, and drawn up before them ; six to fire at each. The signal was given, and the bloody deed was done. All the prisoners fell dead instantly except Lewis, who, though pierced with four balls, raised his head, and, finally, crawled upon his coffin. The officer in command approached him.

"Colonel," said Lewis, "I am not killed, but I am sadly cut and mangled. Colonel, did I not behave well?"

"Yes, Lewis ; like a man," replied Colonel Russell, with faltering voice.

"Well, sir," said Lewis, "have I atoned for my offense ? Shall I not live?"

The colonel, with cruel kindness, granted the poor fellow's prayer so far as to order a surgeon to do all he could to save his life. But the case was past surgery. He lingered four days in extreme agony, and then died.*

Such was the execution of the six militia men, with which, as elderly readers remember, the country rang for several years of General Jackson's life. Such was the result of the mutiny at Fort Jackson on the 19th and 20th of September, 1814, to which allusion has before been made in these pages.

To justify such an unexampled slaughter of American citizens the strongest possible proof, both of guilt and of necessity, must be adduced. In search of which we resort, first, to the Proceedings of the Court-Martial which tried and condemned those men ; proceedings published in full, by order of Congress, in the year 1828, forming, with the accompanying documents, a volume of considerable magnitude. As usual in such cases of voluminous publication by Congress the essence of the matter can be given in a very few words.

The mutiny occurred on the 19th and 20th of September, 1814. During the two months following, General Jackson was absorbed in the defense of Mobile and the invasion of

* Narrative of an Eye-Witness, in Newspapers, supported by affidavits of the relatives of the men executed. Republished in Pamphlet at Washington in 1828.

Florida. November the 22d he left Mobile for New Orleans, leaving the affair of the court-martial in the hands of subordinate officers. The order for the convening of the court-martial, dated November 21st, the day before the General's departure, was in the terms following :

"A general court-martial, to consist of five members and two supernumeraries, will convene at Mobile, at such time as Lieutenant Colonel Arbuckle shall direct, for the trial of such prisoners as may be brought before it. Colonel P. Perkins (of the Tennessee militia) is hereby appointed President of the Court, and Lieutenant W. L. Robeson (of the 3d regiment of Tennessee infantry) will act as Judge Advocate. Colonel Pipkin, of the 1st regiment of West Tennessee militia (the mutinous regiment) will detail the members from the Tennessee State troops at or near Fort Montgomery; order on all the witnesses necessary for the trial of the prisoners of his regiment at this place: also, furnish specific charges against them; and, lastly, will notify Lieutenant Colonel Arbuckle of the probable time they will reach this point, to enable him to regulate the hour of sitting."

The court-martial convened on the 5th of December; and consisted of the following officers: Colonel Perkins, president; members, Major William C. Smart, Captain James Blackmore, Captain William M'Cay, and Lieutenant James Boyd; supernumeraries, Lieutenant Daniel Mitchel, and Ensign Thomas H. Mitchell. All of these were officers of the Tennessee militia, comrades, in the pioneer sense of the word, of the men whom they were to try.

The first prisoner presented for trial was John Strother, captain of one of the mutineer companies of the first regiment. He was accused, first, of "Exciting to Mutiny," by saying, in the hearing of his men, that "there was no law to compel them to serve longer than three months, and that unless he was shown a better law than he had seen, he should march his company home at the end of that time." He was also accused of "Conniving at Mutiny," in not reporting to his commanding officer the use of similar words on the part of the troops, and in saying that "if he was the lieutenant he would march his company home on the 20th of September."

Twenty-three witnesses testified in the case of Captain

Strother, of whom one only stated, unequivocally, that he had heard Captain Strother use the language attributed to him. This single witness was David Morrow, a sergeant of Strother's company, himself accused, and one of the six who were shot ! He certainly had the strongest conceivable interest in establishing the charge that his own captain had countenanced the mutiny. Fifteen witnesses swore that they had heard Captain Strother employ language of a directly contrary purport to that given in the accusation ; that he had, many times, and in various ways, urged the men to stay six months in service, and not to think of going home before. A letter from Captain Strother to his brother-in-law was produced, in which he said, " Try and stop that simple notion the men have of breaking off on the 20th of this month to go home." Three officers testified that Captain Strother had asked their opinion upon the vexed question, whether three months or six was the legal term of service. Major Hicks testified that Strother had borrowed of him the laws relating to the terms of service, and had satisfied himself of the right of the government to retain his men in service six months. Colonel Pipkin said, that at the time of the final outbreak he heard the prisoner say to the mutineers : " Have you no breeding ? You act like a parcel of savages. Let me hear no more of it." Colonel Pipkin also stated that Strother *had* reported to him the mutinous spirit that prevailed among the troops, though not till five days before the mutiny.

This was the substance of the evidence against Captain Strother. It proved that he had been in doubt as to the legality of the term of six months ; that that doubt had been removed by an examination of the law ; that he had habitually discountenanced the " simple notion" of breaking off at the end of three months ; but that he had done this in the familiar, unauthoritative manner which generally characterized the intercourse between officers and men in a western army at that day. Upon being asked what he had to say in his own defense, he replied, that he was conscious of his innocence, and willingly submitted his case to the decision

of the court, for them to do equal justice to himself and his country. The court pronounced him guilty of "Exciting to Mutiny," and sentenced him to be "dismissed the service as unworthy of holding a commission in the army of the United States." The sentence may have been just, but it is not justified by the recorded testimony.

Lieutenant James McCauley, the next prisoner tried, was arraigned on three charges: First, Exciting to Mutiny, by saying, in the hearing of troops, that "the opinion of the United States Attorney for the State of Virginia was nothing but newspaper law;" second, Conniving at Mutiny, by giving directions to some of the mutineers to put into his knapsack his share of the provisions forcibly taken by them from the issuing house for the march homeward, and by saying that he would be with them in a few days, as he should be detained in camp a short time longer by business; third, Disobedience to Orders, in not exerting himself to prevent or suppress the mutiny.

David Morrow was again the principal witness against the accused, and his evidence was corroborated in part by John Harris, whose last letter the reader has just perused. Eight witnesses swore that they had heard McCauley advise the men to stay the full six months claimed by the colonel of the regiment. The testimony, upon the whole, showed that the prisoner had sympathized with the mutineers; that he had not concealed this sympathy; that he had opposed the departure of the troops languidly; and that he took no active measures of any kind to prevent it. The court pronounced him guilty of all the charges, and sentenced him to be dismissed the service, to have his sword broken over his back, and to be forever disqualified from holding a commission in the army of the United States.

The next person arraigned was James Webb, a private in Captain Strother's company, charged with desertion, mutiny, and robbery. It was proved that Webb, late on the nineteenth of September, *the day before the expiration of the three months*, had refused to go on duty as a sentinel, though

specially ordered to do so by a commissioned officer ; that, on the day following he left camp with the rest of the deserters ; that he had been subsequently elected captain by them, and served in that capacity ; and that, a month after, he had returned voluntarily to his post. The prisoner stated, in his defense, that he had served faithfully three months, and conceived, from the best information he could get, that his term of service had expired ; that he was told, by both non-commissioned officers and privates, that it was nothing but right to go home, and, as soon as he discovered his error, he had returned to his duty. The court found him guilty of desertion and mutiny, and sentenced him to “ receive the punishment of death by shooting.”

Sergeant David Morrow was then tried. It was charged against Morrow, and proved, that he had taken a leading part in the mutiny and desertion. He had gone about the camp with a paper, collecting the names of those who intended to leave on the twentieth, and was prominent among those who forcibly took provisions from the public stores. On the nineteenth, he had said, in the hearing of men on duty, that any man who intended to go the next day was a fool to work, instead of cooking provisions for the march ; in consequence of which remark a large number of men abandoned their duty, and proceeded to cook. On the twentieth, he went off with the rest, “ yelling and firing his gun.” It was also shown that the prisoner, on the eighth of November, had returned to his duty, bringing with him a *pardon* from a general officer, to the following effect : “ Whereas, David Morrow, who deserted on the twentieth of September last, has come forward and surrendered himself to this camp (Camp Stewart), has acknowledged the error of his conduct, professed his penitence for the same, and begged permission to join his company and serve out his time of service or duty as a faithful soldier, *he is hereby pardoned*, on reporting himself to his company of Colonel P. Pipkin’s regiment without delay, subject to the will of the commanding general.” The prisoner stated in his defense that he left Fort Jackson in consequence

of the advice which he received from his captain, corroborated by the opinion of General Johnson, Colonel Chatham, Captain Earp, and many others, who said there was no existing law, within their knowledge, compelling men to stay in service longer than three months. He had also been assured by Sergeant Cheek that he had once left camp in similar circumstances, and had received no punishment for it. For the rest, he threw himself upon the mercy of the court. The court had no mercy for him, but, finding him guilty of desertion and mutiny, sentenced him to suffer "death by shooting."

John Harris was the next prisoner tried. As the case of this unfortunate man, from the fact of his being a preacher and the father of nine children, and from other circumstances yet to appear, made more noise in the world than any other, I think it proper to give here the whole of the evidence adduced upon his trial, in the language of the official record. He was charged with Mutiny, and with Conniving at Mutiny.

Lieutenant Noah Bennett testified: "That he saw the prisoner, on the 19th of September, 1814, with a paper containing a good many names, and the prisoner informed him that he only set down such men's names as directed him to do so; that those who were present said it was a list of men's names to draw provisions to go home on the 20th; that the prisoner was one of the mutinous party who marched off on the morning of the 20th; that he belonged to the same company, and believes the prisoner never reported any of the mutinous party, as required by the Rules and Articles of War; that the prisoner was under his immediate command on the 19th of September, and that he behaved himself as usual, well, until the evening, when he saw him with the paper described heretofore."

John H. Hogan, private, had seen the prisoner with the paper of names, and saw him march off on the 20th.

John Husbands, private, testified: "That he saw the prisoner, some time previous to the 20th of September, with a paper, setting down such men's names as intended going home;

that the prisoner did not appear to be using any persuasion, and stated it was right some should remain at the fort, and that he would soon have a larger party than Captain Kilpatrick ; that he believes the prisoner did march off with the mutinous party on the morning of the 20th."

John Johnson, private, heard " the prisoner say, that there was no law to compel the men to stay longer than three months ; that he was a man of spirit, and would not stay longer ; that a considerable number of the men would go then, and one who would refuse he could see bayoneted about six inches ; that they would go to the big or great man, and shiver their muskets over his head, but not strike so hard as to kill him."

Edward Stephens, private, saw the prisoner with the paper of names, and saw him march off on the 20th.

James Alexander, sergeant major, " saw the prisoner, on the 19th, when the provisions were issued ; believes he received his proportionable part, and, on the morning of the 20th, marched off with the mutinous party ; that the prisoner told him that he did not suppose the list he had of men's names was improper, as it was to be handed to the colonel ; that the prisoner gave up his gun to Captain Kilpatrick, and thinks he demanded and got a receipt which he had given for his gun, or the captain wrote one for that purpose."

Ensign Daniel Kelly, belonging to the same company as the prisoner, stated that Harris generally behaved himself well, and was obedient to orders.

James Smith, private, testified : " That the prisoner advised him *not* to go home with the party on the 20th.

James Nelson, private, stated " that he had heard General Washington, of Tennessee, say to the members of a court-martial that he did not know whether the men were ordered out for a tour of three or six months, and that he had written to the Governor, but had received no answer to his letter on the subject."

This was the whole of the evidence brought forward on the trial of John Harris. He stated, in his own defense, that he

was totally unacquainted with the nature of military service ; that he had frequently heard his officers say that they knew of no law compelling militia to remain in service longer than three months ; and, from the opinion of other men of respectability and information, conceived his term of service had expired ; that he had returned his gun to his captain under that impression ; took up the receipt he had given for it, and departed from Fort Jackson, conscious of having done his duty. The court found the prisoner guilty, and sentenced him to "receive the punishment of death by shooting."

Henry Lewis, David Hunt and Edward Linsey were successively tried, charged with the same offences. The evidence in each case was to the same effect as that already given. They had all denied the legality of a six months' tour, had all received a share of the provisions, had all been prominent in advising and promoting the desertion, had all marched from camp on the fatal morning, and all returned voluntarily to their duty a month after. Lewis said, in his defense, that he had been led astray by the opinions of men of better information than himself, who positively assured him there was no law compelling militia to serve longer than three months ; that he was also persuaded off by Sergeant Hooker ; he regretted such a disgraceful act, and threw himself upon the mercy of the court. Hunt, also, averred that he had erred through ignorance and false information, was sorry for his improper conduct, and solicited mercy. Linsey made the same plea, confessed the impropriety of what he had done, and implored "the mercy of the court." The court found all three guilty, and sentenced them to "death by shooting."

The rest of the prisoners, one hundred and ninety-seven in number, were tried in batches, one batch consisting of a hundred and twenty-five men. All but five pleaded guilty to the main charges, and all but one were sentenced to have either one half or one third of their pay stopped, and, at the end of their term of service, to have one half of their hair shaved close off, and to be drummed out of camp. Ten of the prisoners, on account of their "youth and in experi-

ence," were recommended to the mercy of the commanding general.

The trials appear to have occupied the court twelve days. Supposing it to have adjourned on the 18th of December, which is inferred only from the number of recorded adjournments, the proceedings may have been dispatched to General Jackson at New Orleans by the 20th. They must have reached him, in any case, soon after the 1st of January. On the 22d of that month, as before stated, he signed his approval of the proceedings, and ordered the capital sentences to be executed. That the proceedings were examined with care is shown by the fact that the General's approval was preceded by a long and complete recapitulation of the trials, in which every prisoner's name was mentioned, his offense stated, and the sentence specified. To this document, which would fill seven or eight pages of this work, the following words were appended: "The Major General approves the proceedings and sentences of the court, and orders them to be carried into effect. With respect to those sentenced to the punishment of death, their sentence will be carried into execution four days after the promulgation of this order at Mobile." The ten young men who were recommended to mercy were pardoned and ordered to return to their duty.

So much for the trial. It throws no light upon the real points at issue between the prisoners and the commanding General. Whether those men were bound to serve six months was a question neither discussed nor referred to by the members of the court. The published trial contains but a single allusion to the subject, and that allusion was made by a witness, who said he had heard General Washington, of Tennessee, say that he did not know whether the men were to serve three months or six. We rise from a perusal of this trial more perplexed and more amazed than when we sat down to it. We must go back of the trial, therefore, for light upon the real questions involved.

And first: Were these men *called out* for six months or for three? Unquestionably for six! Here is the original

order directing the call, addressed by Governor Blount, of Tennessee, to General Jackson, dated, Nashville, May 20th, 1814 :

“**SIR**: In compliance with the requisition of Major General Thomas Pinckney, that the posts of Fort Williams, Fort Strother, Fort Armstrong, Fort Ross, and Forts Old and New Deposit, should be kept up, the doing of which he has confided to you until the objects of government in relation to the war against the hostile Creek Indians shall have been fully effected ; and from the probable expiration of the time of service of the troops now occupying those important posts, commanded by Colonel Bunch, prior to a final accomplishment of the views of government in relation to the Creek war, you will, without delay, order out one thousand militia infantry of the second division, for the term of **SIX MONTHS**, unless sooner discharged by order of the President of the United States, or you may accept a tender of service of the above number of volunteer infantry from the second division for the aforesaid term, for the purpose of garrisoning the said posts, at your option ; which latitude, in relation to calls for men to act against the Creeks, in furtherance of the views of government in that behalf, is given to me by instructions from the War Department. Those troops will be commanded by an officer of the rank of colonel, and will be required to rendezvous at Fayetteville, on the 20th of June next, thence they will proceed to the above mentioned posts, under your order, in such number to each as you shall assign,” etc., etc.

General Jackson was then at home resting from his labors in crushing the Creeks. He received this letter from Governor Blount on the day it was written, and immediately issued the following order, or rather invitation, to the militia of his division :

“**Brave Tennesseans of the second division** : The Creek war, through the divine aid of Providence and the valor of those engaged in the campaign in which you bore a conspicuous share, has been brought to a happy termination. Good policy requires that the territory conquered should be garrisoned and possession retained until appropriated by the government of the United States. In pursuance of this policy, and to relieve the troops now stationed at forts Williams, Strother, and Armstrong, on the Coosa river, as well as Old and New Deposit, I am commanded by his excellency Governor Blount to call from my division one thousand men in the service of the United States, **FOR THE PERIOD OF SIX MONTHS**, unless sooner discharged by order of the President of the United States.

"The brigadier generals, or officers commanding the 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th and 9th brigades of the second division will forthwith furnish from their brigades, respectively, by *draft* or *voluntary enlistment*, two hundred men, with two captains, two first, two second, and two third lieutenants, and two ensigns, well armed and equipped for active service, to be rendezvoused at Fayetteville, Lincoln county, in the State of Tennessee, on the 20th of June next; and then be organized into a regiment, at which place the field officers and muster-master will be ordered to meet them.

"Officers commanding the brigades composing the second division of Tennessee militia are charged with the prompt and due execution of this order."

The second question is, Did the men *know* that they were called out for six months? General Jackson's order answers the question. That order was a public one, addressed to the whole body of Jackson's command, except those who were already in the service of the United States. The men who responded did so voluntarily, and in consequence of the published call, which expressly mentioned the period of six months as the term of the solicited service.

But the main question is, Was Governor Blount *authorized by law* to call men into service for six months? Was there any fair ground for the "simple notion" that arose in the impatient minds of the men at Fort Jackson as to the legality of the longer term? This question, with all the light that time, investigation, and discussion have since thrown upon it, is one upon which there are still two opinions. Without entering into technicalities, I will present the facts which bear upon the question.

Three months was the term established by old custom and old law. The militia act of 1795 provided that "no officer, non-commissioned officer, or private of the militia shall be compelled to serve more than three months after his arrival at the place of rendezvous, in any one year." This was the law and the practice from 1795 until the war of 1812. Under that act, the Indian wars of the early day were conducted. For the suppression of an Indian outbreak a tour of three months was usually more than sufficient; and if not, new men, as was fair and natural, took the places of those who

had done their part. For three months a farmer may be absent from his farm without losing the entire product of a year, not so if he is six months away. Law, custom, convenience, necessity, all combined to root it in the western mind that three months was the term for the service of militia in the field.

April the 10th, 1812, in anticipation of the war, Congress passed an act "to authorize a detachment from the militia of the United States" of one hundred thousand men, to serve for six months. A "detachment *from*," observe. The old law was not repealed. The new term of six months applied only to the detachment of one hundred thousand, of which each State was to contribute its proportion.

Here was a fertile ground for disputes. As the war went on, and draft after draft of militia was made, the question continually arose in the ranks, when the service grew irksome: were we called out under the old and general law of 1795, or under the new and limited law of 1812? Perplexed by this question, Governor Blount, in January, 1814, when Jackson's men came trooping home from the Creek war and asked an honorable discharge, wrote to the Secretary of War for a decision, which he felt himself unable to give. He tells the Secretary that he has been obliged to call out a new force of 2,500 men to replace the troops that had left General Jackson in the wilderness. "The troops," he says, "heretofore ordered out from this State on the Creek expedition, having performed a three months' tour, and thereby having, in their opinion, done their duty (and there being here no instructions to the contrary), having mostly returned to their homes, is a reason why my order (for the calling out of new troops) was given."
 "The tour of duty mentioned is most congenial to the feelings and expectations of militia; hence, the better to promote the good of the service, that term was mentioned" in the order calling for the new force. . . . "The idea of a longer term to militia, who, I believe, are all alive to a sense of duty, and anxious for a vigorous and effectual prosecution of the campaign to a final accomplishment of the

objects of government, is disgusting, and, if required of them to perform a longer tour, their disappointment might lead to greater evils, which it is very desirable to avoid. I entertain a hope that those troops which have been in service, and the few that now remain in service, will be, by order of the President, honorably discharged and compensated for their services."

The reply of the Secretary of War was explicit and satisfactory: "The President is pleased to authorize your excellency to discharge from the service of the United States the militia alluded to." And again: "The militia may be considered as having been called out under the law of 1795, which limits the service to three months. The President is the more disposed to make this decision, as the State law provides that a period of three months shall be deemed a tour of duty, and as the spirit and patriotism of Tennessee leaves no doubt that a succession of corps, competent to the objects of government, will be regularly furnished."

But this conflict of laws demanded a remedy, which was applied by a new act of Congress, in April, 1814; an act supplementary to the act of 1795. The new act provided that "the militia, when called into the service of the United States, by virtue of the before-recited act (of 1795), MAY, if *in the opinion of the President of the United States* the public interest require it, be compelled to serve for a term not exceeding six months." The old law was not repealed. The new act lengthened the term of service only in a definite and specified case. Three months was still the established term, which could be doubled only by a special act of presidential authority.

Under the act of April, 1814, the six militia men were executed. The question of the legality of their execution, then, resolves into this: Had the President authorized Governor Blount to apply to the corps of which those unfortunate men were members the enlargement of the act of 1795? Had the President expressed the "opinion," in legal form, that the public interest required them to serve six months?

If he had, the execution was lawful. If he had not, the execution was a hideous mistake.

I assert, unhesitatingly, that in all the mass of documents and dispatches relating to this matter, there is not one, nor a sentence of one, which so much as justifies an inference that Governor Blount received in any form the requisite authorization.

When this affair was before Congress in 1828, the committee to whom it was referred, a partizan committee, founded their justification of the execution chiefly upon the following passage of a letter from the Secretary of War to Governor Blount, dated January 11th, 1814, three months before the passage of the new law : " You are authorized to supply, by militia drafts, or by volunteers, any deficiency which may arise in the militia division under the command of General Jackson, and without referring on this head to this department. It may be well that your excellency should consult General Pinckney on such occasions, as he can best judge of the whole number necessary to the attainment of the public objects."

" On this head," says the Secretary. What head ? The next sentence informs us. It was the " number" of troops necessary, not the length of the term of service. That had just been settled to be three months. The new law was passed in April, and after its passage there was no communication founded upon it from the President to the Governor. The Governor took the longer term for granted, so did the members of the court-martial, so did not the unhappy men who left Fort Jackson on the 20th of September.

In view of these facts, the conclusion seems irresistible, that the men were correct in their " simple notion," and that their departure from camp was not desertion, but a lawful going home after they had done their part as citizen soldiers. If this is an erroneous conclusion, the means exist in every collection of public documents for the year 1828 of refuting it. I should hail its refutation with pleasure, because I am sure that General Jackson acted in this affair from an honest

and perfect conviction of the lawfulness and necessity of what he did.

The truth is, the vital point at issue never crossed his mind. He did not go far enough back to reach it. The Governor's order and his own, in obedience to which the men hastened to the rendezvous on the 20th of June, both mentioned six months as the term of service. The Governor's right to require that period he never even thought of questioning. How could he question it, when the Governor's original order contained an assurance that the government had, by express instructions from the Department of War, given him "*latitude*" with regard to the calling out of men for service against the Creeks? Jackson's inference, that the latitude related to the length of the term, as well as to the number of men, was the more inevitable, as he had been all along contending for the longer term, and it was partly in consequence of his own disputes with his army that the longer term was included in the new act. General Jackson, probably, never performed a public act which he more clearly felt to be right, lawful, and necessary, than his sanctioning the proceedings of that wonderful court-martial.

But some of the mutinous acts were performed on the 19th of September, when the term of *three* months had not expired. One of the men had refused to stand sentinel on the afternoon of that day. Sergeant Morrow told the men they were fools to be at work, and so induced several to leave their duty. There was also a forcible taking of flour from the public stores, and a riotous killing of cattle in the public pens. If, however, it was lawful for the men to go home, they had a legal right to provisions sufficient for the march through a wilderness which furnished none. The mode by which they supplied themselves was, it is true, irregular and riotous. But whether such acts, committed in such circumstances, under the influence of such feelings, justified the slaying of six virtuous and well-intentioned American citizens, is a question which the reader may decide. Granting the execution lawful, was it necessary to sacrifice six men? In the strictest disciplined armies of Eu-

rope, it is usual, when a number of soldiers are capitally convicted, to select one or two of the most guilty to expiate the offense by death, reserving the rest for punishment less severe. For example's sake, the execution of one or two is more effectual than the wholesale slaughtering of many. Two of these militia men were certainly guilty of mutiny on the 19th of September, Sergeant Morrow and James Webb. Could not their blood have atoned, if blood must have been shed ?

The best justification of the conduct of General Jackson in this horrible business is to be found in the circumstances of the man at the time. He knew enough of the character of militia to know that the victorious host under his command, as soon as the rejoicings at the victory were over, would so burn with impatience to go home and recount their exploits to admiring friends that it would task his powers to the uttermost to keep together a competent army. At Mobile, two months before, he had formed the determination to carry out the sentences of the court-martial, whatever they might be. He had had enough of mutiny. It was no time, he thought, when, at length, the proceedings of the court reached him, to show mercy. A great hostile armament still threatened the coasts which he was commissioned to defend. Another month and he might again be grappling with the foe. If the war had lasted another year, and he had been compelled to march his main body round to Mobile and engage in a long and arduous strife with a powerful British army, the contest continuing through the heat and pestilence of summer, then the stern and terrible example of the execution might have been that which alone could nerve his arm to strike an effectual blow. To do justice to General Jackson we must survey his situation as it appeared to his own eyes at the moment. Those who do that may still deplore and condemn the error, but they will call it by no harsher name.

A successful general must have that in him which will enable him to do terrible things. That General Jackson could deliberately consign six men to death is a fact which, in itself, is not dishonorable to him, but the contrary. Gen-

eral Washington was of kind and gentle blood, but he could hang a spy whom he esteemed, and could address to his own troops such words as these :—"It is a noble cause we are engaged in—the cause of virtue and mankind ; every temporal advantage and comfort to us and our posterity depends upon the vigor of our exertions ; in short, freedom or slavery must be the result of our conduct ; there can therefore be no greater inducement for men to behave well. But it may not be amiss for the troops to know that if any man in action shall presume to skulk, hide himself, or retreat from the enemy without the orders of his commanding officers, he *will be instantly shot down*, as an example of cowardice."

It is a proof of the general intoxication of the people in 1815 that the execution of the six militiamen made no impression whatever upon the public mind, if it was even heard of. I find no allusion to the affair in the New York or Washington papers of that year. At a later day, however, their blood cried aloud from the ground against General Jackson, but cried in vain. What General Jackson felt and thought of the matter when years of peace had given him opportunity for inquiry and reflection is well known. In the year 1827, when he was irritated by the outcry made upon the subject by the party presses, he wrote two letters, justifying his conduct to the uttermost, and giving evidence that he had as bad a memory as ever man was troubled with. The following is his version of the case of poor Harris :

"Truth is mighty, and shall prevail. Intrigue and management, incapable of blindfolding the virtuous yeomanry of my country, will fail of their ends ; nor can they impose any other task on me than that of defending myself against their imputations, whenever the authors choose to unmask themselves—a task which I am always ready to perform.

"The cause that you allude to might as well be ascribed to the President of the United States, as commander-in-chief of the land and naval forces, as to me ; but as you ask for a statement of facts, I send them in concise form.

"In the year 1814, Colonel Pipkin, at the head of his drafted militia, was charged with the defence of Fort Jackson, in the heart of the Creek nation, and within my military district. Whilst thus in command, part of

his regiment mutinied. At the head of this mutiny was a Mr. Harris, a preacher, and, as my memory now serves me, of the Baptist profession. He broke open the commissary store, knocked out the heads of the flour barrels, taking what he wanted, and destroying what he pleased—proceeded then to the bake-house, and set it on fire, and marched off in open defiance of the Colonel, leaving the garrison without provisions, and so weakened by desertion that it might have fallen a sacrifice to the Indians. I was then at Mobile. Informed of this mutiny and outrage by express, I ordered the mutineers and deserters to be pursued, apprehended, and brought back for trial. The ringleaders, Harris at their head, after some time, were apprehended and brought to Mobile in irons, after I had left there for New Orleans, and had charged General Winchester with the command of that section of the country. They were tried by court-martial, and condemned to die—five were shot, and the balance pardoned. The others who had deserted, before they reached home, returned before Harris and his party were arrested, joined me and were forgiven—were with me when I marched to Pensacola in 1814; followed me thence to New Orleans, when they regained their former good character by their valorous and soldierly conduct, and were honorably discharged. These proceedings are on file in the department of war, where those who wish for truth can be informed by applying to the record.

“It is for the public to judge whether this professed ambassador of Christ did not well deserve death for the crimes of robbery and arson, and this outrageous mutiny, which jeopardized not only the remainder of the garrison, from its exposed situation, but the safety of our country—and whether this wolf in sheep’s clothing was not a fit subject of example. Harris, when condemned to die, acknowledged the justice of his condemnation, and stated that he had no hope of pardon here, but that he had of forgiveness hereafter—which I trust he obtained, through the mediation of our blessed Saviour, and a sincere repentance of his crimes that brought on him his condemnation.

“Let it be recollected that this mutiny occurred at a period when every nerve of our country was strained to protect it from the invasion of an overwhelming British force, whose agents were then engaged in stirring up the Creeks to the indiscriminate murder of our defenseless border citizens. These are the facts of the case, for your information.”

Another letter of Jackson’s, on the same subject, contained the following, by way of postscript: “It will be recollected in the Revolutionary war, at a time of great trial, General Washington ordered deserters to be shot without trial. Captain Reed, under this order, having arrested three,

had one shot without trial, and his head brought to the general, but he (General Washington) reprimanded Reed for not shooting the whole three. General Green, near Rudgly's Mill, so says Gordon's history, had eight men hung on one pole for desertion. Johnson's Life of Green says five, without court-martial. I only approved of the proceedings of a court composed of men who were the friends and neighbors of those to be tried by them."

To Jackson's tissue of misstatements with regard to Harris, a son of that unfortunate man wrote an indignant reply, giving a version of the affair which accorded with the evidence produced before the court-martial. He denied the burning of the bakehouse, which, he says, was thrown into the river four or five weeks before the men left Fort Jackson. The following is the material part of the younger Harris' narrative :

"Late in the year 1813 my brother James enrolled himself; he was then sixteen years old, and shortly after our house was burnt, and we moved on the Indian land, about eight miles from where we lived, to a saltpetre cave, where my father had a furnace to make petre. Not long afterwards James was drafted into his old company. Father, thinking him too young to go without protection, took the place of Samuel Sherrel, and went with him.

"After they had served three months, my father, believing their time was out, and getting no satisfaction from his officers, came home, '*not in open defiance of the Colonel*,' but after giving up his gun, and lifting his receipt.

"Soon after he got home, he learnt that General Jackson had ordered them back by express. He stayed at home three or four days, *and started back of his own accord*. Many of his neighbors tried to prevail on him to keep out of the way, and every means was offered him to have done so, till the heat of passion had subsided; but he refused, and frequently said that he was conscious that for what they had done they could not be hurt, and that he feared nothing even before the most prejudiced court-martial, except one thing—that was a paper on which he had taken down the names of those that were going home, though he had no fears from *that* if they would give him *justice*.

"Colonel Pipkin had told some of the men if they would go home whether or not, and would give him their names, he would make provision for them to draw rations. If I had any confidence in the Colonel's oath, I would ask him if he ever made any such statement or not. This is the paper above alluded to.

"When my father started to trial, I went with him ten or twelve miles. We passed the house of one Salmon, who said he had come back for the men. My father stopped and told him he was going back, and Salmon told my father if he would wait a day or two at Winchester, which was about fourteen miles from there, they would go together. My father waited a day. Some of his friends persuaded him to enlist; but he refused to do it, because he thought himself in no danger. They then went on to Fort Jackson, when they gave up to Colonel Hart. I have lately been told that Salmon gave him up as a prisoner, which I do not believe; but I will be able to state explicitly before long. Colonel Hart was on parade and about to march for Mobile when they arrived. They went with Hart, who, to add to the fatigue of my father, I am told, had him handcuffed. In two or three days, as I understand, they were taken off. After they got to Mobile and had their trial, and they knew the decree of the court-martial, my father was advised to write to General Jackson himself, as he was acquainted with the General, and to state the circumstances under which he was tried and the situation he left home, and pray him for a pardon or at least a new hearing. After he wrote his first letter to General Jackson, his friends wrote another, petitioning for a reprieve.

"General Jackson, in the most unrelenting manner, charges my father 'of robbery and arson.' I have previously disproved this savage charge. He audaciously asks, 'whether this wolf in sheep's clothing was not a fit subject of example.' I did hope that a liberal and generous feeling, on the part of general Jackson, would show the character of my deceased father, at least as far as those assaults which slander and falsehood delight to inflict. In that I have been egregiously disappointed. My father was an honest man, and a kind and protecting father, which can be proved by many of Jackson's friends. And I boldly say, if *he* had justice, he would be '*a fit subject of example.*' "

"Jackson has the effrontery to state in the face of the world, that 'Harris, when condemned to die, acknowledged the justice of his condemnation, and stated he had no hope here, but he had of forgiveness hereafter.' And in his letter to Mr. Owens, of Kentucky, that 'this man (Harris) never wrote but one letter to me that I ever saw or heard of before this publication, and in that he acknowledges himself guilty of the enormous crimes charged against him, and stated his willingness to meet the just sentence of the court.' It is inhuman to suppose this to be true; and if so, why does he suppress the letter? My brother James was with him all the time, and of course knew the secrets of his breast, and he heard of no such acknowledgments, nor saw any such letter.

"Read the words of my father, in a farewell letter to my mother: 'Dear wife, I take this opportunity of writing to you for the last time. .

. *I did not expect to have this awful news to write to*

you; but my sentence is come; to-morrow by twelve o'clock, which is an awful thing to think of.'

"After I saw the statements of Jackson, I wrote to him, requesting him to give me his reasons for making them, and to send me the contents of the letters addressed to him by my father. As yet I have received no answer or satisfaction. This seems to be a 'task' that he is not 'always ready to perform.'

"I am a citizen of Lawrence county, Alabama. If any one wishes to scrutinize what I have said, he can call and he shall have satisfaction."

Fathers and kindred of others of the Six came forward with similar statements, many of them very artless and affecting. The truth was gradually elicited in all its horrible completeness; but as that truth was known to have been sought out and used for a party purpose only, it failed to produce much effect upon the public mind. In the popular lives of Jackson, whether written before or since his death, there is usually no allusion to the execution of these men. Eaton mentions it not, and Eaton has been the one source of popular information respecting Jackson since the year 1818.

Every fact that could aid the reader in forming a correct judgment of this affair has now been given, and given with the single object of enabling him to form such a judgment.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ARRESTS AT NEW ORLEANS.

"I BELIEVE," wrote General Jackson to the Secretary of War, on the day after the flight of the English army, "you will not think me too sanguine in the belief that Louisiana is now clear of its enemy. I hope, however, I need not assure you that wherever I command such a belief shall never occasion any relaxation in the measures for resistance. I am but too sensible that the moment when the enemy is opposing us is not the most proper to provide for them."

Harmless words, one would think. A wise resolution, every one will admit. Yet it was the carrying out of this resolution that plunged General Jackson into the "sea of troubles," to which allusion has before been made. For the first three weeks, however, after the triumphal return of the army to New Orleans, little occurred to disturb the public harmony. Martial law was rigorously maintained, and all the troops were kept in service. The duty at the lines and below the lines was hard and disagreeable, but, whatever murmurs were uttered by the troops, the duty was punctually performed. The mortality at the hospitals continued to be very great. The business of the city was interrupted, in some degree, by the prevalence of martial law, and still more by the retention in service of business men. But so long as there was no whisper of peace in the city, the restraint was felt to be necessary, and was submitted to without audible complaining. During this interval some pleasant things occurred, which exhibit the General in a favorable light.

January the 27th, General Jackson addressed a feeling letter to Nicholas Girod, the mayor of the city, complimenting him highly upon the zeal and devotion to the public good which had been displayed by him and by the citizens during the siege. "I anticipate," said the General, "with great satisfaction the period when the final departure of the enemy will enable you to resume the ordinary functions of your office and restore the citizens to their usual occupations—they have merited the blessings of peace by bravely facing the dangers of war. I should be ungrateful or insensible if I did not acknowledge the marks of confidence and affectionate attachment with which I have personally been honored by your citizens; a confidence that has enabled me with greater success to direct the measures for their defense, an attachment which I sincerely reciprocate, and which I shall carry with me to the grave."

February the 4th, Edward Livingston, Mr. Shepherd, and Captain Maunsel White were sent to the British fleet to arrange for a further exchange of prisoners, and for the re-

covery of a large number of slaves, who, after aiding the English army on shore, had gone off with them to their ships. They were charged also with a less difficult errand. General Keane, when he received his wounds on the 8th of January, lost on the field a valuable sword, the gift of a friend. He stated the circumstance to General Jackson, and requested him to restore the sword. It was an unusual request, thought the General, but he complied with it, adding polite wishes for General Keane's recovery. General Keane acknowledged the restoration of the sword in courteous terms. In communicating the event to the Secretary of War, Jackson gave his British adversary a mild reproof: "Major General Keane, having lost his sword in the action of the 8th of January, and having expressed a great desire to regain it, valuing it as the present of an esteemed friend, I thought proper to have it restored to him, thinking it more honorable to the American character to return it, after the expression of those wishes, than to retain it as a trophy of victory. I believe, however, it is a singular instance of a British general soliciting the restoration of his sword fairly lost in battle."

Much polite correspondence ensued between Jackson and the British general relative to the prisoners and the slaves. Every thing with regard to the exchange of prisoners was arranged easily enough, but the slaves caused some difficulty. General Lambert would not compel their return, though he placed no obstacles in the way of such as could be persuaded back to their masters. Some of them did return, but the greater part sailed away with the fleet. One passage from the correspondence between General Jackson and General Lambert is too creditable to the American General to be omitted here. "Some of my officers," wrote Jackson, "under a mistaken idea that deserters were confined with the prisoners, have, as I have understood, made improper applications to some of the latter to quit your service. It is possible they may have in some instances succeeded in procuring either a feigned or a real consent to this effect; the whole of the transaction, however, met my marked reprehension, and all the

prisoners are now restored to you. But as improper allurements may have been held out to these men, it will be highly gratifying to my feelings to learn that no investigation will be made, or punishment inflicted, in consequence of the conduct of those who may, under such circumstances, have swerved from their duty." General Lambert assured Jackson, in his reply, that no investigation should be made into the conduct of the returning troops, and applauded the humanity of the request.

Meanwhile Edward Livingston and his friends, who were expected to return to New Orleans in a few days, did not present themselves. Two weeks elapsed and still they came not. Mr. Livingston's family became somewhat alarmed. Connected with this delay a little anecdote has been related to me by the same kind informant, the inmate of Mr. Livingston's house, whose recollections have brightened previous pages of this work. To understand the story it is necessary for the reader to recall to his recollection a certain Major Mitchell, who was captured, so much to his astonishment and disgust, on the night of the 23d of December. Major Mitchell, being the highest in rank among the English prisoners, was popularly regarded as a kind of hostage, whose presence assured kind treatment to the American prisoners in the British fleet. Fearful would be the fate of Major Mitchell, thought the multitude, if the American prisoners came to any harm. The General calling one day upon Mrs. Livingston, as was often his custom, found her in some concern for the safety of her absent husband. Her little daughter, too, began to whimper :

"When are you going to bring me back my father, General? The British will kill my father, and I shall never see my father any more," said the child, sobbing.

The mighty man of war stooped down, and, patting the little girl upon the head, consoled her thus :

"Don't cry, my child. If the British touch so much as a hair of your father's head, *I'll hang Mitchell!*"

This was enough for the logic of childhood. The little

girl dried her tears, and had no more fears for her father's safety.

The three Americans, it chanced, reached the fleet just as the English general was about to invest Fort Bowyer, and they were consequently detained until the success of that operation was secured. They were treated with all cordiality by the British officers, and passed their time very agreeably. Assailed by an overwhelming force, both by sea and land, Major Lawrence had no choice but to capitulate, but the capitulation was shorn of every circumstance of dishonor. "Major Lawrence marched the garrison out of Fort Bowyer with all the honors of war. The capitulation was so arranged as to enable some of the naval commanders to get up a drama which might add to the importance of the achievement. A great dinner was given on the occasion on board the *Tonnant*, at which Admiral Codrington took the head of the table and the Americans were seated on his right. After a sumptuous repast, and as the dessert and wines were brought on the table, the curtains of the cabin were drawn aside, and a full view of Fort Bowyer presented to the company at the very moment when the American flag descended the staff, and that of Great Britain ascending, under a salute of artillery, waved in its place.

" 'Well, Colonel Livingston, you perceive,' remarked Admiral Codrington, 'that our day has commenced,' pointing to the British flag.

" 'Your good health,' replied Mr. Livingston, touching glasses with the exultant Briton. 'We do not begrudge you that small consolation.'

"Small it proved, indeed, as the opening fortunes of the British were suddenly closed by an event which occurred on the 13th, just two days after the surrender of Fort Bowyer. On that day Mr. R. D. Shepherd was standing on the deck of the *Tonnant* conversing with Admiral Malcolm, a gentleman of the most amiable and genial manners, when a gig approached with an officer, who coming aboard the *Tonnant* presented to the admiral a package. On opening and reading the contents,

Admiral Malcolm took off his cap and gave a loud hurrah. Then turning to Mr. Shepherd, he seized his hand and grasping it warmly, exclaimed, 'Good news! good news! We are friends. The Brazen has just arrived outside with the news of peace. I am delighted!' adding, in an under tone, 'I have hated this war from the beginning.' **

Edward Livingston returned to New Orleans with the news of peace on the nineteenth of February. The city was thrown into joyful excitement, and the troops expected an immediate release from their arduous toils. But they were doomed to disappointment. The package which Admiral Malcolm had received contained only a newspaper announcement of peace. There was little doubt of its truth, but the statements of a newspaper are as nothing to the commanders of fleets and armies. To check the rising tide of feeling, Jackson, on the very day of Livingston's return, issued a proclamation, stating the exact nature of the intelligence, and exhorting the troops to bear with patience the toils of the campaign a little longer. "We must not," said he, "be thrown into false security by hopes that may be delusive. It is by holding out such that an artful and insidious enemy too often seeks to accomplish what the utmost exertions of his strength will not enable him to effect. To place you off your guard and attack you by surprise is the natural expedient of one who, having experienced the superiority of your arms, still hopes to overcome you by stratagem. Though young in the 'trade' of war, it is not by such artifices that he will deceive us."

This proclamation seems rather to have inflamed than allayed the general discontent. The conduct of the Legislature, too, about this time, tended to weaken the General's authority. Unable to forget or forgive their exclusion from their chamber for a day by armed men, they now avenged the indignity by voting thanks to all the leading officers of the army, except the General-in-chief. General Thomas, General

Adair, General Carroll, General Coffee, and Colonel Hinds, all received, through Governor Claiborne, a handsome expression of legislative gratitude, and all transmitted a suitable acknowledgment. In this correspondence there is but one allusion to General Jackson, which occurs in the reply of General Coffee to Governor Claiborne. Coffee's letter was eminently civil, but he contrived to impart to an ignoring Legislature his opinion of the merits of the General in command. "While we indulge," said General Coffee, "the pleasing emotions that are thus produced, we should be guilty of great injustice, as well to merit as to our own feelings, if we withheld from the commander-in-chief, to whose wisdom and exertions we are so much indebted for our successes, the expression of our highest admiration and applause. To his firmness, his skill, his gallantry—to that confidence and unanimity among all ranks produced by those qualities, we must chiefly ascribe the splendid victories in which we esteem it a happiness and an honor to have borne a part."

This action of the Legislature did not tend to conciliate either of the opposing forces. It passed, however, without comment from the General. But an event, extremely trifling in itself, soon precipitated the inevitable collision.

Two days after the return of Livingston, a paragraph appeared in the *Louisiana Gazette*, to the effect, that "a flag had just arrived from Admiral Cochrane to General Jackson, officially announcing the conclusion of peace at Ghent between the United States and Great Britain, and virtually requesting a suspension of arms."

For this statement there was not the least foundation in truth, and its effect at such a crisis was to inflame the prevailing excitement. Upon reading the paragraph Jackson caused to be prepared an official contradiction, which he sent by an aid-de-camp to the offending editor, with a written order requiring its insertion in the next issue of the paper. This contradiction, a very famous document in its day, long stigmatized as an audacious attempt to "muzzle" the press, was in the words following:—

"SIR: The commanding General having seen a publication which issued from your press to day, stating that 'a flag had just arrived,' etc., etc., requires that you will hasten to remove any improper impression which so unauthorized and incorrect a statement may have made.

"No request, either direct or virtual, has been made to him by the commander of either the land or naval forces of Great Britain for a suspension of arms. The letter of 'Bathurst to the Lord Mayor,' which furnishes the only official information that has been communicated, will not allow the supposition that a suspension of hostilities is meant or expected, until the treaty signed by the respective commissioners shall have received the ratification of the Prince Regent and of the President of the United States.

"The Commanding General again calls upon his fellow-citizens and soldiers to recollect that it is yet uncertain whether the articles which have been signed at Ghent for the reestablishment of peace will be approved by those whose approbation is necessary to give efficiency to them. Until that approbation is given and properly announced, he would be wanting to the important interests which have been confided to his protection, if he permitted any relaxation in the army under his command. How disgraceful, as well as disastrous, would it be, if, by surrendering ourselves credulously and weakly to newspaper publications—often proceeding from ignorance, but more frequently from dishonest designs—we permitted an enemy, whom we have so lately and so gloriously beaten, to regain the advantages he has lost, and triumph over us in turn.

"The General Order issued on the 19th expresses the feelings, the views, and the hopes which the commanding General still entertains.

"Henceforward, it is expected that no publication of the nature of that herein alluded to and censured will appear in any paper of the city, unless the editor shall have previously ascertained its correctness, and gained permission for its insertion from the proper source."

This was regarded by the rebellious spirits as a new provocation. The "muzzled" editor, in the same number of his paper, relieved his mind by the following comments upon the General's order: "On Tuesday we published a small handbill, containing such information as we had conceived correct, respecting the signing of preliminaries of peace between the American and British commissioners at Ghent. We have since been informed from *Headquarters* that the information therein contained is incorrect, and we have been *ordered* to publish the following, to do away the evil that might arise from our imprudence. Every man may read for himself, and

think for himself, (thank God ! our thoughts are as yet unshackled !) but as we have been officially informed that New Orleans is a camp, our readers must not expect us to take the liberty of expressing our opinion as we might in a *free city*. We can not submit to have a *censor of the press* in our office, and as we are *ordered* not to publish any remarks without authority, we shall submit to be silent until we can speak with safety—except making our paper a sheet of shreds and patches—a mere advertiser for our mercantile friends.”

Pretty loud growling this to come from a muzzled editor. In this posture of affairs, some of the French troops hit upon an expedient to escape the domination of the General. They claimed the protection of the French consul, M. Toussard: the consul, nothing loath, hoisted the French flag over the consulate, and dispensed certificates of French citizenship to all applicants. Naturalized Frenchmen availed themselves of the same artifice, and, for a few days, Toussard had his hands full of pleasant and profitable occupation. Jackson met this new difficulty by ordering the consul and all Frenchmen, who were not citizens of the United States, to leave New Orleans within three days, and not to return to within one hundred and twenty miles of the city, until the news of the ratification of the treaty of peace was officially published ! The register of votes of the last election was resorted to for the purpose of ascertaining who were citizens, and who were not. Every man who had voted was claimed by the General as his “fellow-citizen and soldier,” and compelled to do duty as such.

This bold stroke of authority aroused much indignation among the anti-martial law party, which, on the 3d of March, found voice in the public press. The article referred to was the direct cause of the celebrated “arrests.” It is alluded to in every work relating to these events, but is published in none of them. As it will conduce to the perfect understanding of the affair to have the article printed here at length, space shall be spared for a translation. It was published in the French language, and was signed, “A Citizen of Louisiana of French Origin.”

"MR. EDITOR:—To remain silent on the last general orders, directing all the Frenchmen who now reside in New Orleans to leave it within three days, and to keep at a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, would be an act of cowardice which ought not to be expected from a citizen of a free country; and when every one laments such an abuse of authority, the press ought to denounce it to the people.

"In order to encourage a communication between both countries, the 7th and 8th articles of the treaty of cession secure to the French who come to Louisiana certain commercial advantages, which they are to enjoy during a term of twelve years, which are not yet expired. At the expiration of that term they shall be treated in the same manner as the most favored nation. A peace, which nothing is likely to disturb, uniting both nations, the French have, until this moment, been treated in the United States with that regard which a great people deserves and requires, even in its reverses, and with that good will which so eminently distinguishes the American government in its relations with foreign nations. In such circumstances, what can be the motives which have induced the commander-in-chief of the seventh military district to issue general orders of so vexatious a nature? When the foreigners of every nation, when the Spaniards, and even the English, are suffered to remain unmolested among us, shall the French alone be condemned to ostracism, because they rendered such great services? Had they remained passive spectators of the late events—could their sentiments towards us be doubted,—then we might merely be surprised at the course now pursued with regard to them. But how are we to restrain our indignation, when we remember that these very Frenchmen who are now to be exiled have so powerfully contributed to the preservation of Louisiana—without speaking of the corps who so eminently distinguished themselves, in which we see a number of Frenchmen either as officers or privates? How can we forget that they were *French* artillerists who directed and served some of those cannon which so greatly annoyed the British forces? Can any one flatter himself that such important services are so soon forgotten? No; they are engraved in everlasting characters on the hearts of all the inhabitants of Louisiana, and they will play a brilliant part in the history of our country. And when those brave men ask no other reward but to be permitted peaceably to enjoy among us the rights secured to them by treaties and the laws of America—far from sharing in the sentiments which have dictated the general order, we avail ourselves of this opportunity to give them a public testimony of our gratitude.

"Far from us the idea that there can be a single Frenchman so pusillanimous as to forsake his country, merely to please the military commander of this district, and in order to avoid the proscription to which he has chosen to condemn them! We may, therefore, expect to see them

repair to the consul of their nation, there to renew the act which binds them to their country. But, supposing that, yielding to a sentiment of fear, they consent to cease to be French citizens, would they, by such an abjuration, become American citizens? No, certainly they would not. The man who might be powerful enough to denationalize them would not be powerful enough to give them a country. It is better, therefore, for a man to remain a faithful Frenchman than to suffer himself to be scared even by martial law; a law useless when the presence of the foe and honor call us to arms, but which becomes degrading when their shameful flight permits us to enjoy a glorious rest, which terror ought not to disturb.

“Is it possible that the Constitution and the laws of our country have left it in the power of the several commanders of military districts to dissolve all at once the ties which unite America to the nations of Europe? Is it possible that peace or war depend upon their caprice and the friendship or enmity they might entertain for any nation? We do not hesitate to declare that nothing of the kind exists. The President alone has, by law, the right to adopt against *alien enemies* such measures as the state of war may render necessary; and, for that purpose, he must issue a proclamation. But this is a power which he cannot delegate. It is by virtue of that law, and of a proclamation, that the subjects of Great Britain were removed from our ports and sea-shores. But we do not know any law authorizing General Jackson to apply to *alien friends* a measure which the President of the United States himself has only the right to adopt against *alien enemies*.

“Our laws protect strangers who come to settle or reside among us. To the sovereign alone belongs the right of depriving them of that protection; and all those who know how to appreciate the title of an American citizen, and who are acquainted with their prerogatives, will easily understand that by the sovereign I do by no means intend to designate a major general, or any other military commander; to whom I willingly grant the power of issuing general orders like the one in question, but to whom I deny that of having them executed.

“If the last general order has no object but to inspire in us a salutary fear, it is only destined to be read. If it is not to be followed by any act of violence, if it is only to be executed by those who may choose to leave the city in order to enjoy the pure air of the country, we shall forget that extraordinary order. But should any thing else happen, we are of opinion that the tribunals will, sooner or later, do justice to the victims of that illegal order.

“Every alien friend who shall continue to respect the laws which rule our country will continue to be entitled to their protection. Could that general order be applied to us, we should calmly wait until we were forced by violence to obey it, well convinced of the firmness of the magistrates who are

the organs of the law in this part of the Union, and the guardians of public order.

“Let us conclude by saying that it is high time the laws should resume their empire; that the citizens of this State should return to the full enjoyment of their rights; that, in acknowledging that we are indebted to General Jackson for the preservation of our city and the defeat of the British, we do not feel much inclined, through gratitude, to sacrifice any of our privileges, and, less than any other, that of expressing our opinion of the acts of his administration; that it is time the citizens accused of any crime should be rendered to their natural judges, and cease to be brought before special or military tribunals, a kind of institution held in abhorrence, even in absolute governments; that, after having done enough for glory, the moment of moderation has arrived; and, finally, that the acts of authority which the invasion of our country and our safety may have rendered necessary are, since the evacuation of it by the enemy, no longer compatible with our dignity and our oath of making the Constitution respected.”

Here was open defiance. Jackson accepted the issue with a promptness all his own. He sent an order to the editor of the *Louisiana Courier*, in which the article appeared, commanding his immediate presence at headquarters. The name of the author of the communication was demanded and given. It was Mr. Louaillier, a member of the Legislature, a gentleman who had distinguished himself by his zeal in the public cause, and who had been particularly prominent in promoting subscriptions for the relief of the ill-clad soldiers. Upon his surrendering the name the editor was dismissed.

At noon on Sunday, the 5th of March, two days after the publication of the article, Mr. Louaillier was walking along the levee, opposite one of the most frequented coffee-houses in the city, when a Captain Amelung, commanding a file of soldiers, tapped him on the shoulder and informed him that he was a prisoner. Louaillier, astonished and indignant, called the bystanders to witness that he was conveyed away against his will by armed men. A lawyer, P. L. Morel by name, who witnessed the arrest from the steps of the coffee-house, ran to the spot, and was forthwith engaged by Louaillier to act as his legal adviser in this extremity. Louaillier was placed in confinement. Morel hastened to the residence of Judge Dom-

inick A. Hall, Judge of the District Court of the United States, to whom he presented, in his client's name, the following petition :

"Louis Louaillier, an inhabitant of this district, member of the House of Representatives of the State of Louisiana, humbly sheweth—

"That he has been this day illegally arrested by F. Amelung, an officer in the forty-fourth regiment, who informed your petitioner that he did arrest your said petitioner agreeable to orders given to him (the said F. Amelung) by his excellency Major General Jackson; and that your said petitioner is now illegally detained pursuant to said orders.

"Wherefore your petitioner prays that a writ of habeas corpus be issued to bring him before your honor, that he may be dealt with according to the Constitution and the laws of the United States.

"P. L. MOREL, Attorney for the petitioner."

Upon the back of this petition (to the facts of which Morel made affidavit), Judge Hall wrote these words :

"Let the prayer of the petition be granted, and the petitioner be brought before me at eleven o'clock to-morrow.

"DOM. A. HALL.

"March 6th."

Upon receiving this from the hands of the judge, Morel wrote a note to General Jackson to the following effect :

"TO HIS EXCELLENCY MAJOR GENERAL JACKSON:

"SIR: I have the honor to inform your excellency that, as counsel, I have made application to his honor Dom. A. Hall, Judge of the District Court of the United States, for a writ of habeas corpus in behalf of Mr. Louaillier, who conceived that he was illegally arrested by order of your excellency; and that the said writ has been awarded, and is returnable to-morrow, 6th instant, at eleven o'clock, A. M.

"I have the honor to be your excellency's most humble and obedient servant,

"P. L. MOREL, Counsellor at Law."

General Jackson retorted by writing a brief epistle to Colonel Arbuckle, of which the following is a copy :

"NEW ORLEANS, March 5th, 1815, }
 "Seven o'clock, P. M. }

"HEADQUARTERS, SEVENTH MILITARY DISTRICT:

"Having received proof that Dominick A. Hall has been aiding and abetting and exciting mutiny within my camp, you will forthwith order a detachment to arrest and confine him, and report to me as soon as arrested. You will be vigilant; the agents of our enemy are more numerous than was expected. You will be guarded against escapes.

"A. JACKSON, Major General Commanding.

"Dr. William E. Butler is ordered to accompany the detachment and point out the man.

"A. JACKSON, Major General Commanding."

This order was punctually obeyed, and, early in the evening, Judge Hall and Mr. Louallier were prisoners in the same apartment in the barracks.

So far from obeying the writ of habeas corpus, General Jackson seized the writ from the officer who served it, and retained it in his own possession, giving to the officer a certified copy of the same. Louallier was at once placed upon his trial before a court-martial upon the following charges, all based upon the article in the *Louisiana Courier*: Exciting to mutiny; general misconduct; being a spy; illegal and improper conduct; disobedience to orders; writing a willful and corrupt libel against the General; unsoldierly conduct; violation of a general order.

Nor were these the only arrests. A Mr. Hollander, partner in business of our friend Nolte, expressed himself somewhat freely in conversation respecting Jackson's proceedings, and suddenly found himself a prisoner in consequence. "My partner, Mr. Hollander," says Nolte, "was at the door of the Bank Coffee-House, conversing about Louaillier's letter, and praising it and its writer's courage. 'Why,' said he, 'did General Jackson allow Colonel Toussard to print his requisition in the journals, when he had no intention to free the Frenchmen from military service?' 'Ah,' replied a bystander, 'his only idea was to find out all who were disposed to side

with the consul, in order that he might punish them.' 'It was a dirty trick,' said Hollander. This answer was carried to the general, who immediately ordered the arrest and trial of Hollander, because 'he excited insubordination and mutiny in the camp, and talked disrespectfully of his superior officer.' Just as Hollander and I were dining together on the next day, my house was surrounded by a hundred men, and Major Davezac—so often mentioned—with squinting eye and golden epaulettes, stalked in to arrest and carry off Hollander. I went at once to Adjutant Livingston to procure the liberation of my friend, and he persuaded the general to accept my bail for two thousand dollars for the future appearance of Hollander before the court-martial."

On Monday, March 6th, the day after the arrest of Louailier and Judge Hall, the courier arrived at New Orleans who had been dispatched from Washington, nineteen days before, to bear to General Jackson the news of peace. He had traveled fast, by night and day, and most eagerly had his coming been looked for. His packet was opened at headquarters and found to contain no dispatches announcing the conclusion of peace; but an old letter, of no importance then, which had been written by the Secretary of War to General Jackson some months before. It appeared that, in the hurry of his departure from Washington, the courier had taken the wrong packet. The blank astonishment of the General, of his aids, of the courier, can be imagined. The only proof the unlucky messenger could furnish of the genuineness of his mission and the truth of his intelligence was an order from the Postmaster General, requiring his deputies on the route to afford the courier bearing the news of peace all the facilities in their power for the rapid performance of his journey. In ordinary circumstances this would have sufficed. But the events of yesterday had rendered the circumstances extraordinary. The General resolved still to hold the reins of military power firmly in his hands. New Orleans was still a camp, and Judge Hall a soldier.

Jackson wrote, however, to General Lambert on the same

day, stating precisely what had occurred, and inclosing a copy of the Postmaster General's order: "that you may determine," said the General, "whether these occurrences will not justify you in agreeing, by a cessation of all hostilities, to anticipate the happy return of peace between our two nations, which the first direct intelligence must bring to us in an official form."

The week had nearly passed away. Judge Hall remained in confinement at the barracks. General Jackson resolved on Saturday, the 11th of March, to send the judge out of the city, and set him at liberty. Accordingly, on Sunday morning, Captain Peter V. Ogden, commanding a troop of dragoons, received from headquarters the following order:

"HEADQUARTERS SEVENTH MILITARY DISTRICT, }
NEW ORLEANS, March 11, 1815. }

"SIR: You will detail from your troop a discreet non-commissioned officer and four men, and direct them to call on the officer commanding the Third United States infantry for Dominick A. Hall, who is confined in the guard-house for exciting mutiny and desertion within the encampment of the city.

"Upon receipt of the prisoner, the non-commissioned officer will conduct him up the coast beyond the lines of General Carroll's encampment, deliver him the inclosed order, and set him at liberty.

"THOMAS BUTLER,
"Aid-de-camp.

"Captain PETER V. OGDEN,
"Commanding troop of cavalry, New Orleans."

Inclosed with this laconic epistle was an order from the General to Judge Hall: "I have thought proper," said the General, "to send you beyond the limits of my encampment, to prevent a repetition of the improper conduct with which you have been charged. You will remain without the lines of my sentinels until the ratification of peace is regularly announced, or until the British shall have left the southern coast."

Captain Ogden promptly obeyed the order. A guard of four privates, commanded by a non-commissioned officer,

escorted the learned Judge of the United States District Court to a point about five miles above the city, where General Jackson's order was delivered to him, and he was set free.

Brief was the exile of the banished judge. The very next day, Monday, March 13th, arrived from Washington a courier with a dispatch from the government, announcing the ratification of the treaty of peace, and enclosing a copy of the treaty and of the ratification. Before that day closed the joyful news was forwarded to the British general, hostilities were publicly declared to be at an end, martial law was abrogated, and commerce released. "And in order," concluded the General's proclamation, "that the general joy attending this event may extend to all manner of persons, the commanding General proclaims and orders a pardon for all military offenses heretofore committed in this district, and orders that all persons in confinement, under such charges, be immediately discharged."

Louallier was a prisoner no longer. Judge Hall returned to his home.

On the day following, the patient militia and volunteers of Tennessee, Kentucky, Mississippi, and Louisiana were dismissed, with a glorious burst of grateful praise: "Go, then, my brave companions, to your homes, to those tender connections and those blissful scenes which render life so dear—full of honor, and crowned with laurels which will never fade. With what happiness will you not, when participating in the bosoms of your families the enjoyment of peaceful life, look back to the toils you have borne—to the dangers you have encountered? How will all your past exposures be converted into sources of inexpressible delight? Who, that never experienced your sufferings, will be able to appreciate your joys? The man who slumbered ingloriously at home, during your painful marches, your nights of watchfulness, and your days of toil, will envy you the happiness which these recollections will afford—still more will he envy you the gratitude of that country which you have so eminently contributed to save.

“Continue, fellow-soldiers, on your passage to your several destinations, to preserve that subordination, that dignified and manly deportment which have so ennobled your character. * * * * *

“What a happiness it is to the commanding General that, while danger was before us, he was, on no occasion, compelled to use towards his companions in arms either severity or rebuke. If, after the enemy had retired, improper passions began to show their empire in a few unworthy bosoms, and rendered a resort to energetic measures necessary for their suppression, the commanding General has not confounded the innocent with the guilty—the seduced with the seducers. Towards you, fellow-soldiers, the most cheering recollections exist, blended, alas! with regret, that disease and war should have ravished from us so many worthy companions. But the memory of the cause in which they perished, and of the virtues which animated them while living, must occupy the place where sorrow would claim to dwell.

“Farewell, fellow-soldiers. The expression of your General’s thanks is feeble, but the gratitude of a country of free-men is yours—yours the applause of an admiring world.”

I shall not dwell long upon the subsequent proceedings of Judge Hall. March 22d, in the United States District Court, on motion of Attorney John Dick, it was ruled and ordered by the court that “the said Major General Andrew Jackson show cause, on Friday next, the 24th March instant, at ten o’clock, A. M., why an attachment should not be awarded against him for contempt of this court, in having disrespectfully wrested from the clerk aforesaid an original order of the honorable the judge of this court, for the issuing of a writ of habeas corpus in the case of a certain Louis Louailier, then imprisoned by the said Major General Andrew Jackson, and for detaining the same; also for disregarding the said writ of habeas corpus, when issued and served; in having imprisoned the honorable the judge of this court; and for other contempts, as stated by the witnesses.”

Edward Livingston prepared an elaborate paper in the

General's defense, which, on the convening of the court, he offered to read. The court declined to hear general argument in the case. "If," said the judge, "the party object to the jurisdiction, the court is ready to hear. If the party's affidavit contain a denial of the facts sworn to, or if he wish to show that the facts charged do not in law amount to a contempt, the court is ready to hear. If the answer contain anything as an apology to the court, it is ready to hear. If the party be desirous to show that, by the Constitution or laws of the United States, or in virtue of his military commission, he had a right to act as charged in the affidavit, the court is ready to hear."

After some debate the General's representative was allowed to begin the reading of the paper, which was an argument designed to show the necessity that had existed for the proclamation of martial law. The judge interrupted the reading, declared the "rule against the party to be absolute," and ordered "the attachment to be sued out;" the process to be returnable on the 31st of March.

On that day General Jackson appeared in court, attended by a prodigious concourse of excited people. He wore the dress of a private citizen. "Undiscovered amidst the crowd," Major Eaton relates, "he had nearly reached the bar, when, being perceived, the room instantly rang with the shouts of a thousand voices. Raising himself on a bench, and moving his hand to procure silence, a pause ensued. He then addressed himself to the crowd; told them of the duty due to the public authorities; for that any impropriety of theirs would be imputed to him, and urged, if they had any regard for him, that they would, on the present occasion, forbear those feelings and expressions of opinion. Silence being restored, the judge rose from his seat, and remarking that it was impossible, nor safe, to transact business at such a moment, and under such threatening circumstances, directed the marshal to adjourn the court. The general immediately interfered, and requested that it might not be done. 'There is no danger here; there shall be none—the same arm that

protected from outrage this city, against the invaders of the country, will shield and protect this court, or perish in the effort.'

"Tranquillity was restored, and the court proceeded to business. The district attorney had prepared, and now presented, a file of nineteen questions, to be answered by the prisoner. 'Did you not arrest Louaillier?' 'Did you not arrest the judge of this court?' 'Did you not seize the writ of habeas corpus?' 'Did you not say a variety of disrespectful things of the judge?' These nineteen interrogatories the General utterly refused to answer, to listen to, or to receive. He told the court that in the paper previously presented by his counsel he had explained fully the reasons that had influenced his conduct. That paper had been rejected without a hearing. He could add nothing to that paper. 'Under these circumstances,' said he, 'I appear before you to receive the sentence of the court, having nothing further in my defense to offer.'"

Whereupon Judge Hall pronounced the judgment of the court. It is recorded in the words following: "On this day appeared in person Major General Andrew Jackson, and, being duly informed by the court that an attachment had issued against him for the purpose of bringing him into court, and the district attorney having filed interrogatories, the court informed General Jackson that they would be tendered to him for the purpose of answering thereto. The said General Jackson refused to receive them, or to make any answer to the said interrogatories. Whereupon the court proceeded to pronounce judgment, which was, that Major General Andrew Jackson do pay a fine of one thousand dollars to the United States."

The General was borne from the court-room in triumph. Or, as Major Eaton has it, "he was seized and forcibly hurried from the hall to the streets, amidst the reiterated cries of huzza for Jackson from the immense concourse that surrounded him. They presently met a carriage in which a lady was riding, when, politely taking her from it, the General was

made, spite of entreaty, to occupy her place ; the horses being removed, the carriage was drawn on and halted at the coffee-house, into which he was carried, and thither the crowd followed, huzzaing for Jackson and menacing violently the judge. Having prevailed on them to hear him, he addressed them with great feeling and earnestness ; implored them to run into no excesses ; that if they had the least gratitude for his services, or regard for him personally, they could evince it in no way so satisfactorily as by assenting, as he most freely did, to the decision which had just been pronounced against him."

Upon reaching his quarters he sent back an aid-de-camp to the court-room with a check on one of the city banks for a thousand dollars ; and thus the offended majesty of the law was supposed to be avenged.

It is not to be inferred from the conduct of the people in the court-room that the course of General Jackson, in maintaining martial law so long after the conclusion of peace was morally certain, was generally approved by the people of New Orleans. It was not. It was approved by many, forgiven by most, resented by a few. An effort was made to raise the amount of the General's fine by a public subscription, to which no one was allowed to contribute more than one dollar. But Nolte tells us (how truly I know not) that, after raising with difficulty one hundred and sixty dollars, the scheme was quietly given up. He adds that the court-room on the day of the General's appearance was occupied chiefly by the Barratarians and the special partizans of the General.

The administration mildly, but decidedly, rebuked the proceedings of General Jackson. April 12th, the acting Secretary of War, Mr. A. J. Dallas, wrote thus to the General :

. . . . "I assure you, sir, that it is a very painful task to disturb for a moment the enjoyment of the honorable gratification which you must derive, as well from the consciousness of the great services that you have rendered your country as from the expressions of approbation and applause which the nation have bestowed on those services. But representations have been recently made to the President respecting certain

acts of military opposition to the civil magistrate that require immediate attention, not only in vindication of the just authority of the laws, but to rescue your own conduct from all unmerited reproach." . . .

"From these representations it would appear that the judicial power of the United States has been resisted, the liberty of the press has been suspended, and the consul and subjects of a friendly government have been exposed to great inconvenience by the exercise of military force and command. The President views the subject in its present aspect with surprise and solicitude; but in the absence of all information from yourself relative to your conduct, and the motives of your conduct, he abstains from any decision, or even expression of an opinion upon the case, in hopes that such explanations may be afforded as will reconcile his sense of public duty with a continuance of confidence which he reposes in your judgment, discretion and patriotism. He instructs me, therefore, to request that you will, with all possible dispatch, transmit to this department a full report of the transactions which have been stated. And in the meantime it is presumed that all extraordinary exertion of military authority has ceased, in consequence of the cessation of all danger, open or covert, upon the restoration of peace.

"The President instructs me to take this opportunity of requesting that a conciliatory deportment may be observed towards the State authorities and citizens of New Orleans. He is persuaded that Louisiana justly estimates the value of the talents and valor which have been displayed for her defense and safety, and that there will be no disposition in any part of the nation to review with severity the efforts of a commander acting in a crisis of unparalleled difficulty, under the impulse of the purest patriotism."

General Jackson replied to this communication by forwarding to the Secretary the rejected paper, in which he had caused to be stated his reasons for proclaiming and maintaining martial law. The matter was then allowed to drop, and was heard of no more for many years.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOME IN TRIUMPH.

THE General's troubles were at an end. He remained at New Orleans twenty-four days after the arrival of the treaty of peace, settling the accounts of contractors and merchants, and enjoying the festivities set on foot by the grateful citizens.

Signor Nolte tells us that he found the General a hard man to deal with. "My claim," says Nolte, "was a double one, first, for seven hundred and fifty woolen coverings, taken out of my warerooms; second, for two hundred and fifty bales of cotton, taken from the brigantine Pallas. For the first I received the price that was current on the day that the landing of the English was announced—eleven dollars per pair. All settlements required the General's ratification and signature. On this occasion he gave both, but with the remark that as my goods had been taken to cover the Tennessee troops, I should be paid in Tennessee bank notes, upon which there was a discount of nearly ten per cent. I was silent." But with regard to the price of the cotton Nolte and the General could not agree at all; Nolte demanding the price the cotton was worth *then*—the General offering only the price at which the cotton was held when it was used in fortifying the lines. "I made a written protest," says Nolte, "but the General would not notice it. Then I determined to call on him in the hopes of awakening a sense of justice in him. He heard me, but that was all. 'Are you not lucky,' he asked, 'to have saved the rest of your cotton by my defense?' 'Certainly, General,' I said, 'as lucky as anybody else in the city whose cotton has been thus saved. But the difference between me and the rest is, that all the others have nothing to pay, and that I have to bear all the loss.' 'Loss!' said the General, getting excited, 'why, you have saved *all*!' I saw that argument was useless with so stiff-necked a man, and remarked to him that I only wanted compensation for

my cotton, and that the best compensation would be to give me precisely the quantity that had been taken from me, and of the same quality ; that he might name one merchant and I another, who should buy and deliver to me the cotton, and that he should pay the bill. ‘No, no, sir,’ he answered, ‘I like straightforward business, and this is too complicated. You must take six cents for your cotton. I have nothing more to say.’ As I again endeavored to explain, he said, ‘Come, sir, come—take a glass of whisky and water ; you must be d—d dry after all your arguing.’”

A few days after the announcement of peace, a party of Tennesseans arrived in New Orleans, and among them, to the General’s great joy, Mrs. Jackson and little Andrew, their adopted son, then a boy of seven. Mrs. Jackson, a thorough planter’s wife, homely in costume and speech, then grown corpulent, and of complexion extremely dark, was a strange figure among the elegant Creole ladies of New Orleans. Never before had she visited a city larger than the Nashville of that day. She frankly confessed to Mrs. Livingston that she knew nothing about fine company and fine clothes, and had no resource but to throw herself upon the guidance of her friends. Mrs. Livingston undertook the task of selecting for her suitable dresses for the various public occasions on which she was expected to appear. The anti-Jackson party published a caricature at the time, in which the short and stout Mrs. Jackson was represented standing upon a table, while Mrs. Livingston was employed in lacing her stays, struggling to make a waist where a waist had been, but was not. It was remarkable that General Jackson, though himself an adept in drawing-room arts, and at home in elegant society, was blind to the homely bearing and country manners of his wife. He put great honor upon her at New Orleans ; in all companies, on all occasions, giving proof to the world that this bonny brown wife of his was to him the dearest and the most revered of human beings. The ladies of the city soon gathered round her, and made much of her. Among other marks of regard, they presented her

with that valuable but rather showy set of topaz jewelry, which appears on her person in the portrait that hangs still in the parlor of the Hermitage. To the General, also, the ladies presented a valuable diamond pin. "The world heaps many honors on me," said he to the ladies, "but none is greater than this."

Nolte gives us a comical account of the grand ball at the Exchange, where the General and Mrs. Jackson gave the company a taste of a frontier breakdown. Nolte was one of the committee of arrangements. "The upper part of the Exchange was arranged for dancing, and the under part for supper, with flowers, colored lamps, and transparencies with inscriptions. Before supper, Jackson desired to look at the arrangements unaccompanied, and I was appointed to conduct him. One of the transparencies between the arcades bore the inscription, 'Jackson and victory: they are but one.' The General looked at it, and turned about to me in a hail-fellow sort of way, saying, 'Why did you not write, "Hickory and victory: they are but one."?' After supper we were treated to a most delicious *pas de deux* by the conqueror and his spouse. To see these two figures, the General, a long, haggard man, with limbs like a skeleton, and Madame la Generale, a short, fat dumpling, bobbing opposite each other like half-drunken Indians, to the wild melody of '*Possum up de Gum Tree*,' and endeavoring to make a spring into the air, was very remarkable, and far more edifying a spectacle than any European ballet could possibly have furnished."

Little Andrew was a pet at headquarters. The General could deny him nothing, and spent every leisure moment in playing with him, often holding him in his arms while he transacted business. One evening, a lady informs me, some companies of soldiers halted beneath the windows of headquarters, and the attending crowd began to cheer the General and call for his appearance—a common occurrence in those days. The little boy, who was asleep in an adjoining room, was awakened by the noise, and began to cry. The General had risen from his chair, and was going to the window to present

himself to the clamoring crowd, when he heard the cry of the child. He paused in the middle of the room, and seemed in doubt for a moment which call he should first obey, the boy's or the citizens'. The doubt was soon resolved, however. He ran to the bedside of his son, caught him in his arms, hushed his cries, and carried him (in his night gown) to the window, where he bowed to the people, and, at the same time, amused the child with the scene in the street.

During these happy days some of the English officers came up to the city and viewed, with intense interest, the scene of the late contest. A letter written by the American officer who conveyed to General Lambert the news of the ratification of the treaty of peace mentions this circumstance. "We went down the river," he says, "in a sixteen-oared barge, and had several respectable young gentlemen of the city with us, and a band of music furnished by them. We arrived at Dauphin Island in three days, and anchored abreast of the British camp about four o'clock in the afternoon, and fired a salute, while the band played our favorite tunes of *Hail Columbia* and *Yankee Doodle*. The shore was lined with hundreds of Englishmen, cheering over and over, as they knew by the flag at our masthead that we brought them the welcome news of peace. We remained on the island three days, and were treated with every mark of attention and respect by all of them, and then proceeded on to Mobile to inform our army there of the news of peace. On our return we stopped again at Dauphin Island and took several English officers on board and brought them up to town. All these officers have the greatest desire to see this city and our lines on the battle ground, where we beat them so handsomely. We run them very hard about it, which they took in good humor, and they candidly acknowledged 'that they had fought many hard battles in France, Spain, etc., but never met with such play as they received from us Yankees!' After their retreat from New Orleans, they landed on Dauphin Island, which then was a desolate place, but now it looks like a complete town. They have about eight thou-

sand men there, who are almost in a state of starvation. We are now supplying them with provisions of every kind.”**

To which another singular fact may be added. General Lambert's division returned to Europe in time to take part in the battle of Waterloo, fought on the 18th of June, 1815, and afterwards marched to Paris with the victorious army. At Paris some of the officers who had been prisoners at New Orleans met the very Americans at whose houses they had been quartered, and exchanged suppers in renewal of the friendship then formed. Our invaluable friend Nolte was there. “Suddenly one day,” he tells us, “I found myself surrounded by several English officers, who greeted me with a cheery ‘How do you do, Mr. Nolte?’ My newly-found acquaintances were Major Mitchell, Lieutenant Dobree, and others, who had fallen into our hands as prisoners at New Orleans, and who felt very grateful for the friendly treatment they had experienced there in my house during the brief period that elapsed after their capture until the ratification of peace at Ghent.”

General Winfield Scott was in Paris then, and in the course of his stay presided at a banquet of ninety Americans, and gave, as the toast of the occasion, “General Jackson and his glorious defense of New Orleans.”

Amid the excitement caused in Europe by the return of Napoleon from Elba, the battle of Waterloo, and the subsequent exile of the emperor, little was heard, and less was thought, of the events that had transpired in the delta of the Mississippi. A vague, brief, and incorrect bulletin† was pub-

* *National Intelligencer*, May 15, 1815.

† The following is a copy of this document, which, Mr. Cobbett says, “was dressed up to gull the people of England with:”

“BULLETIN.—WAR DEPARTMENT, March 8, 1815.

“Captain Wylly arrived this morning with dispatches from Major General Lambert, detailing the operations against the enemy in the neighborhood of New Orleans. It appears that the army, under the command of Major General Keane, was landed at the head of the Bayonne, in the vicinity of New Orleans, on the

lished in the English official Gazette, and then the expedition against New Orleans was allowed to be forgotten.

Before leaving New Orleans, General Jackson presented his friend Livingston with a miniature of himself, accompanying the gift with a note expressive of his appreciation of his aid-de-camp's services to himself and to the cause. This miniature, still in perfect preservation, is the earliest portrait of the General now in existence. It is so unlike the portraits familiar to the public, that not a man in the United States

morning of the 23d of December, without opposition; it was, however, attacked by the enemy in the course of the night succeeding the landing, when, after an obstinate contest, the enemy were repulsed at all points with considerable loss. On the morning of the 25th, Sir Edward Packenham arrived, and assumed the command of the army. On the 27th, at daylight, the troops moved forward, driving the enemy's pickets to within six miles of the town, when the main body of the enemy was discovered posted behind a breastwork, extending about one thousand yards, with the right resting on the Mississippi and the left on a thick wood. The interval between the 27th December and the 8th January was employed in preparations for an attack upon the enemy's position. The attack, which was intended to have been made on the night of the 7th, did not, owing to the difficulties experienced in the passage of the Mississippi by a corps under Lieutenant Colonel Thornton, which was destined to act on the right bank of the river, take place till early on the morning of the 8th. The division to whom the storming of the enemy's work was intrusted moved to the attack at that time, but being too soon discovered by the enemy were received with a galling and severe fire from all parts of their line. Major General Sir Edward Packenham, who had placed himself at the head of the troops, was unfortunately killed at the head of the glacis, and Major Generals Gibbs and Keane were nearly at the same moment wounded. The effect of this upon the troops caused a hesitation in their advance, and though order was restored by the advance of the reserve under Major General Lambert, to whom the command of the army had devolved, and Colonel Thornton had succeeded in the operation assigned to him on the right bank of the river, yet the major general, upon the consideration of the difficulties which yet remained to be surmounted, did not think himself justified in ordering a renewal of the attack. The troops, therefore, retired to the position which they had occupied previous to the attack. In that position they remained until the evening of the 18th, when the whole of the wounded, with the exception of eighty (whom it was considered dangerous to remove), the field artillery, and all the stores of every description having been embarked, the army retired to the head of the Bayonne, where the landing had been originally effected, and reëmbarked without molestation."

would recognize in it the features of General Jackson. Abundant, reddish-sandy hair falls low over the high, narrow forehead, and almost hides it from view. The head is long, which Mr. Carlyle thinks one of the surest signs of talent. Eyes of a remarkably bright blue. Complexion fair, fresh and ruddy. A mild, firm, plain, good country face. He wears the full uniform of a major general of that day—blue coat with stiff upright collar to the ears, epaulets, yellow vest with upright collar and gilt buttons, ruffled shirt. The miniature reminds you of a good country deacon out for a day's soldiering. The still, set countenance wears what I will venture to call a *Presbyterian* expression.

The General did not forget the little daughter of his friend Livingston, but sent her a little broach in a little note, both of which, I have heard, she still preserves. She wondered much, it is said, that the General should think of her amid the hurry and bustle of his departure.

On the 6th of April General Jackson and his family left New Orleans on their return to Tennessee, and ascended the river as far as Natchez. There the General was detained by the proceedings of Blennerhassett, famous from his brief connection with Aaron Burr.

Mr. Blennerhassett had found in a portmanteau of Burr's that had fallen into his possession a memorandum of the account between Colonel Burr and the firm of Jackson & Coffee. From the memorandum it appeared that Jackson & Coffee had not expended all the money deposited by Burr in their hands, but that a balance of more than seventeen hundred dollars had remained in their possession. This was true; but the memorandum did not record what was equally true, that this balance had been returned to Burr on the final settlement of the account, at Clover Bottom, in December, 1806. Blennerhassett, who conceived that Burr was deeply in his debt, sued General Jackson for this balance. General Coffee made an affidavit to the effect that the money had been returned to Burr in the very notes in which it had been received from him.

General Jackson, on appearing before the court, gave the same testimony, and the case was dismissed.*

With the exception of this unwelcome reminder of the past, the journey homeward was one ovation. On approaching Nashville the General was again met by a procession of troops, students, and citizens, who deputed one of their number to welcome him in an address. At Nashville a vast concourse was assembled, among whom were many of the troops who had served under him at New Orleans. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed. Within the court-house Mr. Felix Grundy received the General with an eloquent speech, recounting in glowing periods the leading events of the last campaigns. The students of Cumberland College also addressed the General. The replies of General Jackson to these various addresses were short, simple, and sufficient. To Mr. Felix Grundy he said :—

“SIR: I am at a loss to express my feelings. The approbation of my fellow-citizens is to me the richest reward. Through you, sir, I beg leave to assure them that I am *this day* amply compensated for every toil and labor.

“In a war forced upon us by the multiplied wrongs of a nation who envied our increasing prosperity, important and difficult duties were assigned me. I have labored to discharge them faithfully, having a single eye to the honor of my country.

“The bare consciousness of having performed my duty would have been a source of great happiness; but the assurance that what I have done meets your approbation enhances that happiness greatly.

* The following is the record, obligingly copied by Colonel B. L. C. Walles, President of the Mississippi Historical Society :—

WASHINGTON, MISSISSIPPI TERRITORY,
SUPERIOR COURT OF ADAMS COUNTY, Friday, April 21st, 1815. }

Present—HON. WALTER LEAKE and GEORGE POINDEXTER, *Judges*.

HERMAN BLENNERHASSETT	}	Andrew Jackson, garnishee in this case, being sworn, saith that he is not indebted to the defendant anything, nor has he any effects of the defendant in his hands, nor does he know of any person indebted, or having any effects of the defendant in <i>their</i> hands.
<i>vs.</i>		
AARON BURR.		

Judgment *nisi* against Andrew Jackson, garnishee in this case, set aside.

"I beg you to believe, my friends and neighbors, that while I rejoice with you in the return of peace, and unite my prayers with yours for its long continuance, it will ever be my highest pride to render you my best services, when nations, mistaking our peaceful disposition for pusillanimity, shall insult and outrage those feelings and rights which belong to us as an independent nation."

To the students of the college he thus replied :

"YOUNG GENTLEMEN: With lively feelings of pride and joy I receive your address. To find that even the youth of my country, although engaged in literary pursuits and exempt from military duty, are willing, when the voice of patriotism calls, to abandon for a time the seat of the muses for the privations of a camp, excites in my heart the warmest interest. The country which has the good fortune to be defended by soldiers animated by such feelings as those young gentlemen who were once members of the same literary institution you now are, and whom I had the honor to command, will never be in danger from internal or external foes. Their good conduct, on many trying occasions, will never be forgotten by their General.

"It is a source of particular satisfaction to me that you duly appreciate the merits of those worthy and highly distinguished generals—Carroll and Coffee. Their example is worthy imitation; and from the noble sentiments which you on this occasion express, I entertain no doubt that if circumstances require you will emulate their deeds of valor. It is to such officers and their brave associates in arms that Tennessee, in military achievements, can vie with the most renowned of her sister States.

"That your academic labors may be crowned with the fullest success, by fulfilling the high expectations of your relatives and friends, is the ardent and sincere wish of my heart.

"Receive, my young friends, my prayers for your future health and prosperity."

To a large number of his neighbors and friends, who met him on his return to the Hermitage, he said :

"The warm testimonials of your friendship and regard I receive, gentlemen, with the liveliest sensibility. The assurance of the approbation of my countrymen, and particularly of my acquaintances and neighbors, is the most grateful offering that can be made me. It is a rich compensation for many sacrifices and many labors. I rejoice with you, gentlemen, on the able manner in which the sons of America, during a most eventful and perilous conflict, have approved themselves worthy of the precious inheritance bequeathed to them by their fathers. They have given a new proof

how impossible it is to conquer freemen fighting in defense of all that is dear to them. Henceforward we shall be respected by nations who, mistaking our character, had treated us with the utmost contumely and outrage. Years will continue to develop our inherent qualities, until, from being the youngest and the weakest, we shall become the most powerful nation in the universe.

"Such is the high destiny which I persuade myself Heaven has reserved for the sons of freedom.

"I rejoice also with you, gentlemen, at the return of peace under circumstances so fortunate for our fame and our interest. In this happy state of things the inexhaustible resources of our country will be unfolded, and the greatness for which she is designed be hastened to maturity. Amongst the private blessings thence to be expected I anticipate, with the highest satisfaction, the cultivation of that friendly intercourse with my neighbors and friends which has heretofore constituted so great a portion of my happiness."

The crowning event of these triumphal festivities was a grand banquet given at Nashville on the twenty-second of May, attended by the most distinguished of the soldiers and citizens of Tennessee; the Governor of the State presiding. At a pause in the feast, Governor Blount presented to General Jackson the sword voted him the year before by the Legislature of Mississippi, for his services in the Creek war. The note written by Governor Blount to the Governor of Mississippi, announcing the presentation of the sword, has found its way, by some curious chance, into the portfolio of one of our autograph collectors. "Yesterday," wrote Governor Blount, "at a dinner given by the citizens of this place and vicinity to Major-General Andrew Jackson, I had the honor and pleasure to deliver in your name to that distinguished patriot, citizen, and hero, the truly elegant sword voted to be presented to him through your excellency. It was presented in the dining-room in the presence of hundreds of his fellow-citizens, and was received by the General in a manner highly honorable to him, and gratifying to those who were present."*

And so we dismiss the hero home to his beloved Hermit-

* Autograph Collection of Gordon L. Ford, Esq., of New York.

age, there to recruit his impaired energies by a brief period of repose. He had been absent from the Hermitage for the space of twenty-one months, with the exception of three weeks between the end of the Creek war and the beginning of the campaign of New Orleans. He needed rest almost as much as he deserved it. He had served his country well. In the way of fighting, nothing better has been done in modern times than the defense of the Gulf coast by Andrew Jackson and the men he commanded. His conduct of the two campaigns was admirable and noble. It will bear the closest examination, and the better it is understood the more it will be applauded. The success of General Jackson's military career was due to three separate exertions of his WILL: First, his resolve not to give up the Creek war, when Governor Blount advised it, when Coffee was sick, when the troops were flying homeward, when the General was almost alone in the wilderness. Second, his determination to clear the English out of Pensacola. Third, and greatest of all, his resolution to attack the British wherever and whenever they landed, no matter what the disparity of forces. It was that resolve that saved New Orleans. And it is to be observed of these measures that they were all irregular, contrary to precedent, "imprudent,"—measures which no council of war would have advised, and no secretary of war ordered; measures which, failing, all the world would have hooted at,—which, succeeding, the world can never praise enough.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE GENERAL RETAINS HIS COMMISSION.

GENERAL JACKSON spent the summer months at the Hermitage, nursing his shattered constitution. Now that he was at home, he seemed to suffer more from his disease than he had during the fatigues and excitement of the late campaign.

He had always been an impetuous eater, fond of a liberal table, and accustomed to partake freely and largely of whatever good things were before him. He was one of those long, thin men, who ply a vigorous knife and fork all their days and never grow fat. He was liable to forget his complaint in the exhilaration of the table, and by eating as he had been wont formerly to eat bring on a relapse. The autumn, however, found him somewhat improved, and more habituated to control his eager appetite.

This was the summer, as we have just mentioned, of the Waterloo campaign. General Jackson watched its progress and followed the varying fortunes of the Emperor with the most intense interest. His sympathies were wholly and warmly with Napoleon, as they had always been. In 1814, when the news came that Marmont had surrendered Paris and that Napoleon was an exile, Jackson was greatly excited. "It was not Marmont," he would say, "that betrayed the Emperor; it was Paris. He should have done with Paris what the Russians did with Moscow—burnt it, sir, burnt it to the ground, and thrown himself on the country for support. So *I* would have done, and my country would have sustained me in it." It was all over now with the great Corsican, and General Jackson was one of those who lamented his fall.

Four months' rest at the Hermitage. In the cool days of October we find the General on horseback once more, riding slowly through Tennessee, across Virginia, toward the city of Washington—the whole journey a triumphal progress. At Lynchburgh, in Virginia, the people turned out *en masse* to greet the conqueror. A number of gentlemen rode out of town to meet him, one of whom saluted the General with an address, to which he briefly replied. Escorted into the town on the 7th of November, he was received by a prodigious assemblage of citizens and all the militia companies of the vicinity, who welcomed him with an enthusiasm that can be imagined. In the afternoon a grand banquet, attended by three hundred persons, was served in honor of the General.

Among the distinguished guests was Thomas Jefferson, then seventy-two years of age, the most revered of American citizens then living. His residence was only a long day's ride from Lynchburgh, and he had come to join in the festivities of this occasion. The toast offered by the ex-president at the banquet at Lynchburgh has been variously reported, but in the newspapers of the day it is uniformly given in these words, "Honor and gratitude to those who have filled the measure of their country's honor." General Jackson volunteered a toast, which was at once graceful and significant, "James Monroe, late Secretary of War;" graceful, because Mr. Monroe was a Virginian, a friend of Mr. Jefferson, and had nobly coöperated with himself in the defense of New Orleans; significant, because Mr. Monroe was a very prominent candidate for the Presidency, and the election was drawing near.

To horse again the next morning. Nine days' riding brought the General to Washington, which he reached in the evening of November 17th. He called the next morning upon the President and the members of the Cabinet, by whom he was welcomed to the capital with every mark of cordiality and respect. His stay at Washington, I need not say, was an almost ceaseless round of festivity. A great public dinner was given him, which was attended by all that Washington could boast of the eminent and the eloquent. He was lionized severely at private entertainments, where the stateliness of his bearing and the suavity of his manners pleased the gentlemen and won the ladies. And this was to be one of the conditions of his lot thenceforward to the end of his life. He was the darling of the nation. Nothing had yet occurred to dim the luster of his fame. His giant popularity was in the flush of its youth. He could go nowhere without incurring an ovation, and every movement of his was affectionately chronicled in the newspapers. It was said, in after times, that the popularity of General Jackson could "stand any thing." The question that we shall have to do with is this, "Could General Jackson stand his popularity?"

While he was enjoying the festivities of Washington, came rumors from the far southwest that must have had a peculiar interest for the conqueror of the Creeks. It was said that the commissioners appointed to fix the boundaries of that tribe, in accordance with the treaty of Fort Jackson, had met with formidable opposition ; that the chiefs would not give up their land ; that Fort Jackson had been burnt and its sick garrison massacred ; and that all the southwestern tribes were restless and preparing to rise. A few days later these rumors were found to be nearly destitute of foundation, but not quite. The Creek chiefs deplored the loss of their beloved hunting grounds ; but, except the unsubdued Seminoles of Florida, all acquiesced in the conditions of the treaty, hard though they seemed. The portion of the tribe that had taken refuge in Florida protested against the cession of their country—protested to the Spanish governor—protested to English Woodbine, Nichols, and Arbuthnot, and, through them, to the Prince Regent of England—sent chiefs and prophets to England to protest—will continually protest for the next three years. It is to be hoped, for their own sakes, that they will content themselves with protesting.

For General Jackson is to remain in the army ! Upon the conclusion of peace with Great Britain, the army was reduced to ten thousand men, commanded by two major generals, one of whom was to reside at the north and command the troops stationed there, and the other to bear military sway at the south. The generals selected for these commands were General Jacob Brown for the northern division, and General Andrew Jackson for the southern ; both of whom had entered the service, at the beginning of the late war, as generals of militia. General Jackson's visit to Washington on this occasion was in obedience to an order, couched in the language of an invitation, received from the Secretary of War soon after his return from New Orleans ; the object of his visit being to arrange the posts and stations of the army. The feeling was general at the time that the disasters of the war of 1812 were chiefly due to the defenseless and unprepared condition

of the country, and that it was the first duty of the government, on the return of peace, to see to it that the assailable points were fortified. "Let us never be caught napping again;" "in time of peace prepare for war," were popular sayings then. On these, and all other subjects connected with the defense of the country, the advice of General Jackson was asked and given. His own duty, it was evident, was, first of all, to pacify, and if possible satisfy, the restless and sorrowful Indians in the southwest. The vanquished tribe, it was agreed, should be dealt with forbearingly and liberally. The General undertook to go in person into the Indian country and endeavor to remove from their minds all discontent.

He returned home by easy stages early in 1816, but not to remain. In the spring he was at New Orleans, superintending the posting of the troops, and renewing old friendships. With one accord the citizens thronged about their defender, and overwhelmed him with acclamations. He held a grand review of the regular troops and of the city militia on the scene of the triumphs of 1815, a spectacle witnessed by a vast concourse of people. From New Orleans he journeyed homeward through the country of the Creeks, Cherokees, Chickasaws and Choctaws, holding ceremonious "talks" with each of those tribes, and settling their affairs on a lasting basis. From the Chickasaws he negotiated a formal and final relinquishment of ten millions of acres which they claimed north of the Tennessee—lands that were in keen request by the people of western Tennessee, and beginning to be essential to the progress of the settlements. He thought little of the Chickasaw *claim* to this land, but, for the sake of peace and good will, and in consideration of the fidelity of the tribe to the United States, agreed to give them ten thousand dollars a year for ten years. To the Cherokees, who still insisted on their right to part of the territory wrested from the Creeks he consented, for similar reasons, to give the same sum annually for eight years. He left the Indian country with the impression that he had done more than justice to the tribes and had restored them to good humor.

To remove from the Cherokees all pretext for a non-compliance with the new treaty, he published the following order, which caused a famous "stampede" of squatters and "Indian countrymen :—" "All white men settling on Cherokee lands, and who have not a written permit from the agent of the nation, are hereby ordered to drive off their stock within twenty, and remove themselves and families within thirty days, after the date of this. All individuals not attending to this notification, and those who may be found hereafter trespassing on the Cherokee territory, will be prosecuted to the extent of the law, and their stock forfeited to the public."

It was not until the middle of October that the General had completed this important business, and reached once more the vicinity of his home. It was considered in Tennessee that he had rendered a most signal service to the State in opening the coveted lands to the advancing tide of emigration, and in quieting the minds of those still powerful tribes. "This great and glorious termination," said a Nashville paper of the time, "of a business that hung over this section of the Union like a portentous cloud, deserves to be commemorated; and we hope that suitable arrangements will be made by the citizens of Tennessee to receive the General on his return with that eclat he so richly merits, and that no time will be lost in returning thanks to the officers of the general government for their prompt attention to the expressed wishes of the citizens of Tennessee."

And so arose the saying in Tennessee in these years, that as often as General Jackson left his home he never returned to it without having, during his absence, performed some great service for the Union or for Tennessee.

It is not possible to overstate his popularity in his own State. He was its pride, boast, and glory. Tennesseans felt a personal interest in his honor and success. His old enemies either sought reconciliation with him or kept their enmity to themselves. His rank in the army, too, gave him unequalled social eminence, and, to add to the other felicities of his lot, his fortune now rapidly increased, as the entire income of his

estate could be added to his capital ; the pay of a major general being sufficient for the support of his family. He was forty-nine years old in 1816. He had riches, rank, power, renown, and all in full measure. Our old friend "Andy" of a previous page has prospered in the world. 'What will he do in his altered circumstances?'

About this time it was that a change came over the spirit of the wild and warlike West. The few pioneer preachers of an earlier day had contended, with the best light given them with a zeal and devotion perhaps unparalleled in the history of Christianity, against the thousand barbarizing and soul-darkening influences of frontier life. With rude but earnest speech they had gone from settlement to settlement, from camp-meeting to camp-meeting, proclaiming that man is a soul, and that his weal or his woe in this world and all worlds is spiritual. It is not necessary to sympathize with their peculiar mode of stating these immortal truths, in order to see and admit that they proclaimed them in the only language that had then and there a chance of being understood and received. They assisted to save civilization. They succeeded in leaving a general and indelible impression everywhere, that the coveted things of this world are semblances and shows ; the invisible things of the spirit the only realities. In these years, after the war, the preachers became more numerous, the settlements larger, more populous, and closer together, and there was a great turning away from the exclusive pursuit of unsubstantial and evanescent good to that which is real and imperishable.

Among those who did so was Mrs. Jackson. "Parson Blackburn," as she styled him in her letters, the Rev. Gideon Blackburn, to whom the General had written in the black days of the Creek war, imploring the aid of his eloquence in raising a new army, was the preacher whom she ever fondly owned as her "spiritual father." The General, as she mentions in her correspondence, sympathized with her in her new resolves, and strengthened them by all the means in his power ; himself, to her sorrow, holding aloof. For her gratification he

built soon afterwards a little brick church on the Hermitage farm, which was incorporated into the presbytery, and supplied by it with a minister. This edifice, I suppose, is the smallest church in the United States, and the one of simplest construction. It looks like a New England school-house; no steeple, no portico, no entry or inside door. The interior, which contains forty pews, is unpainted, and the floor is of brick. It is not now used for any purpose, and looks forgotten and desolate in the grove where it stands, a quarter of a mile from the mansion. This little church, so simple and rude, was all to Mrs. Jackson that a cathedral of sublimest proportions could have been. It was the home of her soul. When away from Tennessee with the General, as she often was, it was for this little house of brick and unpainted wood that she longed. When at home the General was punctual in his attendance at the church, and the time came, but not for many years yet, when he stood, leaning on his walking-stick, before its low, brown pulpit, trembling and penitent.

The famous Peter Cartwright was preaching in Tennessee about this period. He tells us, in his wondrous autobiography, of his preaching in the presence of General Jackson, and of his subsequent interviews with the General. His stories are of curious interest.

"At the Nashville Conference," he says, "an incident occurred substantially, as well as my memory serves me, as follows: The preacher in charge had risen from very humble beginnings, but was now a popular, fashionable preacher. We talk about 'Young America' these times; but Young America was as distinctly to be seen in those days, among our young, flippant, *popularity*-seeking preachers, as now.

"Brother Axley and myself, though not very old, were called old-fashioned *fellows*; and this popular young aspirant was afraid to appoint Brother Axley or myself to preach at any popular hour, for fear we would break on slavery, dress, or dram-drinking. But at length the old staid members and the young preachers began to complain that Axley and Cartwright were slighted, and an under-current of murmuring became pretty general. The city preacher had been selected to appoint the time and place where we were to preach. Brother Axley and myself had our own amusement. At length, on Saturday of the Conference, this preacher an-

nounced that Brother Axley would preach in the Methodist church on Sunday morning at sunrise, thinking there would be but few out, and that he could do but little harm at that early hour.

"When we adjourned on Saturday afternoon I rallied the boys to spread the appointment; to rise early and get all out they could. The appointment circulated like wildfire, and, sure enough, at sunrise the church was well filled. Brother Axley rose, sung, prayed, took his text: 'Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds;' and if the Lord ever helped mortal man to preach, he surely helped Brother Axley. First he poured the thunders of Sinai against the Egyptians, or slave oppressors; next, he showed that no moderate dram-drinker could enter heaven; and then the grape-shot of truth rolled from his mouth against *rings*, ruffles, and all kinds of ornamental dress. Dr. Bascom was sitting right before him. He had a gold watch-chain and key, and two very large gold seals. The Rev. H. B. was so excited that unconsciously he took up one of the seals, and he began to play with the other seal with his right hand. Axley saw it, stopped suddenly, and very sternly said to him, 'Put up that chain, and quit playing with those seals, and hear the word of the Lord.' The claret rushed to the surface of his profile.

"The sermon went off admirably, and really it seemed as though a tornado had swept the ruffles and veils; and the old members of the Church shouted for joy. Having achieved another signal victory over error and pride, the ministers and ruling elders of other sister churches had opened their pulpits, and invited us to preach to their people during Conference. Among the rest, Dr. Blackburn had opened his church. Dr. Blackburn was a strong, popular Presbyterian minister.

"In the course of the Sabbath the city preacher informed me that I was to preach on Monday evening in Dr. Blackburn's church, and charged me to be sure and behave myself. I made him my best bow, and thanked him that he had given me any appointment at all; and I assured him I would certainly behave myself the best I could. 'And now,' said I, 'Brother Mac, it really seems providential that you have appointed me to preach in the doctor's church, for I expect they never heard Methodist doctrine fairly stated and the dogmas of Calvinism exposed; and now, sir, they shall hear the truth for once.' Said the preacher, 'You must not preach controversy.' I replied, 'If I live to preach there at all, I'll give Calvinism one riddling.' 'Well,' said the preacher, 'I recall the appointment, and will send another preacher there; and you must preach in the Methodist church Monday evening, and do try and behave yourself.' 'Very well,' said I, 'I'll do my best.'

"The preacher's conduct toward me was spread abroad, and excited considerable curiosity. Monday evening came; the church was filled to overflowing; every seat was crowded, and many had to stand. After

singing and prayer, Brother Mac took his seat in the pulpit. I then read my text: 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' After reading my text I paused. At that moment I saw General Jackson walking up the aisle; he came to the middle post, and very gracefully leaned against it, and stood, as there were no vacant seats. Just then I felt some one pull my coat in the stand, and turning my head, my fastidious preacher, whispering a little loud, said, 'General Jackson has come in—General Jackson has come in.' I felt a flash of indignation run all over me like an electric shock, and facing about to my congregation, and purposely speaking out audibly, I said, 'Who is General Jackson? If he don't get his soul converted, God will damn him as quick as he would a Guinea negro!'

"The preacher tucked his head down and squatted low, and would, no doubt, have been thankful for leave of absence. The congregation, General Jackson and all, smiled, or laughed right out, all at the preacher's expense. When the congregation was dismissed, my city-stationed preacher stepped up to me, and very sternly said to me, 'You are the strangest man I ever saw, and General Jackson will chastise you for your insolence before you leave the city.' 'Very clear of it,' said I, 'for General Jackson, I have no doubt, will applaud my course; and if he should undertake to chastise me, as Paddy said, "There is two as can play at that game."' "

"General Jackson was staying at one of the Nashville hotels. Next morning, very early, my city preacher went down to the hotel to make an apology to General Jackson for my conduct in the pulpit the night before. Shortly after he had left, I passed by the hotel, and I met the General on the pavement; and before I approached him by several steps he smiled, and reached out his hand and said:

"'Mr. Cartwright, you are a man after my own heart. I am very much surprised at Mr. Mac, to think he would suppose that I would be offended at you. No, sir; I told him that I highly approved of your independence; that a minister of Jesus Christ ought to love everybody and fear no mortal man. I told Mr. Mac that if I had a few thousand such independent, fearless officers as you were, and a well drilled army, I could take old England!'

"General Jackson was certainly a very extraordinary man. He was, no doubt, in his prime of life a very wicked man, but he always showed a great respect for the Christian religion, and the feelings of religious people, especially ministers of the gospel. I will here relate a little incident that shows his respect for religion.

"I had preached one Sabbath near the Hermitage, and, in company with several gentlemen and ladies, went, by special invitation, to dine with the General. Among this company there was a young sprig of a lawyer from Nashville, of very ordinary intellect, and he was trying hard to make

an infidel of himself. As I was the only preacher present, this young lawyer kept pushing his conversation on me, in order to get into an argument. I tried to evade an argument, in the first place considering it a breach of good manners to interrupt the social conversation of the company. In the second place I plainly saw that his head was much softer than his heart, and that there were no laurels to be won by vanquishing or demolishing such a combatant, and I persisted in evading an argument. This seemed to inspire the young man with more confidence in himself; for my evasiveness he construed into fear. I saw General Jackson's eye strike fire, as he sat by and heard the thrusts he made at the Christian religion. At length the young lawyer asked me this question:

"Mr. Cartwright, do you really believe there is any such place as hell, as a place of torment?"

"I answered promptly, 'Yes, I do.'

"To which he responded, 'Well, I thank God I have too much good sense to believe any such thing!'

"I was pondering in my own mind whether I would answer him or not, when General Jackson, for the first time, broke into the conversation, and directing his words to the young man, said with great earnestness:

"Well sir, I thank God that there is such a place of torment as hell!"

"This sudden answer, made with great earnestness, seemed to astonish the youngster, and he exclaimed:

"Why, General Jackson, what do you want with such a place of torment as hell?"

"To which the General replied, as quick as lightning,

"To put such d—d rascals as you are in, that oppose and vilify the Christian religion.'

"I tell you this was a poser. The young lawyer was struck dumb, and presently was found missing."

Mr. Cartwright adds that, at a later Conference, in 1819, he secured the aid of General Jackson in compelling certain Methodist preachers to emancipate the slaves inherited by them, in accordance with the rules of the Methodist discipline. The preachers attempted to shelter themselves behind the laws of the State. "I," says Mr. Cartwright, "had to show that they could at any time emancipate their slaves by becoming surety that their negroes, when emancipated, did not become a county charge. They employed a distinguished lawyer, F. Grundy, and I went to General Jackson for counsel. The case was fairly stated and explained in open Con-

ference, and these preachers were required to go to court and record a bill of emancipation."

That was before the days of the "Methodist Church South." Mr. Cartwright found, in later years, that slavery was too powerful for the discipline after all, and so moved to Illinois.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PRESIDENT MAKING IN 1816.

A PRESIDENT was to be chosen to succeed Mr. Madison, whose second term would expire on the 4th of March, 1817. The federal party, as a president-electing power, was no more ; but, dying, had bequeathed its policy to the republicans, who had the weakness to accept the legacy. (For proof of which the reader need look no further than the messages of Messrs. Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams, and compare them with the writings of Alexander Hamilton.) The republican party having gained an absolute ascendancy, a nomination by it was equivalent to an election.

"King Caucus" was then in the plenitude of his power. From the days of John Adams, candidates for the presidency had been nominated by caucusses of members of Congress ; the republican members nominating a republican candidate, and the federal members a federal candidate—both bodies in caucus assembled at the city of Washington. It was a convenient and not objectionable plan, so long as both the political parties were powerful enough to hope for success. But now that nomination insured election, it began to be felt that the virtual election of a president by a hundred members of Congress, sitting in secret conclave at the seat of government, was something not precisely in accordance with the spirit and intent of the Constitution. "Must a caucus at Washington decide for the nation ? Is the nation incompetent to decide for itself ?" were questions proposed by a few newspapers

even as early as 1816. These murmurs, however, were few and comparatively inaudible at that day, and the power of King Caucus was not yet seriously disputed.

For the consideration of the republican caucus of 1816 two names only were prominent ; James Monroe, of Virginia, and William Harris Crawford, of Georgia. Monroe, however, was the predestined man. He had declined to compete with Mr. Madison in 1808 ; he had filled the office of Secretary of State during Mr. Madison's administration ; and after the sack of Washington he had assumed the duties of the Secretary of War, and thus shared in the glory of the closing triumphs of the late contest. He was unquestionably the choice of the party ; though, among the leaders of the party, there were many who thought meanly of his abilities.* He was certainly not a man of shining talents, nor had he even an imposing or impressive address. He was small of stature, and insignificant in appearance. He was prudent, plodding, generous, patriotic ; the least splendid, the most fortunate of statesmen.

Crawford, Mr. Monroe's apparent competitor (but, in reality, the candidate for the succession), was a far more able and shining person. By birth a Virginian, he grew to manhood in Georgia, where he ran the usual course of American statesmen. At first emerging, with difficulty, from the Old Field School into the Latin Academy, then getting to be assistant teacher, and, in that capacity, earning the means to study law. A briefless barrister next, but not briefless long. A successful lawyer, occasionally mounting the stump at election time, and showing ability thereon. Soon a member of the State Legislature, keenly contesting the supremacy of

* "His best friends allow him (Monroe) to be but of moderate capacity and slow of comprehension. This, it is notorious, gives to those around him an undue influence over his intellectual determinations, and leads him, in a throng of business, to commit the most important affairs of State to incompetent hands. Urbanity is not denied him ; but that, by rendering him more accessible, lays him still more open to the artifices of imposture. A man of this cast will always keep talent at a distance, and surround himself by compliant mediocrity and hypocritical dullness."—*The Star and North Carolina State Gazette*, May 24, 1816.

that body with older and less gifted rivals. Triumphant at last, he becomes the foremost man of his State, and then goes to represent her in Congress. His career thenceforth is in his own hands. Senator—national orator—champion of measures which, succeeding, elevate their advocates—ambassador—cabinet minister—and, finally, candidate for the Presidency. That was the old course from the log cabin to the White House. In 1816 William Harris Crawford, then but forty-four years of age, had gone within one stage of the end of this honorable journey, and seemed to be going inevitably toward the pleasantly situated mansion on the banks of the Potomac prepared for such as ARRIVE.

He was a man of almost gigantic proportions, and, though not graceful, the general effect of his presence was imposing in the extreme. Napoleon remarked it when Mr. Crawford was ambassador at the imperial court, and complimented the Americans present upon the grand air of their representative. Mr. Crawford was a champion of that United States Bank which was chartered in 1816 for twenty years, and was, perhaps, more influential than any other Republican in bringing over the party to the support of that institution. When the bank was chartered, it was conceded to be a Crawford triumph, and he stood at the highest point of his career. His position, in fact, was then so commanding and advantageous that his not reaching the Presidency proves either that he disdained intrigue or was an unskillful intriguer.

He was assuredly not formed for a "politician." Consider this picture of the great, lumbering, honest Crawford, as usher of Dr. Waddell's academy; "It was determined by himself and some few of the elder school boys to enliven their annual public examination by representing a play. They selected Addison's Cato; and in forming the cast of characters that of the Roman senator was, of course, assigned to the worthy usher. Crawford was a man of extraordinary height and large limbs, and was always ungraceful and awkward, besides being constitutionally unfitted, in every way, to act any character but his own. He, however, cheerfully consented to play Cato.

It was matter of great sport, even during rehearsal, as his young companions beheld the huge, ungainly usher, with giant strides and stentorian voice, go through with the representation of the stern, precise old Roman. But on the night of the grand exhibition an incident, eminently characteristic of the counterfeit Cato, occurred, which effectually broke up the denouement of the tragedy. Crawford had conducted the senate scene with tolerable success, though rather boisterously for so solemn an occasion, and had even managed to struggle through with the apostrophe to the soul ; but when the dying scene behind the curtain came to be acted, Cato's groan of agony was bellowed out with such hearty good earnest as totally to scare away the tragic muse, and set prompter, players and audience in a general, unrestrained fit of laughter. This was, we believe, the future statesman's first and last theatrical attempt."*

No ; it was not his last. He will figure in another scene by and by which was eminently theatrical. But the anecdote seems to indicate a man of honest nature, little available for the purposes of the politician by profession.

There is a remarkable passage in Dr. Jabez Hammond's Political History of New York relating to the nomination of Mr. Monroe, which is a valuable contribution to the President-making science. Dr. Hammond was a Republican member of Congress at the time, and acquainted with the various schemes. Desirous to unfold to every reader "the way these things are done," I insert the passage here :

"Immediately after the peace was concluded, Mr. Madison began to give tokens that Mr. Monroe was to be the executive candidate. Whether an understanding existed at the time of the election of Mr. Madison that Mr. Monroe, who at first exhibited some symptoms of oppugnation, should be his successor, or whether he was operated upon by the pressure of his Virginia friends, or from personal friendship, and from an opinion that Mr. Monroe was really the fittest and most suitable man, or whatever the cause may have been, it is certain that when danger from a foreign enemy and domestic disturbance disappeared, Mr. Madison, contrary to his intentions

* Leisure Labors, by Joseph B. Cobb, p. 135.

when he tendered to Mr. Tompkins the office of Secretary of State, did abandon his claims and sustain those of Mr. Monroe.

"As soon as it was known in New York that Mr. Monroe was the executive candidate for the succession, a small party was got up who favored his (Tompkins') pretensions, and among them were men who had been the confidential friends of Governor Tompkins, and had participated largely in the bounties he had distributed.

"There are good reasons to believe that the national administration, under the control of the Virginia dynasty, had for a long time entertained some jealousy of the leading and most influential Republicans in the State of New York. The great and rapidly increasing numerical weight of this State might have increased that jealousy. Hence the policy at Washington was to prevent any one man from getting, or rather from retaining, an ascendancy with the Republican party in the State. Hence we find that the minor section of that party were always the special favorites of the administration, from the time of the existence of the Burr faction down to the period of which I am writing. Accordingly, William P. Van Ness, the second of Burr in the duel with Hamilton, the avowed author of *Aristides*, and the uncompromising enemy of De Witt Clinton, was made a judge of the United States court. . . .

"At this time the selection of the Presidential candidate was made by a caucus of Republican members of Congress. This was then the common law of the Democratic party. The fourteenth Congress convened on the first Monday in December. As I happened to be a member of that Congress I can speak with some confidence in relation to the maneuverings which occurred prior to the Congressional caucus. When the members from this State arrived in Washington, it was found that nearly if not quite all the Republicans were for Governor Tompkins, if it should be found that there was a reasonable prospect of procuring his nomination; but it was soon ascertained that it could not be effected. The New England States were all represented by Federalists, with the exception of three Republican members from that part of Massachusetts which now constitutes the State of Maine. The majority of the Republican members were from the South, and these were all opposed to the nomination of Tompkins. Their ostensible objection was, that he had never been in the service of the nation, and therefore their constituents knew little or nothing of him. It was in vain that we urged his merits as Governor of New York during the late war. "I have no doubt," said a member from North Carolina to me, "that Mr. Tompkins is a good governor. We also have a good governor in North Carolina, but we do not, on that account, expect you to support him for the office of President." It was difficult to answer this objection, although the only reason why Governor Tompkins had not been in the service of the nation was his refusal to accept the office of Secretary of

State, solely for the reason that he could render more service to the nation as Governor than he could as Secretary of State.

"I regret to say that those who manifested an inclination to support, in caucus, Governor Tompkins, may be designated by geographical lines. His friends were to be found in New York, New Jersey, some in Pennsylvania, some in Kentucky, some in Ohio, and some in Maryland; but not a single supporter of Tompkins could be found south of the Potomac. . . . It soon became evident that Tompkins could not be nominated; but, before this was ascertained, at any rate by those of us who were strangers, a meeting was held by the New York delegation, to ascertain each others' views and to endeavor to agree on ulterior measures.

"My object, and, I believe, the object of a majority of the delegates, was, in case we should become satisfied that the project of nominating Governor Tompkins was hopeless, then to endeavor to procure as nearly an united vote of the State as possible for William H. Crawford, at that time Secretary of War.

"The old members, as, for instance, General Porter, John W. Taylor, and Mr. Irving, of New York, were extremely wary and cautious. It was soon ascertained that few of us had hopes of succeeding with Tompkins, and General Porter made some suggestions respecting the chance of success by holding him up as a candidate in opposition to the caucus nomination; and, although neither he nor any one else entertained any serious view of taking such a course, he appeared desirous to direct the attention of the delegates from the true question, which was, in case Tompkins was given up, between Crawford and Monroe. Some one finally observed that the latter was the important, and in reality, the only question to be decided. The meeting was, notwithstanding, as appeared to me, much by means of the influence of General Porter, John W. Taylor, and Enos T. Throop, broken up without any expression of opinion as between Monroe and Crawford. I knew, and those gentlemen at the time knew, that more than four to one of the delegates were for Crawford. Mr. Porter, although the fact was not then generally known, was in favor of Monroe, and he was unwilling that it should be at that juncture publicly known how large a majority of the New York delegation was for Crawford, being apprehensive of its effects upon the members of Congress from the other States. General Porter was not long after appointed commissioner, under the British treaty, to run the boundary line between the United States and the province of Canada.

"William H. Crawford was a self-made man. He was possessed of a vigorous intellect, strictly honest and honorable in his political conduct, sternly independent, and of great decision of character. On the other hand, Mr. Monroe, though he had been long in public life, a considerable part of which consisted in the execution of diplomatic agencies, was, speaking of

him as a candidate for the presidency, not distinguished for vigor of intellect, or for decision of character, independence of action, or indeed for any extraordinary public services. He made no pretensions to distinction as a writer, or eloquence as a public speaker. He seems to have owed his success in life to great caution, prudence, and deliberation in every thing which he said or did.

“With these views of the merits of Mr. Monroe and Mr. Crawford, in connection with the fact that the chief magistracy of the nation had been so long held by citizens of Virginia, and considering Governor Tompkins out of the question, a large majority of the New York delegation was rather ardent in support of Mr. Crawford. Governor Tompkins thought unkindly of their course. He thought they had too readily consented to give him up, although it was well known that Judge Spencer, whose opinion at that time had great influence with the members, decidedly preferred Crawford to Tompkins; yet, had there been the least prospect of his nomination, I have no doubt they would, in good faith, have supported him to the last. Mr. Clinton was for Mr. Monroe. *This fact I know*: Mr. Van Buren took no decided part in the matter. In connection with the New York delegation, the members from New Jersey, part of the Pennsylvania delegation, Colonel Connor, from Massachusetts, part of the members from Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee, and North Carolina, and the whole of the Georgia delegation, were for Mr. Crawford. When Congress first assembled, as between Crawford and Monroe, I have not a particle of doubt that a majority of the Republican members were for the former. But the caucus was put off from time to time, until the session was considerably advanced, and such was the influence of the administration on its own friends, or from other causes unknown to me, when the grand caucus was held Mr. Crawford received fifty-four votes, and Mr. Monroe sixty-five, who was therefore nominated for President. Governor Tompkins was nominated for Vice-President. Of the members from New York, I believe that Messrs. Irving, Throop, and Birdseye, were the only ones who voted for Monroe.”

This result, it is said, was chiefly due to Mr. Crawford's voluntary postponement of his claims. In effect, he declined the nomination in favor of Mr. Monroe, and this procedure, together with the show of strength made by his adherents in the caucus, was supposed to place him before all others in the line of the succession. If King Caucus remains in power, Mr. Crawford is to be elected president in 1824. For eight years we leave him comfortably disposed in the office of Sec-

retary of the Treasury, to which Mr. Madison appointed him, and in which Mr. Monroe retained him.

To return to General Jackson. To him, as to all men who achieve a great success, it happened that others sought to use his success for the furtherance of their own ends. That boundless, new-born popularity of his was something that could be used for a variety of purposes ; but by no class of men with better promise of effect than those president-makers who were rebels against King Caucus. It early engaged their attention, They had their eyes upon it before General Jackson had been a month home from New Orleans. Nay, *at* New Orleans, Edward Livingston had already spoken on the subject to the General himself ; but finding him disposed to consider the proposition as simply ridiculous, had not pressed it—had laid it away for future use.

As early as August, 1815, the anti-caucus men, I find, had an emissary abroad feeling the political pulse of the western country. General John Adair, of Kentucky, August 20, 1815, wrote to his friend, Colonel Anderson, as follows : “ I lately had a visit from a very intelligent gentleman from the northeast ; and although he managed somewhat in the Yankee style, I have no doubt his object was to find out whether General Jackson would be supported in the west, if brought forward as a candidate for the presidency. I gave it as my opinion that he would be supported in Louisiana and Tennessee, and in Kentucky, by a little exertion, he would get all the votes but two ; and that I was not certain they would be against him. (I mean the districts represented by Mr. Clay and Colonel Johnson.) He assured me there was a strong disposition in many of the northeastern States to run him if they could be assured he would be supported in the West. He was extremely anxious that I should go to the federal city this winter as a member, if possible ; but if that can not be, he wished me to spend the month of January there as a private gentleman. I would write to the General on the subject, but am induced to believe (from questions that have been asked me by different gentlemen from Tennessee) that

the General has from some cause, some misrepresentation of my conduct, become offended with me." *

Who was this very intelligent gentleman from the north-east? Possibly, Aaron Burr could have obliged us with his name.

In November, 1815, Colonel Burr wrote to his son-in-law, Governor Joseph Alston, of South Carolina, the following epistle :

"NEW YORK, November 20, 1815.

"A congressional caucus will, in the course of the ensuing month, nominate James Monroe for President of the United States, and will call on all good Republicans to support the nomination.

"Whether we consider the measure itself, the character and talents of the man, or the State whence he comes, this nomination is equally exceptionable and odious.

"I have often heard your opinion of these Congressional nominations. They are hostile to all freedom and independence of suffrage. A certain junto of actual and factitious Virginians, having had possession of the government for twenty-four years, consider the United States as their property, and, by bawling 'support the Administration,' have so long succeeded in duping the Republican public. One of their principal arts, and which has been systematically taught by Jefferson, is that of promoting State dissensions, not between Republican and Federal—that would do them no good—but schisms in the Republican party. By looking round you will see how the attention of leading men in the different States has been turned from general and *State* politics. Let not this disgraceful domination continue.

"Independently of the manner of the nomination and the location of the candidate, the man himself is one of the most improper and incompetent that could be selected. Naturally dull and stupid; extremely illiterate; indecisive to a degree that would be incredible to one who did not know him; pusillanimous, and, of course, hypocritical; has no opinion on any subject, and will be always under the government of the worst men; pretends, as I am told, to some knowledge of military matters, but never commanded a platoon, nor was ever fit to command one. '*He served in the Revolutionary War!*' that is, he acted a short time as aid-de-camp to Lord Stirling, who was regularly Monroe's whole duty was to fill his lordship's tankard, and hear, with indications of admiration, his lordship's long stories about himself. Such is Monroe's military experience. I was with my regiment at the time. As a lawyer, Monroe was far below

* *Kentucky Reporter*, October, 1817.

mediocrity. He never rose to the honor of trying a cause of the value of a hundred pounds. This is a character exactly suited to the views of the Virginian junto.

"To this junto you have twice sacrificed yourself, and what have you got by it? Their hatred and abhorrence. Did you ever know them to countenance a man of talents and independence? Never, nor ever will.

"It is time that you manifested that you had some individual character, some opinion of your own, some influence to support that opinion. Make them fear you, and they will be at your feet. Thus far they have reason to believe that you fear them.

"The moment is extremely auspicious for breaking down this degrading system. The best citizens of our country acknowledge the feebleness of our administration. They acknowledge that offices are bestowed merely to preserve power, and without the smallest regard to fitness. If, then, there be a man in the United States of firmness and decision, and having standing enough to afford even a hope of success, it is your duty to hold him up to public view: that man is *Andrew Jackson*. Nothing is wanting but a respectable nomination, made before the proclamation of the Virginia caucus, and *Jackson's* success is inevitable.

"If this project should accord with your views, I could wish to see *you* prominent in the execution of it. It must be known to be *your* work. Whether a formal and open nomination should now be made, or whether you should, for the present, content yourself with barely denouncing, by a joint resolution of both houses of your Legislature, congressional caucuses and nominations, you only can judge. One consideration inclines me to hesitate about the policy of a present nomination. It is this, that Jackson ought first to be admonished to be passive; for the moment he shall be announced as a candidate he will be assailed by the Virginia junto with menaces, and with insidious promises of boons and favors. *There is a danger that Jackson might be wrought upon by such practices.* If an open nomination be made, an express should be instantly sent to him.

"This suggestion has not arisen from any exclusive attachment to Jackson. The object is to break down this vile combination which rules and degrades the United States. If you should think that any other man could be held up with better prospect of success, name that man. I know of no such. But the business must be accomplished, and on this occasion, and by you. So long as the present system prevails, you will be struggling against wind and tide to preserve a precarious influence. You will never be forgiven for the crime of having talents and independence.

"Exhibit yourself, then, and emerge from this state of nullity. You owe it to yourself, you owe it to me, you owe it to your country, you owe it to the memory of the dead.

"I have talked of this matter to your late secretary, but he has not seen this letter.

"A. BURR.

"P. S.—Your secretary was to have delivered this personally, but has changed his course on hearing that Jackson is on his way to Washington. If you should have any confidential friend among the members of Congress from your State, charge him to caution Jackson against the perfidious caresses with which he will be overwhelmed at Washington.

"A. B."

Afterwards :—

"NEW YORK, December 11, 1815.

"A copy of the preceding went under cover to Dr. Wragg. Since that date things are wonderfully advanced, as your secretary will write or tell you. These will require a written message (letter) from yourself and others, (or yourself alone, but three names would look more formal,) advising Jackson what is doing; that communications have been had with the northern States, requiring him only to be passive, and asking him for a list of persons in the western States to whom you may address your letters.

"A. BURR."*

A precious, pregnant letter ! I advise the reader who desires to understand the whole art of president-making to turn back and deliberately read it a second time, dwelling particularly upon the closing postscript. Comment is needless.

This letter reached Governor Alston when he was a sick, heart-broken man, still inconsolable for the loss of his son and the tragic fate of his wife, Theodosia. "I fully coincide with you in sentiment," he wrote in reply to Colonel Burr, "but the spirit, the energy, the health necessary to give practical effect to sentiment, are all gone. I feel too much alone, too entirely unconnected with the world, to take much interest in anything. Yet, without the smallest solicitude about the result, I shall certainly not fail to discharge my public duty, whenever the opportunity occurs, by giving a very strong and frank expression of my opinion on the subject suggested."

* Memoirs of Aaron Burr, by M. L. Davis, vol. ii., p. 433.

Governor Alston died soon after, and the letter of Colonel Burr was found among his papers.

I am enabled to state with positiveness that this letter had no effect in causing the subsequent nomination of General Jackson for the presidency. The men who were chiefly instrumental in procuring that nomination were not aware of the existence of the letter till after the election of General Jackson, when it was handed about Washington. It is true, the programme so adroitly sketched by Burr was exactly carried out ; but it was not owing to Burr's suggestion. No other programme was possible. The objects to be attained were to break up the line of succession, and, as a means to that end, to dethrone King Caucus. Meanwhile, Mr. Monroe was elected President ; Mr. Crawford was in preserve for the succession ; the project of bringing out the hero of New Orleans, like a seed in the dark and silent soil, was germinating.

General Jackson long made light of these covert schemes, regarding the suggestion of his name for the presidency merely in the light of a bad joke. As late as 1821 he still so regarded it, or appeared to do so. Judge Brackenridge, the General's Florida secretary and translator, has this passage in one of his letters : "I shall never forget the evening (in Pensacola, 1821) when, in presence of Mr. Henry Wilson and some other gentlemen, he took up a New York newspaper, in which he was mentioned as a probable candidate for the office of President of the United States. After reading it he threw it down in anger : 'Do they think,' said he, 'that I am such a d—d fool as to think myself fit for President of the United States ? No, sir ; I know what I am fit for. I can command a body of men in a rough way ; but I am not fit to be President.' We were silent, but all gave him credit, as I afterwards found, for this proof of good sense. He had resolved to retire from public life, and pass the remainder of his days in peace and quiet on his farm."*

* Letters of H. M. Brackenridge, page 8.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH JAMES MONROE.

THE good feeling existing between General Jackson and Mr. Monroe ripened into a warm and intimate friendship during the General's visit to Washington, in the fall of the year 1815. Mr. Monroe's subsequent election to the presidency was an event gratifying to General Jackson for all reasons. One reason was that he hated Crawford. Indeed the word hated is mild to express the boiling fury of the General's wrath against the huge Georgian. The origin of the feud, as related to me by one who was cognizant of the facts at the time of their occurrence, shall be briefly recounted.

Next to his defense of New Orleans, General Jackson valued himself most upon his Indian conquests and his Indian policy. He comprehended perfectly that his conquest of the Creeks was that which had alone rendered the defense of New Orleans possible. He understood, to its full extent, the importance to the United States of having a clear, broad pathway of white man's land, from the settlements of Western Tennessee to the Gulf of Mexico. He had secured this by the treaty of Fort Jackson, and he regarded it as the most valuable result of his Indian campaigns. Intent on the attainment of this grand object, he had turned a deaf ear to suppliant Creeks, to scheming Cherokees, and swept the highway to the Gulf free from every Indian claim. The Cherokees acquiesced most reluctantly, and, when the war of 1812 was over, sent a deputation to Washington, to endeavor to obtain from the President what General Jackson had refused — the acknowledgment of their claim to part of the Creek lands.

The Cherokee chiefs, it chanced, arrived at Washington during General Jackson's visit. He guessed their object. To Mr. Crawford, then the Secretary of War, he explained

the business from the beginning, and urged him to refuse compliance with their demands point blank. He left the secretary with the impression that he had secured his object, and that his work in the southwest would not be undone. Mr. Crawford, however, upon hearing the case of the Cherokees, as presented by themselves, thought their claim just, and allowed it. So that General Jackson, on meeting them in the following summer, found that he was under the necessity of again negotiating for the ceded lands, and of buying back what he had supposed to be already the property of the United States. His disgust was extreme. He felt himself humiliated in the eyes of the Indians. He considered his conquests, in part, annulled, and his rightful command interfered with. Time softened his animosity, but, during these years, there was no public man whom he held in such aversion as William H. Crawford, of Georgia. And this aversion had its effect upon the course of events.

With the President-elect, however, General Jackson was entirely satisfied. He well knew that from James Monroe he need fear no thwarting of his plans as commander of the southern division ; Mr. Monroe being one of those gentlemen who are clay in the hands of such a potter as Andrew Jackson.

We have now to present the famous correspondence that passed between these two eminent men in 1816 and 1817—a correspondence that had much to do with the election of General Jackson to the presidency. Made public at a critical moment in 1824, the moderation and patriotic wisdom of General Jackson's letters offered a pleasant contrast to other letters of his that had reached the public eye, and won over to his support a large number of the Federalists. The spectacle exhibited of the first civilian of the nation holding discourse with its first soldier, upon subjects of high import, both of them animated, as it seemed, by a heartfelt interest in the nation's good, was one most pleasing to the public of that day. No reader must overlook these letters. Our General appears to fine advantage in them. They show him in equilibrium, unbiased by prejudice or passion. They show us

what kind of a president he would have made, if it were as easy to govern as it is to write pleasant sentences upon the art of governing.

The reader has had specimens enough of General Jackson's composition to know that these letters, as they will be given here, could not have been written by General Jackson's hand. For the information of the curious it may be mentioned that the letters, before being dispatched, were "copied" by the General's friend, Major W. B. Lewis, of Nashville, in whose handwriting the principal letter was sent to its destination. The residence of Major Lewis, it may be convenient to have the reader know, was, and is, on the road leading from Nashville to the Hermitage, about two miles from the town. For many a year the General seldom passed it without stopping. Many a rough draft of document and letter was there reduced to a form and style presentable to fastidious eyes.

But to the correspondence. A few days after General Jackson's return from the Indian country, in the autumn of 1816, he wrote the following letter to Mr. Monroe, the President-elect :

GENERAL JACKSON TO MR. MONROE.

"HEADQUARTERS, DIVISION OF THE SOUTH, }
"NASHVILLE, 23d October, 1816. }

"DEAR SIR:—I returned from the Nation on the 12th instant, and seize the first moment from duty to write to you.

"I have the pleasure to inform you that we have obtained, by cession, from the Cherokees and Chickasaws, all their claim south of Tennessee that interfered with the Creek cession.

"We have experienced much difficulty with the Chickasaws, from what they call their guarantee or charter, given by President Washington in the year 1794, and recognized by the treaty with that nation in 1801, which not only guaranteed the territory but bound the United States to prevent intrusions within the limits defined, of every kind whatever. In the treaty with the Cherokees, lately entered into at the city of Washington, the greater part of the land guaranteed by the treaty of 1801 to the Chickasaws was included. The fact is that both President Washington and the present Secretary of War (Crawford) must have been imposed on

by false representations, as neither the Cherokees nor the Chickasaws had any right to the territory south of the Tennessee, and included within the Creek cession, as the testimony recorded on your journal and forwarded with the treaty will show; it being within the possession of the Creeks, until conquered by us in the fall of 1813. I feel happy that all these conflicting claims are accommodated by the late treaties, and at a moderate premium, payable in ten years; and that extensive fertile country west of the county of Madison and north of the Tennessee, which at once opens a free intercourse to and defense for the lower country, is acquired.

"In a political point of view its benefits are incalculable. We will now have good roads kept up and supplied by the industry of our own citizens, and our frontier defended by a strong population. The sooner, therefore, that this country can be brought into market the better. By dividing this country into two districts, by a line drawn due east from the mouth of the Black Warrior to the Coosa river, and appointing an enterprising individual to superintend the northern district as surveyor, he can have all the lands north of the line ready for sale by the 1st of June next. The vast capital now held for the purchase of this land, if offered for sale before the holders turn it to other objects, will insure the treasury an immense sum of money, and give to the government a permanent population, capable of defending that frontier, which ought to induce the government to prepare it for market as early as possible.

"Having learned from General David Merriweather that Mr. Crawford is about to retire from the Department of War, I am induced, as a friend to you and the government, to bring to your notice, as a fit character to fill that office, Colonel William H. Drayton, late of the army of the United States.

"I am not personally acquainted with Colonel D., but, believing it of the utmost importance that the office of Secretary of War should be well filled, I have for some time, through every source that has presented itself, been making inquiry on that subject. From information that I can rely on, the result is, that he is a man of nice principles of honor and honesty, of military experience and pride, possessing handsome talents as a lawyer and statesman.

"I am told before the war he was ranked with the Federalists, but the moment his country was threatened he abandoned private ease and a lucrative practice for the tented field. Such acts as these speak louder than words. "The tree is best known by its fruits," and such a man as this, it matters not what he is called, will always act like a true American. Whether he would accept the appointment I can not say; but if he would, his talents, experience and energy would prove highly useful to his country. It is all-important in peace and in war, as you well know, to have this office well filled; at present when there exists such strife in the army as appears in

the north, it is important to select a character of such firmness and energy as can not be swayed from strict rule and justice. From every information I have received, Colonel Drayton fills this character, and is better qualified to execute the duties of the Department of War than any other character I have a knowledge of, either personally or from information.

"I write you confidentially. It is said here is spoken of to succeed Mr. Crawford. Rest assured this will not do. When I say this I wish you to understand me, that he does not possess sufficient capacity, stability, or energy—the three necessary qualifications for a war officer. These hints proceed from the purest motives, that you may be supported in your administration by the best talents and virtue of our country; that you may be hailed in your retirement from the executive chair with that unanimous approbation that has brought you to it.

"Present Mrs. J. and myself respectfully to your lady and family, in which is included Mrs. Hay, and accept for yourself my warmest wishes for your happiness.

"ANDREW JACKSON.

"HON. JAMES MONROE,

"Secretary of State."

Twenty days after writing this letter, and before an answer could have been expected, General Jackson wrote again to the President elect. The reader will not be sorry to learn from this second letter that General Coffee was to be provided for :—

GENERAL JACKSON TO MR. MONROE.

"[*Private.*] NASHVILLE, November 12, 1816.

"SIR: Permit me to introduce to your notice Lieutenant Gadsden, who will hand you this letter, and who is also bearer of the treaties lately concluded with the Creeks, Chickasaws, and Cherokees.

"In my last to you I took the liberty of drawing your attention to the benefits that would result, both to the treasury of the United States and the defense of the Lower Mississippi and its dependencies, by bringing into market those tracts of country lately acquired by the treaties above named. I am so deeply impressed with the importance of this subject, that I cannot forego the present opportunity of again bringing it to your view. I have this moment wrote to the comptroller on this highly interesting and important business. If the plan proposed is adopted, the land can be brought into market within a very short time, which will immediately give to that section of country a strong and permanent settlement of American citizens, competent to its defense. Should the government divide the surveyor's

district, as proposed, and appoint General Coffee surveyor of the northern his energy and industry will bring it into market in all June next. Should the district be divided as contemplated, and General Coffee appointed as surveyor, it will leave open the appointment of receiver of public moneys heretofore promised to the general, which vacancy I warmly recommend to be filled by Lieutenant Gadsden, who, owing to the late, indeed I might say present, delicate state of his health, is desirous of resigning his appointment in the army. In this, as in all my recommendations, I have the public good in view.

"From the acquirements of Lieutenant Gadsden the army will sustain a great loss by the withdrawal of his services from it; but by retiring at present, and avoiding the insalubrious climate where his duty as an officer calls him, his health may be restored and his life preserved for the benefit of his country at some future period. There are few young men in the army or elsewhere possessing his merit. His education is of the best kind and his mind is richly stored with the best kind of knowledge; he should therefore be fostered as capable, at some future day, of becoming one of his country's most useful and valuable citizens. Lieutenant Gadsden's situation requires some office, the profits of which will yield him a competency while preparing himself for some professional pursuit; this office will afford it. These are the reasons that induce me so warmly to recommend him. I hope, should the events alluded to occur, he will receive the appointment.

"Being deeply impressed with the importance of another subject which relates to yourself, as well as to the government, I hope I may be permitted once more to obtrude my opinions. In filling the vacancy occasioned by the transfer of Mr. Crawford from the war office to the treasury, it is of the highest moment that some proper and fit person should be selected.

"Your happiness and the nation's welfare materially depend upon the selections which are to be made to fill the heads of departments. I need not tell you that feuds exist, and have existed, to an injurious degree in the northern army. To fill the department of war with a character who has taken a part in those feuds, or whose feelings have been enlisted on the side of party, will be adding fuel to a flame which, for the good of the service, already burns too fiercely. This and other considerations induced me to enter on the inquiry for a character best qualified to fill that department—it has resulted in the selection of Colonel William Drayton. Since my last to you, in which this subject was then named, General Ripley has arrived here, who heartily concurs with me in the opinion that Colonel Drayton is the best selection that can be made.

"Pardon me, my dear sir, for the following remarks concerning the next presidential term; they are made with the sincerity and freedom of friend. I can not doubt they will be received with feelings similar to those which have impelled me to make them. Every thing depends on the se

lection of your ministry. In every selection party and party feeling should be avoided. Now is the time to exterminate the *monster* called party spirit. By selecting characters most conspicuous for their probity, virtue, capacity and firmness, without any regard to party, you will go far to, if not entirely, eradicate those feelings which, on former occasions, threw so many obstacles in the way of government; and perhaps have the pleasure and honor of uniting a people heretofore politically divided. The chief magistrate of a great and powerful nation should never indulge in party feelings. His conduct should be liberal and disinterested, always bearing in mind that he acts for the whole and not a part of the community. By this course you will exalt the national character, and acquire for yourself a name as imperishable as monumental marble. Consult no party in your choice; pursue the dictates of that unerring judgment which has so long and so often benefitted our country and rendered conspicuous its rulers. These are the sentiments of a friend. They are the feelings—if I know my own heart—of an undissembled patriot.

“Accept assurances of my sincere friendship, and believe me to be your obedient servant,

“ANDREW JACKSON.

“The Hon. JAMES MONROE.”

Mr. Monroe was prompt in replying to these epistles. His reply will remind the reader of some noted and controverted passages in Mr. Jefferson's *Anas*. It may be regarded either as confirming Mr. Jefferson's statements respecting the designs of the early Federalists, or merely as showing to what an extent the pupil had caught the prejudices of his master.

MR. MONROE TO GENERAL JACKSON.

“WASHINGTON, Dec. 14th, 1816,

“DEAR SIR: I have, since my last to you, had the pleasure of receiving two letters from you, the last of the 12th November. The advantages of the late treaties with the Indians are incalculable. One of the benefits consists in putting an end to all dissatisfaction on the part of Tennessee, proceeding from the former treaty. This has been done on very moderate terms. Another consists in enabling the government to bring to market a large body of valuable land, whereby the public debt may be considerably diminished. A third, in extending our settlements along the Mississippi and towards the Mobile, whereby great strength will be added to our union in quarters where it is most wanted. As soon as our population gains a decided preponderance in those regions, East Florida will hardly be con-

sidered by Spain as part of her dominions, and no other power would accept it from her as a gift. Our attitude will daily become more imposing on all the Spanish dominions, and indeed on those of other powers in the neighboring islands. If it keeps them in good order in our relations with them, that alone will be an important consequence.

"I have communicated what you suggested respecting General Coffee and Lieutenant Gadsden to the President, who is, I am satisfied, well disposed to promote their views.

"It is very gratifying to me to receive your opinions on all subjects on which you will have the goodness to communicate them, because I have the utmost confidence in the soundness of your judgment and purity of your intentions. I will give you my sentiments on the interesting subject in question, likewise, without reserve. I agree with you decidedly in the principle that the chief magistrate of the country ought not to be the head of a party, but of the nation itself. I am also of opinion that the members of the Federal party who left it in the late war, and gallantly served the country in the field, have given proofs of patriotism and attachment to free government that entitle them to the highest confidence. In deciding, however, how a new administration ought to be formed, admitting the result to correspond with the wishes of my friends, many considerations claim attention; as, on a proper estimate of them, much may depend in the success of that administration, and even of the Republican cause. We have heretofore been divided into two great parties. That some of the leaders of the Federal party entertained principles unfriendly to our system of government I have been thoroughly convinced; and that they meant to work a change in it, by taking advantage of favorable circumstances, I am equally satisfied. It happened that I was a member of Congress under the confederation, just before the change made by the adoption of the present Constitution; and afterwards of the Senate, beginning shortly after its adoption. In the former I served three years, and in the latter rather a longer term. In these stations I saw indications of the kind suggested. It was an epoch at which the views of men were most likely to unfold themselves, as, if anything favorable to a higher-toned government was to be obtained, that was the time. The movement in France tended, also, then, to test the opinions and principles of men, which was disclosed in a manner to leave no doubt on my mind of what I have suggested. No daring attempt was ever made, because there was no opportunity for it. I thought that Washington was opposed to their schemes, and, not being able to take him with them, that they were forced to work, in regard to him, underhand, using his name and standing with the nation, as far as circumstances admitted, to serve their purposes. The opposition, which was carried on with great firmness, checked the career of this party, and kept it withi

moderate limits. Many of the circumstances upon which my opinion is founded took place in debate and in society, and therefore find no place in any public document. I am satisfied, however, that such proof exists, founded on facts and opinions of distinguished individuals, which became public, to justify that which I have formed.

"The contest between the parties never ceased from its commencement to the present time, nor do I think that it can be said now to have ceased. You saw the height to which the opposition was carried in the late war; the embarrassment it gave to the government, the aid it gave to the enemy. The victory at New Orleans, for which we owe so much to you, and to the gallant freemen who fought under you, and the honorable peace which took place at that time, have checked the opposition, if they have not overwhelmed it. I may add that the daring measure of the Hartford Convention, which unfolded views which had been long before entertained, but never so fully understood, contributed also, in an eminent degree, to reduce the opposition to its present state. It is under such circumstances that the election of a successor to Mr. Madison has taken place, and that a new administration is to commence its service. The election has been made by the Republican party (supposing that it has succeeded), and of a person known to be devoted to that cause. How shall he act? How organize the administration so far as dependent on him when in that station? How fill the vacancies existing at the time?

"My candid opinion is, that the dangerous purposes which I have adverted to were never adopted, if they were known, especially in their full extent, by any large portion of the Federal party, but were confined to certain leaders, and they principally to the eastward. The manly and patriotic conduct of a great proportion of that party in the other States, I might perhaps say of all, who had an opportunity of displaying it, is a convincing proof of this fact. But still southern and eastern Federalists have been connected together as a party, have acted together heretofore; and although their conduct has been different of late especially, yet the distinction between Republicans and Federalists, even in the southern and middle and western States, has not been fully done away.

"To give effect to free government, and secure it from future danger, ought not its decided friends, who stood firm in the day of trial, be principally relied on? Would not the association of any of their opponents in the administration itself wound their feelings, or at least of very many of them, to the injury of the Republican cause? Might it not be considered by the other party as an artful compromise with them, which would lessen the ignominy due to the councils which produced the Hartford Convention, and thereby have a tendency to revive that party on its former principles? My impression is, that the administration should rest strongly on the Republican party, indulging to the other a spirit of moderation, and evincing

a desire to discriminate between its members, and to bring the whole into the Republican fold as quietly as possible.

"Many men, very distinguished for their talents, are of opinion that the existence of the Federal party is necessary to keep union and order in the Republican ranks, that is, that free government can not exist without parties. This is not my opinion. That the ancient republics were always divided into parties; that the English government is maintained by an opposition, that is, by the existence of a party in opposition to the ministry—I well know. But I think that the cause of these divisions is to be found in certain defects in those governments rather than in human nature, and that we have happily avoided those defects in our system. The first object is to save the cause, which can be done by those who are devoted to it only; and, of course, by keeping them together, or, in other words, not by disgusting them by too hasty an act of liberality to the other party, thereby breaking the generous spirit of the Republican party and keeping alive that of the Federal. The second is, to prevent the re-organization and revival of the Federal party, which, if my hypothesis is true, that the existence of party is not necessary to free governments, and the other opinion which I have advanced is well founded, that the great body of the Federal party are Republican, will not be found impracticable. To accomplish both objects, and thereby exterminate all party divisions in our country, and give new strength and stability to our government, is a great undertaking, not easily executed.

"I am, nevertheless, decidedly of opinion that it may be done, and should the experiment fail I shall conclude that its failure was imputable more to the want of a correct knowledge of all circumstances claiming attention, and of sound judgment in the measures adopted, than to any other cause. I agree, I think, perfectly with you in the grand object that moderation should be shown to the Federal party, and even a generous policy be adopted towards it; the only difference between us seems to be, how far shall that spirit be indulged in the onset, and it is to make you thoroughly acquainted with my views on this highly important subject that I have written to you so freely on it. Of the gentleman of whom you have spoken I think as you do, of which I gave him proof when in the Department of War, by placing him in the Board of Officers for digesting and reporting a system of discipline for the army, and afterwards by other tokens of confidence; and I add with pleasure that I should be gratified, regarding the feeling and claims above stated, to find an opportunity at a proper time hereafter, should the event in contemplation occur, to add other proofs of my good opinion and respect for him.

"In the formation of an administration it appears to me that the representative principle ought to be respected, in a certain degree at least, and that the head of a department (there being four) should be taken from the

four great sections of the Union, the east, the middle, the south and the west. This principle should not be always adhered to. Great emergencies and transcendent talents would always justify a departure from it. But it would produce a good effect to attend to it when practicable. Each part of the Union would be gratified by it, and the knowledge of local details and means which would be thereby brought into the cabinet would be useful. I am nowise compromised in respect to any one, but free to act, should I have to act, according to my own judgment, in which I am thankful for the opinions of my friends, and particularly for yours.

"On the subject of fortifications or works of defense of the coasts and frontiers, an arrangement has lately been made by the President with which I wish you to be well acquainted. You have heretofore, I presume, been apprized that General Bernard, of the French corps of engineers, under the recommendation of General Lafayette, and many others of great distinction in France, had offered his services to the United States, and that the President had been authorized by a resolution of Congress to accept them, confining his rank to the grade of the chief of our corps. This resolution being communicated to General Bernard by the late Secretary of War, to whom he was known, he came over in compliance with the invitation which accompanied it. From Mr. Gallatin he brought letters, stating that he was the seventh in rank in the corps, and inferior to none in reputation and talents, if not the first. It required much delicacy in the arrangement, to take advantage of his knowledge and experience in a manner acceptable to himself, without wounding the feelings of the officers of our own corps, who had rendered such useful services, and were entitled to the confidence and protection of their country. The arrangement adopted will, I think, accomplish fully both objects. The President has instituted a Board of Officers, to consist of five members, two of high rank in the corps, General Bernard, the engineer at each station (young Gadsden, for example, at New Orleans) and the naval officer commanding there, whose duty it is made to examine the whole coast and report such works as are necessary for its defense to the Chief Engineer, who shall report the same to the Secretary of War, with his remarks, to be laid before the President. M'Ree and Totten are spoken of for the two first, who, with General Bernard, will continue till the service is performed; the two latter will change with the station. The general commanding each division will be officially apprized of this engagement, that he may be present when he pleases, and give such aid as he may think fit. The attention of the Board will be directed to the inland frontiers likewise. In this way it is thought that the feelings of no one can be hurt. We shall have four of our officers in every consultation against one foreigner—so that if the opinion of the latter becomes of any essential use, it must be by convincing his colleagues when they differ that he has reason on his side. I have seen General Bernard, and

find him a modest unassuming man, who preferred our country in the present state of France to any in Europe, in some of which he was offered employment, and in any of which he may probably have found it. He understands that he is never to have command of the corps, but always will rank second in it.

"This letter, you will perceive, is highly confidential; a relation which I wish always to exist between us. Write me as you have done, without reserve, and the more so the more gratifying your communications will be.

"With great respect and sincere regard, yours,

"JAMES MONROE."

The General tried to submit with a good grace. Still he could not quite give up Colonel Drayton. He wrote to the President elect another letter, which was eminently Jacksonian :—

GENERAL JACKSON TO MR. MONROE.

"NASHVILLE, January 6, 1817.

"DEAR SIR: I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th December last, which I have read with great interest and much satisfaction.

"Your idea of the importance of the newly acquired territory from the Indians is certainly correct, and all the importance you attach to it will be realized. The sooner these lands are brought into market, the sooner a permanent security will be given to what I deem the most important, as well as the most vulnerable, part of the Union. This country once settled, our fortifications of defense in the lower country completed, all Europe will cease to look at it with an eye to conquest. There is no other point, America united, that combined Europe can expect to invade with success.

"On the other subjects embraced by my letter, as well as this, I gave you my crude ideas with the candor of a friend. I am much gratified that you received them as I intended. It was the purest friendship for you individually, combined with the good of our country, that dictated the liberty I took in writing to you. The importance of the station you were about to fill to our country and yourself, the injury in reputation that the chief magistrate may sustain from the acts of a weak minister, the various interests that will arise to recommend for office their favorite candidate, and, from experience in the late war, the mischief that did arise to our national character, by wickedness or weakness, induced me to give you my candid opinion on the importance of the character that should fill this office. I

had made for this purpose the most extensive inquiry in my power, from the most impartial sources, for the most fit character, combining virtue, honor and energy with talents, and all united in the individual named.

"I was fully impressed with the propriety as well as with the policy you have pointed out, of taking the heads of departments from the four grand sections of the United States, where each section can afford a character of equal fitness; where that cannot be done, fitness, and not locality, ought to govern; the Executive being entitled to the best talents, when combined with other necessary qualifications, that the Union can afford.

"I have read with much satisfaction that part of your letter on the rise, progress, and policy of the Federalists. It is, in my opinion, a just exposition. I am free to declare, had I commanded the military department where the Hartford Convention met, if it had been the last act of my life, I should have punished the three principal leaders of the party. I am certain an independent court-martial would have condemned them, under the second section of the act establishing rules and regulations for the government of the army of the United States. These kind of men, although called Federalists, are really monarchists and traitors to the constituted government. But I am of opinion that there are men called Federalists that are honest, virtuous, and really attached to our government, and, although they differ in many respects and opinions with the Republicans, still they will risk every thing in its defense. It is, therefore, a favorite adage with me that the 'tree is best known by its fruit.' Experience in the late war taught me to know that it is not those who cry patriotism the loudest who are the greatest friends to their country, or will risk most in its defense. The Senate of Rome had a Sempronius, America has hers. When, therefore, I see a character with manly firmness give his opinion, but when overruled by a majority fly to support that majority, protecting the eagles of his country, meeting every privation and danger for a love of country and the security of its independent rights, I care not by what name he is called, I believe him to be a true American, worthy of the confidence of his country, and of every good man. Such a character will never do an act injurious to his country. Such is the character given to me of Colonel Drayton. Believing in the recommendation, I was, and still am, confident he is well qualified to fill the office with credit to himself and benefit to his country, and to aid you in the arduous station a grateful country has called you to fill.

"Permit me to add that names of themselves are but bubbles, and sometimes used for the most wicked purposes. I will name one instance. I have, once upon a time, been denounced as a Federalist. You will smile when I name the cause. When your country put up your name in opposition to Mr. M. I was one of those who gave you the preference, and for

reasons that, in the event of war, which was then probable, you would steer the vessel of State with more energy, etc., etc. That Mr. M. was one of the best of men, and a great civilian, I always thought; but I always believed that the mind of a philosopher could not dwell on blood and carnage with any composure; of course, that he was not well fitted for a stormy sea. I was immediately branded with the epithet Federalist, and you also. But I trust, when compared with the good adage of the tree being best known by its fruit, it was unjustly applied to either.

"To conclude, my dear sir. My whole letter was intended to put you on your guard against American Seproniuses, that you might exercise your own judgment in the choice of your own ministry, by which you would glide smoothly through your own administration with honor to yourself and benefit to your country. This was my motive, this the first wish of my heart, to see you when I am in retirement, endeavoring to nurse a broken and debilitated constitution, administering the government with the full approbation of all good men, pursuing an undeviating course, alone dictated by your own independent, matured judgment.

"Present Mrs. J. and myself respectfully to your lady, and accept for yourself our best wishes, and believe me to be your most obedient servant,

"ANDREW JACKSON.

"The Hon. JAMES MONROE."

The next letter of Mr. Monroe's, written three days before his accession to office, is the shortest but most important of the series. We learn from it that General Jackson might have filled the place himself which he had asked for Colonel Drayton.

MR. MONROE TO GENERAL JACKSON.

"WASHINGTON, March 1st, 1817.

"DEAR SIR:—I wrote you a short letter lately by General Bernard, and I intended to have written you another, but had not time; indeed, so constantly have I been engaged in highly important business that I have not had a moment for my friends.

"In the course of last summer the President offered the Department of War to Mr. Clay, who then declined it. Since it was known that the suffrages of my fellow-citizens had decided in my favor, I renewed to him the offer, which he has again declined. My mind was immediately fixed on you, though I doubt whether I ought to wish to draw you from the command of the army to the South, where, in case of any emergency, no one could supply your place. At this moment our friend, Mr. Campbell, called and informed me that you wished me not to nominate you. In this state, I have

resolved to nominate . . . though it is uncertain whether he will serve. His experience and long and meritorious services give him a claim over younger men in that State.

"I shall take a person for the Department of State from the eastward; and Mr. Adams' claims, by long service in our diplomatic concerns, appearing to entitle him to the preference, supported by his acknowledged abilities and integrity, his nomination will go to the Senate. Mr. Crawford, it is expected, will remain in the Treasury. After all that has been said, I have thought that I should put the administration more on national grounds by taking the Secretary of State from the eastward than from this quarter, or the South or West. By this arrangement there can be no cause to suspect unfair combination for improper purposes. Each member will stand on his own merit, and the people respect us all according to our conduct. To each I will act impartially, and of each expect the performance of his duty. While I am here, I shall make the administration, first, for the country and its cause; secondly, to give effect to the government of the people, through me, for the term of my appointment, not for the aggrandizement of any one.

"With great respect and sincere regard, yours,

"JAMES MONROE."

The blank in the above letter is to be filled with the name of the venerable Governor Shelby, of Kentucky, who, we may add, declined the appointment. Mr. Calhoun was subsequently nominated, but did not enter upon the duties of the office till the autumn of 1817. Meanwhile Mr. George Graham was the "Acting Secretary of War." General Jackson soon replied to the President. He strongly disapproved the nomination of Governor Shelby.

GENERAL JACKSON TO PRESIDENT MONROE.

"NASHVILLE, March 18th, 1817.

"DEAR SIR: I had the pleasure this day of receiving your letter of the 1st instant. That by General Bernard I have not received. I learn by this day's mail that he has reached Knoxville, and will be on in a few days.

"My friend Judge Campbell was instructed and fully authorized to make the communication to you that he did, and, I hope, gave you fully my reasons for my determination and wishes on that subject.

"I have no hesitation in saying that you have made the best selection to fill the Department of State that could be made. Mr. Adams, in the

hour of difficulty, will be an able helpmate, and I am convinced his appointment will afford general satisfaction.

"No person stands higher in my estimation than He is a well tried patriot, and if he accepts will, with a virtuous zeal, discharge the duties of the office as far as his abilities will enable him. I can not disguise to you my opinion on this occasion; my anxious solicitude for your public and private welfare requires of me candor on all occasions, and I am compelled to say to you that the acquirements of this worthy man are not competent to the discharge of the multiplied duties of this department. I therefore hope he may not accept the appointment. I am fearful, if he does, he will not add much splendor to his present well-earned standing as a public character. Should he accept, rest assured, as long as I remain in the army it will afford me great pleasure in obeying your orders through him, and rendering his situation and duty easy and pleasant as far as circumstances will place it in my power.

"I am aware of the difficulties that surround you in the selection of your Cabinet. But the plan you have adopted of making all considerations yield to the general weal, will bring you to retirement, with the salutations and applause of all the virtuous, wise and good; and, should you be properly seconded by the Congress of the United States, you will be enabled to place the Union in a state of security and prosperity that cannot be shaken by the convulsions of Europe. To this end you can calculate with confidence on my feeble exertions, so long as my constitution may permit me to be useful. I have looked forward to that happy period, when, under your guidance, our government would be in the 'full tide of successful experiment'—when I would retire from public life, and endeavor to regain a much enfeebled constitution. Should you be properly seconded in your views, this period will arrive as soon as the measures you adopt for the defense of the frontier are carried into effect, by completing those fortifications that have been and may be selected for its defense, by erecting foundries and armories, and organizing and classing the militia. Then we will have peace, for then we will be prepared for war. Every man having a gun in his hand, all Europe combined cannot hurt us. Then all the world will be anxious to be at peace with us, because all will see we wish peace with all, but are prepared for defense against those who may attempt to infringe our national rights.

"Accept assurances of my best wishes, and believe me to be, respectfully, your obedient servant,

"ANDREW JACKSON.

"HON. JAMES MONROE,

"President of the United States."

Mr. Graham held the office of Secretary of War for a few

months only. In October, 1817, he gave place to John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, then in the prime of his manhood, a favorite of New England, and of young men everywhere.

Thus ends the famous "Monroe Correspondence." It lay in the secretaries of the writers for seven years, neither of them anticipating its publication.

Mr. Monroe visited Nashville during his presidency, when General Jackson figured conspicuously among those who welcomed and escorted the President. At the grand ball given him at Nashville, General Jackson and Mr. Monroe entered the ball-room arm-in-arm, the General in his newest uniform, towering far above the little President. On the other side of the President walked General Carroll, who was also a man of lofty stature. "Ah!" whispered one of the ladies present, "how our General does surpass every one—how he does throw every one into the shade!"—a sentiment that was most cordially assented to by all of the little circle to whom it was addressed.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOSTILE CORRESPONDENCE WITH GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.

GENERAL JACKSON had scarcely dispatched the last of his lofty, dispassionate epistles to Mr. Monroe, before he was involved in a correspondence that was neither lofty nor dispassionate. It was as though he had said to himself: "These fine letters that I have been writing may lead those Washington gentlemen into the opinion that I am a mild philosopher in epaulets. I must now do something to correct that absurd impression." Or it was as though, looking into the future, he had been seized with sudden compassion for the readers of his biography, and said, "After the Monroe correspondence they shall have something more spirited and Jacksonian."

It is a military principle that an order from the central authority to a subordinate officer shall pass to that subordinate officer through his military chief. Owing to the great extent of the country, the exigencies of the service, and the inexperience of Secretaries of War, this rule had been often set aside during the late contest with Great Britain, and much inconvenience had thence resulted. Some correspondence had passed on the subject between General Jackson and the government, in the course of which the General had stated the rule and pointed out the evils that had resulted and might result from its non-observance. But it was still occasionally disregarded ; and disregarded, as General Jackson thought, without necessity. A case occurred in the spring of 1817. One Major Long was dispatched by the General to make a topographical survey of part of the Mississippi river. While General Jackson was awaiting his report, he read in a newspaper that Major Long, in obedience to an order from the War Department, had betaken himself to New York, and was there employed in designing the projected fortifications of the harbor. About the same time, Long's report of his survey of the Mississippi was also published in the newspapers, without having been first transmitted to the General, by whose orders the survey had been undertaken. Need it be said that the General was exasperated beyond measure ? On the very day of Mr. Monroe's inauguration he wrote to the President remonstrating against this irregularity. It required at that time about forty days for the mail to convey a letter from Nashville to Washington and bring back an answer. The General waited forty-nine days for a reply to his letter of remonstrance. A President is never so busy as during the first month of his presidency ; nor was Mr. Monroe, at any time, very prompt to decide in cases of difficulty or delicacy. No answer to the General's remonstrance, therefore, was dispatched in time to satisfy the impetuosity of that officer.

In such circumstances, the proper course for General Jackson to pursue was obviously this : To wait a little longer—to repeat his remonstrance—to gain his point, or resign his

commission. He did neither of these things. Having waited, with what patience he could, for forty-nine days, he issued to the division under his command the following order:

“DIVISION ORDER.

“ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
“HEADQUARTERS DIVISION OF THE SOUTH, }
“NASHVILLE, April 22, 1817.

“The commanding General considers it due to the principles of subordination which ought and must exist in an army to prohibit the obedience of any order emanating from the Department of War to officers of this division who have been reported and been assigned to duty, unless coming through him as the proper organ of communication. The object of this order is to prevent the recurrence of a circumstance which removed an important officer from the division without the knowledge of the commanding General, and, indeed, when he supposed that officer engaged in his official duties, and anticipated hourly the receipt of his official reports on a subject of great importance to his command; also to prevent the topographical reports from being made public through the medium of the newspapers, as was done in the case alluded to, thereby enabling the enemy to obtain the benefit of our topographical researches as soon as the General commanding, who is responsible for the division. Superior officers having commands assigned them are held responsible to the government for the character and conduct of that command, and it might as well be justified in an officer senior in command to give orders to a *guard* on duty, without passing that order through the officer of that guard, as that the Department of War should countermand the arrangements of commanding generals, without giving their orders through the proper channel. To acquiesce in such a course would be a tame surrender of military rights and etiquette, and at once subvert the established principles of subordination and good order. Obedience to the lawful commands of superior officers is constitutionally and morally required; but there is a chain of communication that binds the military compact, which, if broken, opens the door to disobedience and disrespect, and gives loose to the turbulent spirits who are ever ready to excite to mutiny. All physicians able to perform duty, who are absent on furlough, will forthwith repair to their respective posts. Commanding officers of regiments and corps are ordered to report *especially* all officers absent from duty on the 30th of June next, and their cause of absence. The army is too small to tolerate idlers, and they will be dismissed the service.

“By order of Major General Jackson.

“ROBERT BUTLER,
“Adjutant General.”

This order, published in all the newspapers, attracted universal attention. It was the talk of the whole country. The President, in a strait betwixt two, unable to act in the matter without giving dire offense either to the Secretary of War or to General Jackson, did nothing. Two months after, however, the matter was forced to an issue. General Ripley, then in command at New Orleans, received an order direct from the Department of War, which he, in obedience to the order of General Jackson, refused to obey, and notified his chief of the fact. General Jackson at once assumed the responsibility. He wrote to the President, on the 12th of August, commending the "proper disobedience of General Ripley," and justifying his own conduct. "In the view I took of this subject on the 4th of March," said he, "I had flattered myself you would coincide, and had hoped to receive your answer before a recurrence of a similar infringement of military rule rendered it necessary for me to call your attention thereto. None are infallible in their opinions, but it is nevertheless necessary that all should act agreeably to their convictions of right. My convictions in favor of the course I have pursued are strong, and, should it become necessary, I will willingly meet a fair investigation before a military tribunal. The good of the service, and the dignity of the commission I hold, alone actuate me. My wishes for retirement have already been made known to you ; but, under existing circumstances, my duty to the officers of my division forbids it until this subject is fairly understood."

The retirement of the acting Secretary of War, soon after the receipt of this letter, relieved the President from embarrassment. In October Mr. Calhoun took possession of the War Department, and promptly decided that "on ordinary occasions orders from that department would issue only to the commanding generals of the divisions, and in cases where the service required a different course the general-in-chief would be notified of the order with as little delay as possible."

Upon issuing this order Mr. Calhoun wrote to General

Jackson a private letter, explanatory of his view of the subject. This letter was highly prized by General Jackson, and laid the foundation of a friendship between the General and the Secretary that lasted many years. As we shall have much to do with the relations between these two men in after times, it is necessary to insert Mr. Calhoun's letter in this place.

MR. CALHOUN TO GENERAL JACKSON.

"WAR DEPARTMENT,
"December 29, 1817. }

"SIR: The inclosed general orders have issued from this department, unconnected with the cause which originally occasioned them. I have been influenced, in framing them, wholly by regard to the public interest.

"I am aware the subject is delicate and important; but I trust that in practice no inconvenience under their present form will be experienced.

"The general rule is that all orders, in the first instance, will issue to commanders of division; and this rule to be deviated from only when the public interest may require it. The correctness of the rule itself cannot be doubted. Order, discipline and responsibility, all concur in establishing it. But that there are exceptions to the rule is to my mind not less clear. The very principles on which it is established point out the exceptions.

"Why maintain order, discipline and responsibility, but to give to the movements of the army promptitude and success? When, then, they can only be had by deviating from the established rule, the exception becomes the rule. That such cases must occur, a mere reference to the great extent of the divisions furnishes incontestible proof. I will not press the subject further, for I perceive, by looking over the correspondence with the President, the orders accord substantially with your view in relation to this subject. You insist on the rule that orders ought to issue to the commanders of division, as they are responsible. This rule is the basis of the orders which have been adopted. You admit that necessity may cause exceptions to it, and it is the only cause of exception recognized by the orders; for, I presume, when we speak of necessity in this case we only mean a due regard to the public interest.

"If, then, we are agreed in our mode of viewing this subject in the abstract, we shall find little inconvenience in practice. For, on my part, standing as I do in relation to the army, it is my duty, and will be my pride, to consult on all occasions, with due regard to higher obligations to the public, its interest and honor. Permit me to say, that to you, individually, I participate in those feelings of respect which any lover of his

country has toward you. In any effort to add greater perfection to our military establishment I must mainly rely for support on your weight of character and information. I cannot, therefore, conclude without expressing the wish that our country may long continue to be benefited by your military services.

“With sentiments of esteem, etc.,

“JOHN C. CALHOUN.”*

Thus, in effect, General Jackson triumphed, and the dignity of the government was supposed to be saved. A right thing was accomplished in a wrong way. The affair would have terminated here but for the officious conduct of an anonymous intermeddler at the North.

On the 3d of September, General Jackson received an anonymous letter, post-marked “New York, August 14th,” of which the following is a copy : “Your late order has been the subject of much private and some public remark. The war office gentry and their adherents, pensioners, and expectants, have all been busy ; but no one (of sufficient mark for your notice) more than Major General Scott, who, I am credibly informed, goes so far as to call the order in question an act of mutiny. In this district he is the organ of government insinuations and the supposed author of the paper inclosed, which, however, (the better to cover him,) was not published until he had left this city for the lakes. Be on your guard. As they have placed spies upon Brown here, so it is probable you are not without them. The eastern Federalists have now all become good Republicans, and pledged to the support of the President, as he to them. Government can now do well without the aid of Tennessee, etc., etc. ‘A word to the wise is enough.’ ”

Inclosed with this letter was an article from the *New York Columbian*, signed “A Querist,” in which it was asserted that General Jackson’s order had been dictated by the General’s concern for a protégé, and that by it the government was insulted and nullified. General Jackson, who was not per-

* Papers of Major Wm. B. Lewis.

sonally acquainted with General Scott, and had never seen him, addressed to him the following communication :—

GENERAL JACKSON TO GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.

“HEADQUARTERS DIVISION OF THE SOUTH, }
“NASHVILLE, September 8, 1817. }

“SIR: With that candor due the character you have sustained as a soldier and a man of honor, and with the frankness of the latter, I address you.

“Inclosed is a copy of an anonymous letter, post-marked ‘New York, 14th August, 1817,’ together with a publication taken from the *Columbian*, which accompanied the letter. I have not permitted myself for a moment to believe that the conduct ascribed to you is correct. Candor, however, induces me to lay them before you, that you may have it in your power to say how far they be incorrectly stated.

“If my order has been the subject of your animadversion, it is believed you will at once admit it and the extent to which you may have gone.

“I am, sir, respectfully,

“Your most obedient servant,

“ANDREW JACKSON.

“General W. Scott, U. S. Army.”

General Scott’s reply to this letter was every thing that a reply to it should have been. It was candid, courteous, explicit. He disclaimed the authorship of the article in the *Columbian*; he had not seen it, he said, till he received it from General Jackson. He had expressed the opinion, and still held the opinion, that the order in question was of a mutinous tendency. “Conversing,” said General Scott, “with some two or three private gentlemen, about as many times, on the subject of the division order, dated at Nashville, April 22d, 1817, it is true that I gave it as my opinion that that paper was, as it respected the future, mutinous in its character and tendency; and, as it respected the past, a reprimand of the commander-in chief, the President of the United States; for, although the latter be not expressly named, it is a principle well understood that the War Department, without at least his *supposed sanction*, can not give a valid command to an ensign.”

General Scott argued and illustrated the case at consider-

able length, and with the most perfect temper ; showing what confusion and disaster might arise if the President could, in no circumstances whatever, issue an order directly to a subordinate officer. He added : “ I must pray you to believe, sir, that I have expressed my opinion on this great question without the least hostility to yourself personally, and without any view of making my court in another quarter, as is insinuated by your anonymous correspondent. I have nothing to fear or hope from either party. It is not likely that the executive will be offended at the opinion that *it* has committed an irregularity in the transmission of one of its orders ; and as to yourself, although I cheerfully admit that you are my *superior*, I deny that you are my *commanding* officer, within the meaning of the sixth article of the Rules and Articles of War. Even if I had belonged to your division I should not hesitate to repeat to you all that I have said, at any time, on your subject, if a proper occasion offered. And what is more, I should expect your approbation, as, in my humble judgment, refutation is impossible.”

To this most moderate, proper, and gentleman-like letter, General Jackson sent a reply of so incredible a character that when it was paraded in the campaign newspapers of 1824 many pronounced it a forgery—a weak invention of the enemy to influence votes. But no ; it was really written and dispatched by General Jackson. And what is more, he thought so well of the performance as to furnish a copy for publication ; and that, too, at a time when no one called for it and few knew of its existence.

GENERAL JACKSON TO GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT.

“ HEADQUARTERS DIVISION OF THE SOUTH, }
“ NASHVILLE, December 3, 1817. }

“ SIR: I have been absent from this place a considerable time, rendering the last friendly office I could to a particular friend, whose eyes I closed on the 20th ultimo. Owing to this, your letter of the 4th of October was not received until the 1st instant.

“ Upon the receipt of the anonymous communication made me from

New York I hastened to lay it before you. That course was suggested to me by the respect I felt for you as a man and a *soldier*, and that you might have it in your power to answer how far you had been guilty of so base and inexcusable conduct. Independent of the services you have rendered your country, the circumstance of you wearing the badge and insignia of a soldier led me to the conclusion that I was addressing a gentleman. With these feelings you were written to; and had an idea been for a moment entertained that you could have descended from the high and dignified character of a major general of the United States, and used language so *opprobrious and insolent* as you have done, rest assured I should have viewed you as rather *too contemptible to have held any converse with you* on the subject. If you have lived in the world thus long in entire ignorance of the *obligations and duties which honor impose*, you are indeed past the time of learning; and surely he must be ignorant who seems so little under their influence.

"Pray, sir, does your recollection serve in what school of philosophy you were taught, that, to a letter inquiring into the nature of a supposed injury, and clothed in language decorous and unquestionable, an answer should be given couched in *pompous insolence and bullying expression*? I had hoped that what was charged upon you by my anonymous correspondent was unfounded. I had hoped so from a belief that General Scott was a *soldier and gentleman*. But when I see those statements doubly confirmed by his own words, it becomes a matter of inquiry how far a man of honorable feelings can reconcile them to himself, or longer set up a claim to that character. Are you ignorant, sir, that had my order, at which your refined judgment is so extremely touched, been made the subject of inquiry, you might, from your standing, not your character, have been constituted one of my judges? How very proper, then, was it, thus situated, and without a knowledge of any of the attendant circumstances, for you to have prejudged the whole matter. This, at different times, and in the circle of your friends, you could do, and yet had I been arraigned, and you detailed as one of my judges, with the *designs of an assassin* lurking under a fair exterior, you would have approached the holy sanctuary of justice. Is conduct like this congenial with that high sense of dignity which should be seated in a soldier's bosom? Is it due from a brother officer *to assail in the dark the reputation of another, and stab him in a moment when he can not expect it*? I might insult an honorable man by questions such as these, but shall not expect they will harrow up one who must be dead to all those feelings which are the true characteristics of a gentleman.

"In terms, polite as I was capable of noting, I asked you if my informant had stated truly? If you were the author of the publication and remarks charged against you, and to what extent? A reference to your letter, without any comment of mine, will inform how far you have pur-

sued a similar course; *how little of the gentleman and how much of the hec-toring bully you have manifested*. If nothing else would, the epaulets which grace your shoulders should have dictated to you a different course, and have admonished you that, however small may have been your respect for another, respect for yourself should have taught you the necessity of replying, at least mildly, to the inquiries I suggested, and more especially should you have done this, when your own convictions must have fixed you as *guilty of the abominable crime of detraction—of slandering, and behind his back, a brother officer*. But not content with answering to what was proposed, your overweening vanity has led you to make an offering of your advice. Believe me, sir, it is not in my power to render you my thanks. I think too highly of myself to suppose that I stand at all in need of your admonitions, and too lightly of you to appreciate them as useful. For good advice I am always thankful, but never fail to spurn it when I know it to flow from an incompetent or corrupt source. *The breast where base and guilty passions dwell* is not the place to look for virtue, or any thing that leads to virtue. My notions, sir, are not those now taught in modern schools and in fashionable high life. They were imbibed in ancient days, and hitherto have and yet bear me to the conclusion, that he who can wantonly outrage the feelings of another, who, without cause, can extend injury where none is done, is capable of any crime, however detestable in its nature, and will not fail to commit it whenever it may be imposed by necessity.

"I shall not stoop, sir, to a justification of my order before you, or to notice the weakness and absurdities of your tinsel rhetoric. It may be quite conclusive with yourself, and I have no disposition to attempt convincing you that your ingenuity is not as profound as you have imagined it. To my government, whenever it may please, I hold myself liable to answer, and to produce the reasons which prompted me to the course I took; and to the *intermeddling pimps and spies of the War Department*, who are in the garb of gentlemen, I hold myself responsible for any grievance they may labor under on my account, with which you have my permission to number yourself. For what I have said I offer no apology. You have deserved it all and more, were it necessary to say more. I will barely remark, in conclusion, that if you feel yourself aggrieved at what is here said, any communication from you will reach me safely at this place.

"I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"ANDREW JACKSON.

"Brevet Maj. Gen. W. Scott, U. S. A., New York."

Upon reading this unique epistle General Scott very naturally concluded that it had been written by a man in a tearing passion, and even indulged the hope of soon receiving

an apology for its offensive language, and a request to burn the letter. With this expectation he showed the fiery document to but one individual, a confidential member of his staff. In his reply to General Jackson he declined accepting his challenge to mortal combat on religious grounds. "But," he added, "lest this motive should excite the ridicule of gentlemen of liberal habits of thinking and acting, I beg leave to add, that I decline the honor of your invitation from patriotic scruples. My ambition is not that of Erostratus. I should think it would be easy for you to console yourself under this refusal by the application of a few epithets, as coward, etc., to the object of your resentment; and here I promise to leave you until the next war, to persuade yourself of their truth."

In remarking upon the violent and offensive language of General Jackson he mingled rebuke with compliment. "It would be as easy," said he, "to retort all this abuse as it was for you to originate it. But I must inform you, sir, that however much I may desire to emulate certain portions of your history, I am not at all inclined to follow the pernicious example that your letter furnishes."

General Scott concluded by expressing a belief that, on the return of General Jackson's "wonted magnanimity," he would be requested to burn a letter which could only have been dictated by passion. He should, therefore, hold the letter in reserve for a certain time.

With this reply, which was most creditable to the writer in every respect, the correspondence, for the time, ended. Ere long, General Scott was surprised to see in the newspapers the whole correspondence. Several years passed, during which the two officers were never within a hundred miles of one another. The impression left upon the mind of General Scott was, that if ever they did meet a scene of violence was to be expected. At length they were in Washington together, when the affair was brought to a termination in a manner which will be related at the proper place.

There is no justifying General Jackson's conduct to General Scott in this correspondence. It was ridiculous. It ex-

hibits the worst weakness of his character in a striking light. We must avow the truth that, with all his virtues, his good intentions, his great services, Andrew Jackson could no longer bear opposition either to his will, his measures, or his opinions. His patriotism was real, but his personality was powerful, and the two were so intermingled with and lost in one another, that he honestly regarded the man who opposed him as an enemy to virtue and to his country. Conscious of the rectitude of his intentions, having at heart the honor and interest of the United States, and unable to see two sides to any question, he could attribute a difference of opinion only to moral obliquity, mental incapacity, ambition, or spite. The reader must allow for this, must try and forgive it; must take into consideration the peculiar race whence this man sprung; his singular career hitherto, and the frightful adulation of which he was the ceaseless victim. There are millions of men now living who are as little able to tolerate an opinion different from their own, as little able to bear censure, as General Jackson ever was. But many of us conceal this weakness of ours both from ourselves and from others. We do not fly into a passion when we are censured, and indite vituperative letters, because there are certain artificial restraints to which we are subject, but which were not known to this frontier General. Nor have many of us to endure the calamity of being the pride and favorite of a nation, surrounded by flatterers, cheered by crowds, presented with swords by legislatures, with medals by Congress, with silverware by ladies; sought by politicians; counseled with by presidents, and deferred to by cabinets. Yet how many of us find it easy to respect the understanding that differs from us, or the motives that condemn us?

The good sense which enables a man to take a correct view of himself and of what is due to himself, is the rare and late fruit of culture and reflection. Andrew Jackson was uncultured and not given to reflection. He could feel. He could act. He could discern. Often he felt nobly. He often acted gloriously. His swift intuitive glance was often correct.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOSTILE CORRESPONDENCE WITH GENERAL ADAIR.

BUT when that swift, intuitive glance was not correct, no man could correct it. The affair with General Scott was a case in point. The feud with General John Adair of Kentucky was another. In both General Jackson was partly in the right and partly in the wrong.

In the battle of the 8th of January, 1815, it will be remembered, General Adair commanded the Kentucky troops in the absence of General Thomas, who was sick. Solicitous for the honor of his adopted State and of the troops he had commanded, General Adair endeavored to convince General Jackson that the retreat of the Kentuckians on the western bank of the Mississippi was not the 'inglorious flight' which the General's dispatch to the Secretary of War had represented it. Some warm conversations on the subject passed between General Adair and the Commander-in-Chief after the battle. A few days later, Adair drew up a full and careful statement of the events that led to the retreat; justifying the troops, and supporting his view of the affair by the written statements of officers who had witnessed and taken part in it. General Jackson's reply to this elaborate letter was moderate and conciliatory. "The court of inquiry," he said, "*greatly to my satisfaction*, have acquitted Colonel Davis of any conduct deserving censure on the right bank of the river; on the left, it gives me great happiness to state, that the Kentuckians who acted immediately under your command, sustained the honor of their State and of our common country."

With the writing of this letter General Jackson's action in the matter, for the time being, terminated. A slight inadvertence, however, on the part of General Thomas or his secretary, led, in after years, to the misunderstanding we are about to relate. Before transmitting to Kentucky the decision of the court of inquiry, the secretary of General Thomas appended

to it, by way of postscript, a few words expressive of his General's hearty concurrence in the exculpation of the Kentucky troops. "*The General*," he wrote, "is impressed with a belief that the conduct of the detachment of Kentucky militia composing Colonel Davis' command on the 8th of January has been misrepresented, and that their retreat was not only excusable, but absolutely justifiable, owing to the unfortunate position in which they were placed." The writer forgot to append his signature to this sentence. When, therefore, his letter was read in Kentucky, the words, "*The General*," were supposed to mean General Jackson. It was thought, throughout the State, that General Jackson had, at length, been convinced of his error, and had taken that mode of retracting the unjust language of his public dispatch. This view of the matter was highly agreeable to the gallant sons of Kentucky, whom the alleged "inglorious flight" of their brethren at New Orleans had, at first, overwhelmed with astonishment and shame. The dispatch of General Thomas, containing the exculpatory postscript, though often published in Kentucky, was not seen by General Jackson at the time.

In 1817 was issued, in Kentucky, Mr. R. B. McAfee's "*History of the War*;" the author of which quoted the words of General Thomas' secretary, attributing them to General Jackson, and characterizing them as a "dry, reluctant sentence of justification." The idea was conveyed that General Jackson, prejudiced as he was against the Kentucky troops, had been compelled, by the irresistible force of testimony, to acknowledge himself in the wrong. Even General Jackson vindicates our brave Kentuckians! Their very accuser publicly withdraws his accusation!

This passage, copied into the *Kentucky Reporter*, was shown to General Jackson. Prompt, indignant denial was dispatched to the editors, in which the General pronounced the retracting sentence "a forgery of the blackest kind," "a wicked, willful and corrupt forgery," and the author thereof "a villain." He demanded of the editors that they should publish in their journal, entire, the correspondence that had

passed between himself and General Adair on the subject in 1815. He also intimated that his opinion of the conduct of the Kentucky troops, as expressed in his dispatch after the battle, was still unchanged.

The editors declined publishing the correspondence on the ground that it had been already published, and they did not wish to encumber their columns with uninteresting matter. They added, however : " We do not wish you to believe that we would obstinately refuse to publish in our paper any thing that you might desire us to publish. We have given you our reasons for declining to publish and republish what you have requested, but if these reasons are not satisfactory to you we will publish any thing for you which is not abusive or disrespectful to ourselves."

Their reasons were not satisfactory to General Jackson. He wrote a second letter to the editors, going over the subject at great length, and reasserting all his former positions. A typographical error occurred in the printing of this communication which embroiled General Jackson with General Adair. The offensive passage was written by General Jackson thus : " Here we have the positive declaration of the author (Mr. McAfee) that the forged paper was furnished by General Adair." This sentence was thus printed : " Here we have the positive declaration of the author that the forged paper was forged by General Adair."

General Jackson said further : " I will now add that the full view which I had from the parapet of my line of defense gave me full evidence of the inglorious flight of the troops, on the right bank, before the enemy. And although I could not distinguish between corps, still it was clearly seen that the right first gave way ; and no where did I behold that manly defense which I expected, except from Patterson's batteries, which were well served. This statement I had made more than once to General Adair ; he knew my feelings on this occasion, and that I could not be brought to bend from them ; my answer, as I now suppose, was found not to meet the purpose that was expected ; therefore this forged dish, dressed in

the true Spanish style, was produced to convey to the world the idea, expressed in your quotation from the History of the Late War in the Western Country, that General Adair's application to me had produced this 'dry, reluctant sentence of justification.' Now, sir, you have declared that had you found that an imposition was intended, you would have felt the same indignation which I had expressed ; you must now be convinced of it, and will I trust expose to public view the authors of this forgery, that they may receive at the bar of public justice merited punishment. I hope it will not be found, as alleged by the author of the Late War, that General Adair has had any agency in bringing into existence this piece of fabrication ; but he certainly appears implicated, and, if innocent, it is due to justice that he should be declared so, and the real source from whence it came ascertained. . . . You are pleased to remark that you 'can not see the propriety of so much warmth and indignation.' I trust that I shall ever feel an honest warmth and indignation when I see truth sacrificed at the shrine of local feelings and interest, and an attempt made, under the authority of my name, to blast the well-earned fame of meritorious and deserving men. From your own professions, I have grounds for believing that from the evidence now before you, you will feel equally indignant at the imposition, and believe that the troops in question have not been so much defamed, or the injustice done them so notorious as you had supposed. You state that the reputed conduct of those troops was calculated to stain the proud military character of a large and patriotic State. As well might it be said that the disgraceful flight of my rear guard, on the 24th January, 1814, at Enotochopeo, had stained the proud military character of the State of Tennessee. The cases are similar—I witnessed both. And could any one ever think that the disgraceful flight of a few, whilst others of the same corps fought bravely and sustained the honor of their country, could attach disgrace to a State ? Surely not. The fact is, that the Kentuckians, like all other good materials, have and ever will cover themselves with glory when well

officered and gallantly led ; but, like all other troops, when badly officered and timidly led will be covered with disgrace. You repeat your astonishment at my warmth : I will add another reason why I feel warm and indignant. From the foregoing extract from the History of the Late War in the West, it will be seen that those fabrications are attempted, through that medium, to be handed down to posterity as truths ; and that, too, without contradiction under the eye of those who knew their falsehood. The most unworthy and dishonorable feelings are there ascribed to me. I am described as *reluctantly yielding justice to the demand* of General Adair. Such degeneracy of feeling toward any of the troops which I have had the honor to command is false ; and to ascribe them to me could only spring from the most malevolent breast. . . . Justice and truth are my polar stars, from which I never have, nor ever will knowingly depart ; and permit me to add, that neither wealth, power, or any other consideration, can ever draw from me a falsehood, or prevent my doing justice. Whenever I could be operated upon by such ignoble feelings as either flattery or fear to do an ungenerous act, I should loathe myself and wish to close my mortal career."

General Adair, who had neither forged nor furnished any paper for the purposes of the historian, and had not seen his work, was naturally indignant at the language of General Jackson, and replied to him in a tone that accorded with his feelings. Not content with a simple denial of the charge of forgery, he proceeded to offer a variety of satirical observations upon General Jackson's letter. "I have long since been of the opinion," said Adair, "that no wise or prudent general would ever fight over his victories a second time on paper : perhaps no instance could be drawn from history where this rule would more forcibly apply than to the battle of the eighth of January below New Orleans." And much more of a character equally irritating, accusing the General of ill-temper, prejudice, and ignorance of what had transpired in his own camp.

The reply of General Jackson was exceedingly long, and

by no means of the intemperate character that might have been expected. "It is *you*, General," said Jackson, "who appear to write to the editors in a passion ; and this passion does not arise from any expression of mine, but from an error in the editors—whether it be accidental or design is for you and themselves to decide ; they have published it correctly in a note in the same paper, and corrected it in a subsequent one. It is a subject on which I feel no concern. On this, as on similar occasions when any become irritated with me on false premises or information, and make loud complaints through public prints of acts never done, I regard it not : such passions always subside without injury. You ask through the Reporter an explanation of my allusion to the 'Spanish Dish.' It will not be given ; my letter speaks for itself. It is plain, and without innuendo. You are charged by the historian with having furnished the forgery commented on ; you can read it coolly, and draw your own conclusions. This is my only explanation. I am astonished at your impudence to speak of *fighting battles over again*. You well know, sir, that your misrepresentations and falsehoods, combined with those of your colleague and the editors of a newspaper, have been disturbing the tranquillity of the public mind, by endeavoring to cast a stigma on the well-earned fame of brave and meritorious officers, and seeking to convince the world that men were heroes who ingloriously fled before the enemy. For the purpose of forestalling public opinion, you have expressed a fear that I will not do you justice. This is only deception, for you know me better. As far as I know it, you shall have the truth."

Passing over much irrelevant matter, we come to the single paragraph of General Jackson's communication which is devoted to the real point at issue between himself and General Adair : "However I might be pleased with the acquittal of Colonel Davis, still I saw falsehoods in the testimony, and which, of my own knowledge, I pronounce such. It was stated in the evidence and reiterated to me in your letter of the twentieth of March, that Colonel Davis' detachment,

after having retreated to and formed on General Morgan's line, received the attack of the enemy, and fired from *three to seven rounds*. You know, sir, very well, that when the enemy advanced on the right bank of the river, the parapet of my line being crowded with officers and soldiers, I ordered that they should take off their hats and give our troops on the right bank three cheers. Whilst in the act of cheering, I saw the right of General Morgan's line precipitately give way. The most expert and well-drilled soldier in the art of loading and firing could not have discharged his piece three times before they were many paces retiring with the utmost precipitation. I therefore knew the statement to be false, and every person who witnessed this distressing scene knew it also. I have, and always will endeavor to reward the brave with my approbation ; but no influence, however extensive, no irritation, however strong, shall ever cause me to deviate from what I believe to be correct, to do an act of injustice to brave men, by approbating the coward who deserts in the hour of danger. If such conduct toward the deserving can be termed 'prejudice,' I glory to possess it."

To which General Adair replied : " The General *saw* all this from his parapet, and he ordered his men to give those on the other bank three cheers !! I was standing by him when he gave this order, and with a smile (not of approbation) observed I was afraid they could not hear us. The distance from us to them on a straight line was upwards of one mile and a half ; there was a thick fog, and I confess I could not see the troops of either army. All I could discover was the blaze from the guns ; and seeing that continue to progress up the river was the only knowledge we had that our men were retreating. . . . The General tells you he has entered into this contest merely to do justice to two brave and meritorious officers, Patterson and Morgan. As to the Commodore, his best friends will agree, he stepped out of his line of duty when he undertook to designate corps in a battle on land to the Secretary of the Navy ; and if General Jackson can point out a single order or arrangement of Gen-

eral Morgan that was not childishly weak and unmilitary, I am mistaken. He led no corps into action, and was only conspicuous whilst retreating in front of his men, calling to them *to form! form!* which is often the case with those who run fastest. Morgan writes merely to justify the General. These great chiefs have a great respect for each other. The General thinks I became the champion of the Kentuckians with the view of thereby obtaining a seat in the Senate of Congress, or in the gubernatorial chair of Kentucky. For this idea he is indebted to his friend George Poindexter, of fugitive memory. There is a strange coincidence between the minds and dispositions of these two great men. Loud, noisy, and abusive, nature seems to have formed them in mind and disposition for tavern and town bullies, but fortunately for society denied them the physical power necessary. It is owing to this defect that they have so frequently been engaged in paper contests. As to the General's very laconic answer to my former remarks on his '*Spanish dish*,' I will only observe that this affair relates only to him and myself alone, and it only shows his willingness to rake from its ashes an old calumny of my connection with Colonel Burr. Whatever were the intentions of Colonel Burr, I neither organized troops at that time, nor did I superintend the building of boats for him, nor did I write confidential letters recommending him to my friends, nor did I think it necessary after his failure was universally known to save myself by turning informer or State witness."

General Adair added to his vindication of the Kentuckians a great mass of testimony, which, if the deliberate word of eye-witnesses can establish anything, establishes the truth of his version of the occurrences on the western bank of the Mississippi.* Whether this array of evidence had the effect of convincing General Jackson does not appear, as the controversy closed with the publication of General Adair's last communication. In later years the two generals became very

* See pamphlet, entitled "Letters of General Adair and General Jackson, relative to the charge of cowardice," etc., etc. Lexington, Ky., 1817.

good friends once more, and "fought their battles over again" in a more agreeable manner.

From these private quarrels the attention of General Jackson, toward the close of this quarrelsome year, was drawn away to the consideration of public events of threatening import, which nearly concerned the Commander-in-Chief of the Southern Division of the Army of the United States.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE FURTHER EXPLOITS OF COLONEL NICHOLS.

There was trouble again among the Indians—the Indians of Florida, the allies of Great Britain during the war of 1812, commonly known by the name of Seminoles. Composed in part of fugitive Creeks, who scouted the treaty of Fort Jackson, they had indulged the expectation that, on the conclusion of peace, they would be restored by their powerful ally to the lands wrested from the Creeks by Jackson's conquering arm in 1814.

This claim of theirs to the lost territory of the Creeks, though groundless, had a slight show of ground. The ninth article of the treaty of Ghent begins with these words: "The United States of America engage to put an end, immediately after the ratification of the present treaty, to hostilities with all the tribes or nations of Indians, with whom they may be at war at the time of such ratification, and forthwith to restore to such tribes or nations, respectively, all the possessions, rights, and privileges which they may have enjoyed or been entitled to in one thousand eight hundred and eleven, previous to such hostilities."

Observe the words, "*with whom they may be at war at the time of such ratification.*" The United States were not at war with the Creeks at the date of the ratification of the treaty of Ghent. The Creek war was at an end and the treaty

of Fort Jackson signed four months before. The Creeks who had fled to Florida could only reply to this by saying, in effect: "*We were not consenting parties to the treaty of Fort Jackson; we were not then subdued, but still waged war against the United States; we are as much entitled to be considered the Creek nation as were those recreant chiefs who signed away, at Fort Jackson, the common home and property of us all.*" The plea was plausible enough, and to them most convincing; but it could not convince either the English or the American government. Indeed, the mere number of the Florida Creeks refuted it. At no time after the war of 1812 could there be mustered in Florida more than *seven hundred Seminole warriors*; and a large proportion of these had neither the shadow nor the pretense of a claim to the ancient domain of the Creeks. This estimate is that of General D. B. Mitchell, who, as Governor of the adjacent State of Georgia, and afterward as Creek agent, had the best opportunity of forming a correct opinion.*

This poor remnant of tribes once so numerous and powerful had not a thought of attempting to regain the lost lands by force of arms. The best testimony now procurable confirms their own solemnly reiterated assertions, that they desired and endeavored to live in peace with the white settlers of Georgia. General Mitchell strongly expresses this opinion. All their "talks," petitions, remonstrances, letters, of which a large number are still accessible, breathe only the wish for peace and fair dealing. The Seminoles were drawn at last into a collision with the United States by a chain of circumstances with which they had little to do, and the responsibility of which belongs not to them.

Colonel Edward Nichols, whose proceedings in Florida before the attack upon New Orleans have been related in previous pages of this work, reappeared on the scene of his remarkable exploits after the peace. He seems to have regarded the Seminoles as his "mission." He went through

* Deposition of D. B. Mitchel before a committee of the United States Senate, February, 1819. Doc. 100, page 37.

the preposterous ceremony, in the spring of 1815, of forming an alliance offensive and defensive between the Seminoles and Great Britain. He repaired and strengthened a fort on the Appalachicola river, sixty miles below the junction of the Chattahoochie and Flint, which he styled the "British Post on the Appalachicola," and which afterwards acquired a sad celebrity as the "Negro Fort." These things he did entirely, as it seems, on his own responsibility, and without condescending to pay the slightest regard to the authority of the Spanish governor. He ruled and directed his Indians in the manner of a hot-headed young patriarch, who owed allegiance to nobody. Let us, however, be just to this wild, well intentioned Irishman. He has been accused of being an "instigator" of the Seminole war. The accusation is false. His advice to the Indians, on all occasions, was to keep the peace with the people of the United States—to defend themselves if attacked, but on no account ever to cross the line between the American and the Spanish territory. He even instituted a kind of police among the Seminoles, the object of which was to prevent any individuals of the tribe from plundering and molesting the Georgia settlers. It is important to establish this point. I request the reader to read attentively the following letter from Colonel Nichols to Colonel Benjamin Hawkins, Creek agent. Several letters passed, in the spring of 1815, between Nichols and Hawkins; but this is the principal letter, and it is the one chiefly relied upon by Mr. John Quincy Adams to support his charge that Nichols incited the Indians to hostility. The letter played an important part in subsequent negotiations, and was tossed from court to court, and from war-office to war-office, a distracting shuttlecock for several months. The italics in the copy subjoined are those of Mr. Adams :

COL. EDWARD NICHOLS TO COL. BENJAMIN HAWKINS.

"BRITISH POST,
"APPALACHICOLA RIVER, May 12, 1815. }

"IN my letter to you of the 28th ultimo I requested you would be so good as to make inquiry into the murder and robberies committed on the

Seminole belonging to the chief called Bowlegs, at the same time declaring my determination of punishing with the utmost rigor of the law any one of our side who broke it. Of this a melancholy proof has been given in the execution of an Indian of the Ataphalgo town by Hothly Poya Tustunugee, chief of Ocmulgees, who found him driving off a gang of cattle belonging to your citizens, and for which act of justice I have given him double presents and a chief's gun, in the open square before the whole of the chiefs, and highly extolled him. These, sir, are the steps I am daily taking to keep the peace with sincerity; but I am sorry to say the same line is not taken on your side, nor have you written to say what steps you are taking or intend to take to secure this mutual good. Since the last complaint from Bowlegs, I have had another from him to say your citizens have again attacked and murdered two of his people; that they had stolen a gang of his cattle, but that he had succeeded in regaining them.

"I asked him what proof he had of their being killed. They said they had found their bloody clothes in the American camp, which was hastily evacuated on their approach. Now, sir, if these enormities are suffered to be carried on in a Christian country, what are you to expect by showing such an example to the uncultivated native of the woods (for savage I will not call them, their conduct entitles them to a better epithet). I have, however, *ordered them to stand on the defensive, and have sent them a large supply of arms and ammunition, and told them to put to death, without mercy, any one molesting them;* but at all times to be careful and not put a foot over the American line. In the meantime that I should complain to you; that I was convinced you would do your best to curb such infamous conduct. Also that those people who have done such deeds would, I was convinced, be disavowed by the government of the United States and severely punished. They have given their consent to await your answer before they take revenge; but, sir, *they are impatient for it, and well armed as the nation now is, and stored with ammunition and provisions, having a stronghold to retire upon in case of a superior force appearing, picture to yourself, sir, the miseries that may be suffered by good and innocent citizens on your frontiers,* and I am sure you will lend me your best aid in keeping the bad spirits in subjection.

"Yesterday, in a full assembly of the chiefs, I got them to pass a law for four resolute chiefs to be appointed in different parts of the nation, something in the character of our sheriffs, for the purpose of inflicting condign punishment on such people as broke the law; and I will say this much for them, that I never saw men execute laws better than they do.

"I am also desired to say to you by the chiefs, that they do not find that your citizens are evacuating their lands, according to the ninth article of the treaty of peace, but that they were fresh provisioning the forts. This point, sir, I beg of you to look into. They also request me to inform you

that they have signed a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance with Great Britain, as well as one of commerce and navigation, which, as soon as it is ratified at home, you shall be made more fully acquainted with.

"I am, sir, your very humble servant,

"EDWARD NICHOLS,

"Commanding his Britannic Majesty's forces in the Creek Nation.*

"Addressed, 'On his Britannic Majesty's service, to Col. BENJ. HAWKINS, commanding at Fort Hawkins.' "

Colonel Hawkins replied to this letter in a somewhat satirical, but perfectly polite manner ; saying, in effect : "It is none of your business, Colonel Nichols ; it is high time you were well out of Florida, and on your way home, with your silly treaty in your pocket. Nichols—we have had enough of you." But, a few days after, when Colonel Hawkins received the same complaint direct from the chief, Bowlegs, he promptly forwarded it to the Governor of Georgia, and requested him to investigate and redress the grievance. He took occasion, also, to send an account of Colonel Nichols' late performances to the Secretary of War, who notified Mr. Adams, then the American minister at the British court, requesting him to remonstrate on the subject with the British government. Nichols, early in the summer of 1815, sailed for London, taking with him all his white troops, the prophet-chief, Francis, and a considerable deputation of Creek Indians. He left his fort on the Appalachicola in good order, well armed, and supplied with an extraordinary quantity of gunpowder. A few months after his departure, the magazine contained seven hundred and sixty-three barrels ! And this, too, at a time when the high and mighty governor of the province had not, at Pensacola, powder enough to salute the royal standard of Spain.

Mr. Adams, in an interview with Earl Bathurst, the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, called his attention to the conduct of Colonel Nichols, then just arrived in London with his crew of savages. Mr. Adams reported the conversation to his government. "I said," wrote he, in a dispatch dated September 19th, 1815, "that the American government had been

* State Papers, 2d Session 15th Congress, vol. iv., No. 65, p. 34.

peculiarly concerned at the proceedings of Colonel Nichols, because they appeared to be marked with unequivocal and extraordinary marks of hostility.

“ ‘Why,’ said Lord Bathurst, ‘to tell you the truth, Colonel Nichols is, I believe, a man of activity and spirit, but a very wild fellow. He did make and send over to me a treaty, offensive and defensive, with some Indians ; and he is now come over here, and has brought over some of those Indians. I sent for answer that he had no authority whatever to make a treaty offensive or defensive with Indians, and that this government would make no such treaty. I have sent him word that I could not see him upon any such project. The Indians are here in great distress indeed ; but we shall only furnish them with the means of returning home, and advise them to make their terms with the United States as well as they can.’

“ Perceiving that I had particularly noticed this declaration that he had declined seeing Colonel Nichols, he said that he should, perhaps, see him upon the general subject of his transactions, but that he had declined seeing him in regard to his treaty with the Indians.

“ In this conversation, Lord Bathurst’s manner, like that of Lord Liverpool in the conference which I had about a month before with him, was altogether good humored and conciliatory. The conduct of all the officers and persons complained of was explicitly disavowed ; and I understood at first the observation of Lord Bathurst, that he had declined seeing Colonel Nichols, as an intimation that it was intended to exhibit to that officer unequivocal marks of displeasure. But the subsequent explanation left me to conclude that, although the disapprobation of his proceedings was strongly expressed to me, the utmost extent of it that would be shown to him would be the refusal to ratify his treaty, offensive and defensive, with the Indians.”*

The prophet Francis, however, was treated with much distinction by the British government. He was presented,

* State Papers, 2d Session 15th Congress, vol. iv., No. 65, p. 50.

in consideration of his past services, with the commission and uniform of a brigadier general, with a gold-mounted tomahawk, a diamond snuff-box, and a sum of money. He was also admitted to an interview with the Prince Regent, who received him with an imposing show of ceremony. A double flourish of trumpets, says a London journal of the time, announced the approach to the presence of the Regent of "the patriot Francis, who fought so gloriously in our cause in America. He was dressed in a most splendid suit of red and gold, and by his side he wore a tomahawk mounted in gold."

Francis and the other Indians returned home in 1816, bearing new exhortations from their friend Nichols to live in peace with the white man, and to punish rigorously any of their own nation who should commit outrages upon the Americans across the border.

CHAPTER XXI.

A RED-HOT SHOT AT THE NEGRO FORT

To South Carolina and Georgia, the Spanish province of Florida was the Dismal Swamp of the early day; that is, a safe and tempting refuge for runaway slaves. Those States were the last to give up the African slave trade. As late as the year 1808, cargoes of African savages were landed at the Georgian ports and distributed among the Georgian planters.

Even the docile African is not reduced to submission in a day, or a year, or a generation. It is said to require three generations to produce a gentleman. We have heard, too, that the wild horse does not, until the third generation, become an always trustworthy nag; nor the wild buffalo a sedate and well-broken ox. Three generations, also, must pass before the savage from the African coast is subdued into an unresentful, submissive, and contented slave. And, as there are some white men, some horses, and some buffaloes,

of blood so fierce and temper so mettlesome, as never to be tamed, so there are some of the sons of Africa that can not, by any of the processes usually employed, be completely reduced to servitude. They sink under the treatment, or fly to some Dismal Swamp. We have before remarked that the early newspapers of Georgia teem with evidence that the planters had trouble enough with such untameable spirits—those African chieftains, fierce and sullen, who could not bend themselves to submit to the steady toil of the plantations.

The northern parts of Florida were full of fugitive slaves and the descendants of fugitive slaves at the time of which we are now writing. There were black men in Florida whose ancestors had lived there since 1750. A large number had maintained themselves there in freedom for many years, and reared families, and cultivated farms, and gathered herds of cattle. A few of the blacks had intermarried with the Indians, but, as a general rule, the two races remained distinct, and there was antipathy between them. The Indians sometimes assisted in the capture of runaway slaves, and, occasionally, even set on foot expeditions of their own accord, for the express purpose of taking runaways and delivering them to their masters—induced thereto sometimes by avarice, and sometimes by enmity. The number of negroes living in freedom in Florida about the year 1816, may be estimated at eight hundred, of whom about two hundred and fifty were men capable of bearing arms. They had chiefs and captains among them, the most famous of whom was one Garçon, brave, athletic, wary, and cruel.

After the departure of Colonel Nichols from Florida in 1815, the fort erected by him on the Appalachicola river became the stronghold of these negroes, whose farms and grazing lands, we are officially told, extended fifty miles along the fertile banks of that river, above and below the fort.*

* For all the documents relating to the Negro Fort, see State. Papers, 2d Session, 15th Congress, Vol. IV. This chapter is compiled almost wholly from those papers.

By what means the Seminoles were dispossessed of the fort we can only conjecture. The Indian is not a creature disposed to live in an inclosure. The probability is, that the Indians left the fort to wander off into the forests and everglades, and the negroes, finding the fort untenanted, took possession; and thus, having nine points of the law on their side, chose to consider those nine points ten. With the negroes in the fort were a few Choctaw Indians, but no Seminoles. The Seminoles, however, still claimed the ownership of the fort and all its valuable contents, averring, and averring truly, that they had been given to them, and to them alone, by their father, Colonel Nichols. They resented the occupation of the fort by the negroes. But all the Indians in America could not have taken it, if defended with only ordinary vigilance and courage.

This stronghold was a grand acquisition for the negroes. It was situated on a lofty and picturesque height, long known by the name of Prospect Bluff. In the rear it was protected by impassable swamps, and it was too far from the river for its ramparts to be injured by any ordnance that could be fired from the small craft which alone could navigate the narrow, shallow, and crooked Appalachicola. The fort was well and strongly constructed. Among the ten or twelve pieces of cannon mounted on the ramparts were one thirty-two pounder and three twenty-fours. Within the fortifications there had been stored away by Colonel Nichols, and left by him in the custody of the Indians, twenty-five hundred muskets, the same number of sets of accouterments, five hundred carbines, five hundred steel-scabbarded swords, four hundred pistols, three hundred quarter-casks of rifle powder, and seven hundred and sixty-three barrels of common powder. The arms were new and of excellent quality, and the greater part of them were still in the boxes and packing-cases in which they had been brought from England. For what purpose, by whose authority, Colonel Nichols had been thus lavish of the property of those in whose service he was, I cannot imagine. But thus lavish he was; and all these costly and

dangerous stores had fallen into the possession of the negroes who held the post, which was then known throughout the lower country as the Negro Fort. The fort, we must repeat, was about sixty miles below the Georgia line, and seventeen miles from the mouth of the Appalachicola.

Emboldened by the possession of this stronghold, the negroes, it was alleged, committed depredations alike upon the settlers on the frontiers of Georgia, upon the Spaniards of Florida, and even upon the Seminoles ; driving off cattle, and sometimes firing upon boats ascending the river. The Negro Fort, in truth, was the strongest and most unassailable place in all the southeastern country, and was regarded in the light of a nuisance by the Spanish no less than by the American authorities. The mere existence of such a place, so near the borders of slave States, was looked upon as an evil of the first magnitude by the planters of the extreme south, whose slaves, in a few hours or days, could reach the negro settlements in the vicinity of the fort, and place themselves beyond pursuit.

General Jackson had scarcely returned home from his triumphal visit to Washington before he began to take measures for the suppression of this portentous and growing evil. His first step was to write a letter to the Governor of Pensacola on the subject. This letter, considering that it was addressed by Andrew Jackson to a Spanish governor, must be pronounced eminently civil and moderate. "I can not permit myself," concluded the General, "to indulge a belief that the Governor of Pensacola, or the military commander of that place, will hesitate a moment in giving orders for this banditti to be dispersed, and the property of the citizens of the United States forthwith restored to them, and our friendly Indians particularly, when I reflect that the conduct of this banditti is such as will not be tolerated by our government, and if not put down by Spanish authority, will compel us, in self-defense, to destroy them. This communication is intrusted to Captain Amelung, of the 1st regiment of United States infantry, who is charged to bring back such answer as

you will be pleased to make to this letter. In your answer you will be pleased to state whether that fort has been built by the government of Spain, and whether those negroes who garrison it are considered as the subjects of his Catholic Majesty, and if not by his Catholic Majesty by whom and under whose orders it has been erected."

Captain Amelung was received by the governor with the courtesy of a Spanish grandee. In his reply to General Jackson, the governor declared that he would state ("with the veracity which comports with the character of an honorable officer, in which class I rank myself") all he knew of the detestable fort in question. He had but just arrived in Florida; he had heard of the fort and of the conduct of the brigands who held it; he had written to his official chief, the Governor General of Havanna, on the subject, without whose authorization he could do nothing; he expected an answer at an early day, and as soon as he received it he would take the requisite measures; till then he hoped General Jackson would not consider himself bound to do any thing in violation of the sovereignty of the king his royal master. Having spread these sentiments over ten pages of foolscap, the sublime governor concluded by observing that he held the virtues and military talents of General Jackson in the highest possible esteem, and that he prayed God to preserve his excellency many years.

The lofty Governor omitted to mention a circumstance which Captain Amelung, in his report to General Jackson, supplied. The Governor had not the means of reducing the obnoxious fort. "Pensacola itself," said Captain Amelung, "is, I can assure you, entirely defenseless. The garrison consists of from eighty to one hundred effective men, exclusive of a battalion of colored troops, say about one hundred and fifty men, of whom the inhabitants themselves stand in constant dread. They have about one hundred and fifty serviceable muskets, about five hundred musket cartridges, and not enough gunpowder to fire a salute. One gun was mounting at Barrancas on the day I left there. To this is to be added the dis-

satisfaction of the inhabitants and even of a number of the officers of government, and the desire of a majority to see a change effected. I must not forget to present to you, on the part of the Governor, the thanks of the inhabitants of Pensacola for the exemplary and humane conduct of the army under your command at Pensacola, and I verily believe their professions to be sincere. The Governor, also, on my mentioning, in conversation, that I was persuaded you would willingly assist in destroying the fort, said if the object was of sufficient importance to require the presence of General Jackson, he would be proud to be commanded by you ; and that if the Captain General of Cuba could not furnish him with the necessary means, he might perhaps apply to you for assistance."

This report (dated New Orleans, June 4th, 1816), together with the Governor's letter, General Jackson forwarded to the Department of War, observing to the Secretary that it appeared, from these documents, that the Spanish authorities would not take it seriously amiss if the Negro Fort were destroyed by the forces under his own command ; and he requested the orders of the President with regard to it. While General Jackson was awaiting a reply from the War Department events occurred which rendered a reply unnecessary.

In the spring of 1816 it chanced that the forces of the United States on the frontiers of Georgia, under the command of General Gaines, were busily employed in erecting fortifications at the junction of the two rivers (Chattahoochie and Flint), which unite near the boundary line between Georgia and Florida to form the Appalachicola. It was convenient to forward stores to this important post (named Fort Scott) by way of New Orleans, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Appalachicola, in effecting which it was necessary to pass under the guns of the Negro Fort.

On the 24th of June the first convoy of stores destined for Fort Scott sailed from New Orleans. It arrived off the mouth of the Appalachicola on the 10th of July. It consisted of four vessels—two gun-boats and two small schooners—the

whole under the command of Sailingmaster Jairus Loomis, of the United States navy. General Gaines, thinking it probable that opposition would be made to the passage of these vessels by the garrison of the Negro Fort, ordered Colonel Clinch of the army of the United States, commanding the troops at Fort Scott, to descend the Appalachicola with an adequate force to the vicinity of the fort, and there take position until he heard of the approach of the expected fleet. If the vessels were allowed to pass without molestation the fort was not to be attacked; if the negroes opposed the ascent of the boats the fort was to be reduced and destroyed. Accordingly, Loomis, on reaching the mouth of the Appalachicola, was boarded by an express from Colonel Clinch, informing him of those orders, and requesting him to remain at the mouth of the river until he should receive notice of the arrival of the troops above the fort.

The negroes, unfortunately for themselves, had resolved on war. For five days Loomis lay quietly at anchor, hearing nothing and seeing nothing to excite apprehension. "On the 15th," however, as he wrote in his official dispatch, "I discovered a boat pulling out of the river, and being anxious to ascertain whether we should be permitted peaceably to pass the fort above us, I dispatched a boat with an officer to gain the necessary information. On nearing her she fired a volley of musketry into my boat, and immediately pulled in for the river. I immediately opened a fire on them from the gun-vessels, but with no effect. On the 17th, at five A. M., I manned and armed a boat with a swivel and musketry, and four men, and gave her in charge of Midshipman Luffborough, for the purpose of procuring fresh water, having run short of that article. At eleven A. M., Sailingmaster Bassett, who had been on a similar expedition, came alongside with the body of John Burgess, who had been sent in the boat with Midshipman Luffborough. His body was found near the mouth of the river, shot through the heart. At four P. M. I discovered a man at the mouth of the river on a sand bar; sent a boat and brought him on board. He proved to be John Lopaz,

the only survivor of the boat's crew sent with Midshipman Luffborough. He reports that on entering the river they discovered a negro on the beach near a plantation ; that Mr. Luffborough ordered the boat to be pulled directly for him ; that on touching the shore he spoke to the negro, and directly received a volley of musketry from two divisions of negroes and Indians, who lay concealed in the bushes on the margin of the river. Mr. Luffborough, Robert Maitland, and John Burgess were killed on the spot. Lopaz made his escape by swimming ; and states that he saw the other seaman, Edward Daniels, made prisoner. Lopaz supposes that there must have been forty negroes and Indians concerned in the capture of the boat."

An ominous welcome ! Loomis, not knowing the number, resources, or situation of the enemy, and unable, from the smallness of his own force, to detach a party in pursuit, remained at the mouth of the river and kept his men close on board the vessels. In effect they were prisoners ; for to approach the shore was to court destruction. Nor were they, by any means, sure of not being themselves attacked by a flotilla of the desperadoes, as it was known that the negroes possessed a schooner and many large boats. Day after day passed in this suspense, during which the position of the commander of the squadron was one of extreme anxiety and discomfort. We must leave him in it, however, while we go to inquire into the movements of Colonel Clinch.

July the 16th, Colonel Clinch, with two companies of troops, numbering together one hundred and sixteen men, embarked near Fort Scott, and dropped down the Appalachicola toward the negro fortress. He was joined, a few hours after, by a large body of Seminoles who, by a strange coincidence, had set out on a negro hunting expedition, which they had projected long ago, and were then in full march for the negro settlements around the Negro Fort. A council was held between the American officers and the Indian chiefs, at which it was agreed that the two bodies should act in concert ; the Indians marching in the van and seizing every negro they

met, and the American troops following in their boats. On reaching the vicinity of the fort, both parties were to take a position, and await the arrival of tidings from the ascending convoy.

Before reaching the fort the Indians, filing stealthily in advance, pounced upon a stray negro, upon whose person was found the fresh scalp of a white man. On being brought to Colonel Clinch, the prisoner said that Garçon, with a party of Indians and negroes, had attacked a boat's crew of Americans, a few days before, killed some of them, wounded others, and taken one prisoner; and that, after the action, Garçon and his gang had retired to the fort. This was enough for Colonel Clinch. He hurried forward, landed a mile above the fort, disposed his forces so as to prevent the escape of the garrison, and sent word to Loomis to come on with his fleet and assist in reducing the stronghold of the murderers. The Indians opened a desultory useless fire on the post, and the negro garrison replied with thundering salvos of artillery, which frightened the Indians terribly, but hurt no one, the troops being sheltered by woods. Toward evening of the first day of the investment, the Indians, during an interval of silence, demanded the surrender of *their* fort. The negroes hooted derisively in reply, hoisted a red flag, and over it on the same staff the British union jack, and sent thirty-two pound shot crashing into the forest again. On the approach of Colonel Clinch, all the negroes in the vicinity had hurried into the fort for safety. The place contained, when it was invested, one hundred men, and two hundred and thirty-four women and children. There were two magazines within the fortification, one containing six hundred barrels of powder, and the other one hundred and sixty-three.

Before the gun-boats could be warped up the stream to Dueling Bluff, four miles below the fort, several days passed, during which the negroes fired their cannons as often as the troops showed themselves, but always without effect. They fired, too, upon Colonel Clinch as he passed the fort in his boat to meet Loomis at Dueling Bluff.

At four o'clock in the morning of July 27th the gun-boats left Dueling Bluff and began to ascend the stream. At five they made fast to the shore within range of the fort's great guns, which opened fire upon them without delay. Loomis returned the fire, but the small shot from the gun-boats' ordnance had no perceptible effect upon the solid ramparts. The coppers of one of the boats had been cleared of their usual utensils some hours before, and some cannon balls made red hot in the culinary fire. A gun was loaded with one of these and so aimed that the fiery missive should fall within the fortification. The gun, pointed with deadliest accuracy, was discharged.

Seldom, in the horror-laden history of war, has a single ball been charged with such a mission to destroy as that which then rushed from the cannon's mouth. It penetrated the larger magazine of the fort! An explosion, as of a hundred thousand cannons, shook Florida. The Negro Fort in an instant was a mass of smoking ruins, covering heaps of human beings of every age—dead, dying, mangled, shrieking. No words can describe the scene, nor does it need description. There is no imagination so torpid as not to be able to conceive at once all its thousand horrors.

Of the three hundred and thirty-four inmates of the fort two hundred and seventy were killed instantly! The greater part of those who were taken out alive died soon after. Three men only crawled from the ruins uninjured, one of whom was Garçon, the commandant.

The Indians, with that mingled meanness and ferocity which marks their conduct on such occasions, raised the untimely yell of triumph, and clambered up the bluff. The troops and the crews of the gun-boats, stunned and appalled for some moments by the explosion, soon followed. The gun-boatmen were concerned for the fate of the sailor Daniels, who had been taken prisoner by Garçon at the mouth of the river and conducted to the fort. Upon inquiring of the survivors what had become of him, they ascertained that he had been tarred and burnt alive. As a

punishment for this savage act, Garçon and a Choctaw chief were delivered over to the Seminoles and put to death.

And thus was destroyed, not the Negro Fort only, but the growing negro power of Florida. Peace and a feeling of security were restored to the borders—for a time. The Indians and negroes were alike impressed and overawed by such a striking display of the white man's wonder-working wit.

Colonel Clinch had unwisely promised to bestow upon the friendly Indians all the small arms that might be found in the fort, and, accordingly, a large quantity of muskets, pistols, swords and accoutrements, uninjured by the explosion, were carried off by the Seminoles. The possession of these arms had their effect, doubtless, upon subsequent events. The tribe might never have been mad enough to take up arms against the United States if they had not had so many arms to take up.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE SEMINOLES FIND NEW FRIENDS.

THE blowing up of the Negro Fort, besides quieting the frontiers for a few months, demonstrated to all parties concerned that the Spanish government in Florida was not a reality but a burlesque. The explosion gave an impetus to the negotiations for the purchase of the province by the United States. Before a year had elapsed, such hopeful progress had been made in the negotiation that American speculators, who had access to official information, began to buy land in the vicinity of Pensacola. Among those who did so, late in the summer of 1817, were a party of Tennesseans, headed by Captain John Donelson and Major John H. Eaton, both near friends and connections of General Jackson. It is probable enough that General Jackson suggested this investment. It

is certain that he approved it. These gentlemen bought sixty acres of land close to Pensacola, and two thousand acres on the bay, two or three miles distant from the town, paying for the whole about sixteen thousand dollars.* Many other gentlemen of Tennessee dabbled in similar speculations. There was, indeed, a kind of rage for Pensacola lots in 1817. It was thought that as soon as the incubus of Spanish rule was removed from Florida, the country would make the most surprising advances, and Pensacola would soon become the rival of New Orleans for the commerce of the Gulf.

But there is many a slip between the cup and the lip. Other parties were looking upon Florida with covetous eyes. Other powers had claims upon Florida besides Spain and Manifest Destiny. Before the cession of Florida to the United States could be peacefully consummated some time was to elapse, and many strange and deplorable events were to occur.

The Seminoles were in a suppressed ferment. The explosion of the Negro Fort had an unexpected effect upon their already disordered minds. Until the band of negro-hunting Seminoles fell in with Colonel Clinch as he was descending the Appalachicola in July, 1816, the tribe had not generally learned that the forces of the United States were constructing forts at and above the junction of the Chattahoochie and Flint. The lands upon which those new forts were built was part of those which the treaty of Fort Jackson had wrested from the Creeks, and which the Seminoles still claimed, and still hoped, fondly and foolishly, that Colonel Nichols would regain for them. The poor, deluded Seminoles looked with alarm and despair upon the construction of these forts, which hemmed them narrowly in between a line of forts and the Gulf of Mexico. The Little Prince, one of the Seminole chiefs, sent a talk, or remonstrance to General Gaines on the subject early in 1816, requesting him to send his talk to General Jackson. "I beg," said the chief in conclusion, "that

* Deposition of John H. Eaton before a committee of the United States Senate, February, 1819.

you will send me back an answer, and a little ink, and a sheet of paper, in order to enable me to write again if it should be necessary."

In 1816 and 1817, some of the lands in Georgia, formerly belonging to the Creeks, were surveyed and sold, and the Indians who still lived on them were ordered to remove. In some instances the Indians were removed by force.

Besides these grievances (and they could not but seem such to the Seminoles) they had others which were grievances indeed. The explosion of the Negro Fort did not destroy all the desperadoes of Florida. "The peace of the frontier of Georgia," says General D. M. Mitchell, who was the governor of that State in 1817, "has always been exposed and disturbed, more or less, by acts of violence committed as well by the whites as the Indians, and a spirit of retaliation has prevailed. These petty acts of aggression were increased and multiplied by a set of lawless and abandoned characters, who had taken refuge on both sides of the St. Mary's river, living principally by plunder. I believe the first outrage committed on the frontier of Georgia, after the treaty of Fort Jackson, was by these banditti, who plundered a party of the Seminole Indians on their way to Georgia for the purpose of trade, and killed one of them."

We need no new evidence on a subject like this. The white settlers on the frontiers have never lived in peace with Indians, and can not live in peace with them. The intense antipathy which is excited in the mind of the white man by living in proximity to the red man is sure at last to degenerate into rancorous hostility. The white settler does not long believe that an Indian has rights which the white man is bound to respect.*

* A recent letter from California contains the following: "The Federal government committed a great mistake ten years ago in not ordering a large military force to this State with orders to hunt and shoot down all the Indians from the Colorado to the Klamath. This would have been the cheapest method of managing the Indian affairs of California, and perhaps the most humane. A weak sentimentalism may be horrified at the slaughter of Indians, as you would slaughter wolves; but the strong-hearted, clear headed philanthropist will say that a gen

Nevertheless, for several months after the destruction of the Negro Fort, the frontiers were not disturbed by any "outrages" serious enough to be heard of beyond the locality in which they occurred. Early in the spring of 1817, a great part of the United States troops were withdrawn from Fort Scott; a circumstance deplored at the time, and protested against by Governor Mitchell, but without immediate effect. The Seminoles, no longer protected and no longer overawed by the forces of the United States, were more exposed than ever to the outrages of the "banditti," and less restrained than ever from sending out parties to retaliate.

In all their troubles, the first and last thought of the Seminoles was their old friend, Colonel Nichols, and the promises he had left them that their lands should be restored, and their rights protected by the strong arm of Britain. But they had no means of conveying to him the tidings of their distress. Even if "a little ink and a sheet of paper" had not been wanting to them, they could not send a letter across the ocean, nor even to the British Governor of New Providence. They applied, it is true, to one Hambly, who had served under Nichols, and who was then a clerk in the employ of Forbes & Co., a trading-house of Florida, one of whose depôts was established on the site of the Negro Fort. But Hambly, like his employers, was supposed to have gone over to the "American party," and did not, so the Indians thought, forward their talks to the British authorities. The Indians complained, too, that Forbes & Co. undervalued their peltries,

eral slaughter, for the clearly-expressed purpose of getting the friendless red men out of the way, is preferable to the system of slow heart-breakage, and long-drawn torments now practiced. It is a settled fact that every wild Indian in the State must die; and the question is, whether it were better that he should be shot at once, or tortured through half a dozen years by rum, disease, bereavement of all relatives and friends, and then finally shot because he has committed some 'outrage.' If I were the Indian, I should prefer being shot at once; I should enter a strong protest against this violation of all my natural rights by wicked, rude, uncontrolled white men, they being secure from punishment, and I hopeless of redress. It is supposed that ten years ago there were sixty thousand Indians in the State: to-day there are not ten thousand."—*New York Tribune*, September, 1859.

and demanded exorbitant prices for the goods which they gave in exchange. They held the firm in distrust and dislike—whether justly or unjustly no evidence now accessible enables us to decide.

But the Seminoles found friends at length, in whom they confided, who entered into their feelings, and who assisted them to give utterance to their complaints.

The group of islands, five hundred in number, called the Bahamas, belonging to Great Britain, is separated from the eastern coast of Florida by a channel only forty-five miles wide. Of these islands New Providence is the largest, and of New Providence Nassau is the principal town. The British governor resides at Nassau, which was a town of seven or eight thousand inhabitants in 1817. The people of New Providence were naturally conversant with the affairs of Florida. At New Providence Colonel Nichols had enlisted part of the troops with which in 1814 he made his famous descent upon Florida. To New Providence many of those troops returned after the war. At New Providence the chief Francis stopped on his way home from England. The Governor of New Providence, being the nearest representative of British majesty, was the person who, Colonel Nichols had assured the Seminoles, would look to their interests, give them advice, and receive their talks.

Early in the year 1817, Alexander Arbuthnot, a Scotchman by birth, for many years a merchant of New Providence, came in his own schooner from the Bahamas to trade in Florida with the Indians and Spaniards. He brought with him such articles as powder, lead, knives, blankets, vermilion, beads, calico, and clothing, with the design of exchanging these commodities for skins, beeswax, and corn. The population of Florida at that time may have been, in all, ten thousand, and there was, accordingly, a field for such a trade as he proposed to open.

Arbuthnot was a man past the prime of life, of some substance, of good presence, and of respectable education. His letters, log-book, diary, and other writings, which his subse-

quent tragic fate caused to be published, show him to have been a man of intelligence, ability and humanity—a creditable specimen of a Scottish merchant. He came to Florida as a trader merely. He came, moreover, as a kind of competitor for the favor of the Indians with the house of Forbes & Co., and he may have come in consequence of the known dissatisfaction of the Indians with that firm.

His interests, therefore, as well as his inclinations, induced him to take the part of the Seminoles, and to exhibit his partiality for them in various ways. He bore no commission from the Governor of New Providence. He neither had, nor exercised, nor attempted to exercise, any authority in Florida. He was a trader, and nothing but a trader. But he was a trader who had good feeling enough to take an interest in the welfare of his untutored customers. That he should have adopted the Seminole side of the questions in dispute, and shared their prejudices, was most natural to a man in his situation, who could not have been well informed respecting a portion of the history of the United States, of which senators in Congress were ignorant. However he may have erred in opinion on the subjects referred to, his voice was always for peaceful measures. *Keep the peace, at all hazards, under all provocations*, was the burden of his advice to the Indians on every occasion. Not a syllable can be found in his papers which can be fairly made to support the charge that he instigated the Indians to hostility. A man of his intelligence and caution, all of whose interests were on the side of peace, could have held no other language to this poor fragment of a tribe than such as tended to peace.

Arbuthnot had not been long in Florida before he was solicited and authorized by the Indians to make known their situation and their alleged grievances to the British government. He complied with their request. He wrote to the Governor of New Providence, to the British Minister at Washington, to Colonel Nichols in London, to Hambly at Prospect Bluff, to the Governor General of Havanna, to the Spanish governors in Florida, to the commandants of the

American posts, and finally to General Mitchell of Georgia, detailing the complaints of the Seminoles at great length, communicating their talks, and calling upon his correspondents to bestir themselves in their behalf.

His own feelings with regard to the injuries of which the Seminoles complained may be gathered from an entry in his diary, written late in the summer of 1817, as he was about to sail to New Providence: "These men," he writes, "are children of nature; leave them in their forests to till their fields and hunt the stag, and graze their cattle, their ideas will extend no further; and the honest trader, in supplying their moderate wants, may make a handsome profit of them. They have been ill treated by the English and robbed by the Americans; cheated by those who have dealt with them, receiving goods and other articles at most exorbitant prices for their peltry, which have been much undervalued. I say the English ill treat them. After making them parties in the war with America, they leave them without a pilot, to be robbed and ill treated by their natural and sworn enemies the Americans. When the English officer, Colonel Nichols, left Prospect Bluff, on the Appalachicola river, he left particular orders with Cappachimico and the other chiefs, not on any account to enter on the territory of the Americans, while, at the same time he informed them the Americans were to give up that territory they had taken possession of during the war. But while he informed the Indians how they should act, and what the Americans were to do in compliance with the treaty, he left no person to guide them in their conduct, in case the latter should not comply, or continue to extend their encroachments and commit aggressions. When such was the case they had none to represent their case to the British government but William Hambly, the clerk of John Forbes, and Doyle, another of his clerks, both of whom had, long before the conclusion of the war, sold themselves to the American government; and while they were receiving British pay acted as spies to the Americans. These persons were not likely to

represent the conduct and encroachments of the Americans in their true light."

It may be advisable to add to this extract one of the letters written by Arbuthnot in the summer of 1817, on behalf of the Seminoles. It will interest the reader, besides showing, better than could be otherwise shown, the spirit of Arbuthnot's conduct with regard to the Indians.

ALEXANDER ARBUTHNOT TO COLONEL EDWARD NICHOLS.

"NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE, }
"August 26, 1817. }

"SIR: Especially authorized by the chiefs of the lower Creek nation, whose names I affix to the present, I am desired to address you, that you may lay their complaint before his majesty's government. They desire it to be made known that they have implicitly followed your advice in living friendly with the Americans, who are their neighbors, and nowise attempt to molest them, though they have seen the Americans encroach on their territory, burning their towns and making fields where their houses stood. Rather than make resistance, they have retired lower in the peninsula. The town Eaballaway, where Olis Micco was chief, is one instance of the encroachments of the Americans. This town was situated under the guns of Fort Gaines, and Micco was desired to submit to the Americans, or his town would be blown to atoms. Rather than do so, he retired, and is now living in the lower nation, and his fields, and even where the town stood, are ploughed up by the Americans. They complain of the English government neglecting them, after having drawn them into a war with America; that you, sir, have not kept your promise, in sending people to reside among them; and that if they have not some person or persons, resident in the nation, to watch over their interest, they will soon be driven to the extremity of the peninsula. You left Mr. Hambly to watch over the interest of the Creek nation; but you hardly left the nation when he turned traitor, and was led by Forbes to take the part of the Americans. His letter to me, of which I annex you a copy, will show you what length he could go, if he had the means. It is Hambly and Doyle who give the Indians all the trouble they experience. They send their emissaries among the lower Creeks, and make them believe the Cowhellas, aided by the Americans, are coming to destroy them; thus both are put in fear, and their fields are neglected, and hunting is not thought of. I have endeavored to do away this fear by writing the chief of the Cowella towns that they ought to live on friendly terms with their brethren of the lower nation, whose wishes were to be on good terms with them, and not to listen to

any bad talks, but to chase those that give them from among them. My letter was answered from them rather favorably, and I hope the talk that was sent to the Big Warrior last June will heal the difference between them.

"Hillisajo (Francis) arrived in my schooner at Ocklocknee Sound last June, and was well received by all the chiefs and others who came to welcome him home. In consequence of his arrival a talk was held, the substance of which was put on paper for them, and it was sent with a pipe of peace to the other nations. Hillisajo wished to return to Nassau with me, but I prevailed on him to stay in the nation and keep them at peace. I regret, sir, to notice this poor man's affairs, though, by his desire. It appears that he arrived at Nassau a short time after I had left it in January, and Captain Woodbine being there, took charge of him, his goods and money, prevailing on the governor to let him stay with him until he went down to the nation, which it was his intention to do. Of the money received from Governor Cameron, there had only been given him by Captain Woodbine eighty dollars; also a barrel of sugar, a bag of coffee, and a small keg of rum; and the interpreter, Thugart, informed me that when Hillisajo asked for an account, Captain Woodbine refused it, saying it would be useless to a man who could not read. He also misses two cases, one of which he thinks contains crockery. I have made inquiry of his Majesty's ordnance storekeeper, and he informs me the whole were delivered to Captain Woodbine; they are therefore lost to Hillisajo.

"I am desired to return Hillisajo's warmest acknowledgments for the very handsome manner you treated him in England, and he begs his prayer may be laid at the foot of his royal highness, the Prince Regent. I left him and all his family well on the twentieth of June. Old Cappachimicco desires me to send his respects, and requests that you will send out some people to live among them, and all the land they took from Forbes shall be theirs. At all events, they must have an agent among them, to see that the Americans adhere to the treaty, and permit them to live unmolested on their own lands. This agent should be authorized by his Majesty's government, or he will not be attended to by the Americans. In the gazettes of Georgia, the Americans report the Seminole Indians are continually committing murders on their borders, and making incursions into the State. These are fabrications, tending to irritate the American government against the poor Indians; for, during the time I was in the nation, there was only one American killed, and he, with two others, were in the act of driving off cattle belonging to Boleck, chief of Suwany, whereas three men and a boy were killed last June by a party of American cattle-stealers, while in their hunting-camps; the boy they scalped, and one of Boleck's head men was killed in St. John's river in July. The backwood Georgians, and those resident on the borders of the Indian nation, are continually entering it and driving off cattle. They have in some instances

made settlements, and particularly on the Choctohacky river, where a considerable number have descended.

"By the treaty with Great Britain, the Americans were to give up to the Indians all the lands that may have been taken from them during the war, and place them on the same footing they were in 1811. It appears that they have not done so; that Fort Gaines on the Chatahoochy, and Camp Crawford on the Flint River, are both on Indian territory that was not in possession of America in 1811. They are fearful that before any aid is given by the English government they will be no longer in possession of any territory.

"I wrote last January to his excellency the Hon. Charles Baggott respecting the encroachments of the Americans, as I was informed by the copy of a letter from the right honorable Earl Bathurst, handed me by his excellency Governor Cameron, that his Majesty's ambassador had received orders to watch over the interest of the Indians. Since my return here I have received of Mr. Moodie, of Charleston, an extract of a letter from the honorable Charles Baggott that the expense of postage is so considerable any further communications of the same nature must be sent him by private hands. Now, sir, as no person goes from this direct to Washington, how am I to be able to comply with his desire? Thus he will be kept ignorant of the situation of the poor Indians, and the encroachments daily made on their lands by American settlers, while he may be told by the American government that no encroachments have been made, and that the forts they still hold are still necessary to check the unruly Seminoles. Thus the person appointed to watch over the interest of the Indians, having no other means of information than from the parties interested in their destruction, and seeing from time to time in the American gazettes accounts of cruel murders, etc., etc., committed by the Indians on the frontier settlements of the United States, he apprehends the Indians merit all the Americans do to them.

"But let his Majesty's government appoint an agent with full powers to correspond with his Majesty's ambassador at Washington, and his eyes will then be opened as to the motives of that influence, American individuals as well as the government, in villifying the Indians. The power given me and the instructions were to memorialize his Majesty's government, as well as the Governor General of Havana, but if you will be pleased to lay this letter before his Majesty's Secretary of State, it will save the necessity of the first, and I fear that a memorial to the Governor General would be of no use. Referring you to the annexed names,

"I am, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

"A. ARBUTHNOT.

"Lieut. Col. EDWARD NICHOLS."

Whether these accusations against Hambly and Doyle had any foundation in truth, or whether they were based upon the misrepresentations of the Indians, or whether they were the offspring of prejudice on the part of a rival trader, I know not. Arbuthnot seems to have been strongly convinced of their truth, and deeply embittered against the two clerks. To Hambly, who had accused him of inciting the Indians to hostile acts, Arbuthnot indignantly retorted: "If your conduct, sir, to the Indians were guided by as pure motives as mine, you would endeavor to influence them to respect each other as brothers, and live in harmony and friendship, cultivating their lands in summer, and taking their diversions of hunting in winter, respecting their neighbors and making yourself respected by them. If thus, sir, you would act (and by your knowledge of their language you have much more in your power than any other man), you would then be the true friend of the Indians. Were I an instigator of theft and murder, would I hold the language I have done to the chiefs and others who have called on me? Ask the lieutenant commanding at Fort Gaines if my letter to him breathed the strains of a murderer? Ask Opy Hatchy, or Dany, his interpreter, if the recommendatory note I sent him by order of Apiny could be written by an instigator of murder? Ask Apiny himself if my language to him was that of a murderer? Ask Mappalitchy, a chief, residing among the Americans on Oakmulgee, if my language and advice to him favored that of a murderer? All those and every Indian who heard my talks will contradict your vile assertions."

Arbuthnot alludes in this passage to a letter of his to the commandant of Fort Gaines. That letter was extremely creditable to Arbuthnot's heart, if less so to his judgment. It was written in the full belief that the lands north of the Florida line really belonged to the Seminoles. "The head chiefs," wrote Arbuthnot (March 3d, 1817), "request that I will inquire of you why American settlers are descending the Chattahoochie, driving the poor Indian from his habitation, and taking possession of his home and cultivated fields? Without

authority I can claim nothing of you, but a humane and philanthropic principle guiding me, I hope the same will influence you, and if such is really the case, and the line marked out by the treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States respecting the Indian nations has been infringed upon by the subjects of the latter, that you will represent to them their improper conduct, and prevent its continuance.”*

It was in vain that Arbuthnot wrote and pleaded for his untutored friends. His letters in their behalf produced no effects whatever. He and the Seminoles were equally in the dark respecting the treaty of Fort Jackson and the claim of the Seminoles to the Creek lands. Arbuthnot trafficked and traded during the whole year, making occasionally a voyage in his schooner to Nassau, and filling up his leisure hours in writing letters for the Indians. Before the year closed Boleck and the other chiefs were considerably indebted to him for goods. This fact alone would have made a cautious trader the advocate of peace.

We have alluded to the cargo of Arbuthnot's schooner, Chance. It remains to speak of her passengers.

Early in the year came over one Peter Cook, as clerk to Arbuthnot, whom Arbuthnot afterwards discharged and made an enemy of. Later, a son of Arbuthnot came to assist his father in his Florida business. In September the schooner brought to Florida a passenger whom Arbuthnot always mentions in his diary as “Captain W.” The wary merchant did not like this Captain W., nor approve his proceedings. Captain W., on reaching the coast, had a talk with some Seminole chiefs who came on board the schooner, in the course of which, it appears, he made large promises to them of British protection and bounty. “I take no notice,” writes the prudent Arbuthnot in his log-book, “of Captain W.'s talk to the Indians, because I doubt much if what he stated was founded in fact, and was only mentioned by him to strengthen the

* State Papers, 2d Session 15th Congress, Doc. 65, p. 210.

chiefs in their attachment to the British government. I say no further on this head. Of his promises I fear he has also gone too far; and perhaps at a future time, when the Indians find them unperformed, the rage for their disappointment may fall on me, as a party aiding and abetting Captain W. in his deception. I have gone beyond my promise to Captain W. I have been deceived in almost every thing, and yet he thinks every thing and person must be subservient to him. I have had himself and *aide-de-camp* on board since the 31st August; in any expedition, in canoe or boat, I have supplied his wants. I kept three negroes on board more than two months on his account. I presented the chiefs for him and on his account. I have seen my provisions taken and given away, when we were on short allowance; for Captain W. gives liberally, when it is not out of his own pocket, but is extremely costive when anything is wanted from home."

And who was Captain W.? Captain W. was no other than that Captain Woodbine who, under the command of Colonel Nichols, drilled, organized, and led the Florida Indians in 1814. He is so frequently styled, in the papers relating to Florida affairs of this period, the "Notorious Woodbine," that a foreign reader, imperfect in his English, might be led to suppose that notorious was part of the captain's name. As we habitually speak of the *venerable* Bede and the *judicious* Hooker, feeling that these adjectives by mere length of tenure belong to those reverend persons, so writers on the affairs of Florida have felt it necessary to couple the name of Woodbine with the epithet notorious. If not notorious, then "infamous." Sometimes the obnoxious person is spoken of as "the notorious Woodbine, of infamous memory." But with all his notoriety it is difficult in the extreme to obtain the least approach to certainty as to his designs in Florida, and the particular object of his presence there in 1817. We know little more than that he had obtained from the Indians a grant of land in Florida; that he came to Florida in September of this year; and that he sailed away again to New Providence, where he lived. About the

same time two Seminoles went to Nassau as a deputation to Cameron, the Governor of New Providence. The probability is that Woodbine was then a mere adventurer, whose sole interest and object in Florida was the lands which the Indians had given him ; his possession of which depended upon Florida becoming a British, or remaining a Spanish, or becoming an independent province. It was lucky, indeed, for Woodbine that he got safely out of Florida when he did. There was an individual residing in the neighborhood of Nashville who had recollections of this Captain W., and in whose mind he was never other than notorious.

But the schooner brought to Florida another passenger, who came, as he said, "to attend to Captain Woodbine's business." This was that too famous Ambrister, afterwards associated with Arbuthnot in a terrible destiny. Ambrister had served four years as a midshipman in the English navy, and left the service before the war of 1812. He joined Nichols at New Providence, and served under him in Florida in the rank of lieutenant of marines ; wandering over half the globe after the war. Reappearing in Florida in the fall of 1817, but without a commission or any public object or official authorization, he acted the part of a most thoughtless, headstrong, lawless adventurer. Like Arbuthnot, whom he seems to have despised and plundered, he threw himself into the Indian cause and wrote letters in their behalf ; but, unlike Arbuthnot, he did all that in him lay to induce the Indians to resist the alleged encroachments of the Americans by force of arms. He flourished about in his uniform. He gave orders and assumed the airs of command. He wrote to his relative, Governor Cameron, asking him to send arms and ammunition to the Indians. He wrote to Nichols, telling him that three hundred blacks, "a few of our Bluff people" among them, had "stuck to the *cause*," and expected him to come out and take their part, as he had promised. "Francis says," he added in a postscript, "you must bring the horses when you come out that you promised ; and that his house has been burnt down, and burnt his uniform clothes."

The presence of such a man among the Seminoles, at a time when their minds had been long excited by dwelling upon and magnifying their grievances, real and imaginary, was almost enough of itself to precipitate hostilities. It is evident, nevertheless, that Ambrister was far more foolish than wicked. He knew not what he did. It was, probably, the vain and weak desire of cutting a figure among the Indians that led him to his doom.

While thus, during the year 1817, affairs in Florida were approaching a crisis, and two nations were negotiating for the privilege of governing it, and three races were contending for its possession, a nimble hand was stretched out from the sea, which made a vigorous clutch at the prize, with the design of balking all the contestants.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FILLIBUSTERS IN FLORIDA.

ON the Atlantic coast of Florida there is an island fifteen miles long and four wide, called Amelia Island ; which now forms part of the county of Nassau, and shows to the California steamers a revolving light one hundred feet above the sea, visible at a distance of sixteen miles. There is a town upon this island, Fernandina by name, a flourishing place in the old embargo and privateering times, with occasionally three hundred square-rigged vessels in its harbor ; but now much fallen to decay.

~~In June, 1817, a band of fillibusters landed upon Amelia~~ Island. They were commanded by a personage once renowned, now forgotten, who was wont to announce himself to the universe as "Citizen Gregor McGregor, Brigadier General of the armies of the United Provinces of New Granada and Venezuela, and General-in-Chief of the armies of the Two Floridas, commissioned by the Supreme Directors of Mexico,

South America, etc., etc." This gentleman (a Scottish baronet, I believe, and man of fortune) was one of those European enthusiasts who went to the assistance of the Spanish provinces of America in their attempts to parody the American revolution. He wrote the most distinguished proclamations in their behalf. Frustrated in his designs in South America, he sailed away in his own vessel, the General McGregor, to Baltimore ; where, gathering a band of "patriots" of all nations, he prepared to strike another blow at Spanish power by seizing Florida. His object, as he said to a friend in Baltimore before sailing, was to "take possession of Amelia, and thence to wrest the Floridas from Spain ; when he should immediately call on the inhabitants, by proclamation, to designate some of their most respectable fellow-citizens to form a constitution on the model of some of the adjoining States. That, so far as it might depend on him, he would encourage the existing disposition of the people in that section to confederate with the United States." Cuba, he thought, was ripe for revolution. Florida well seized, and used as a basis of operations, the Spanish power in America could not long sustain itself.

Arriving at Amelia Island with about fifty followers, he promptly effected his purpose of publishing a proclamation, in the course of which he remarked that he hoped to "plant the Green Cross of Florida on the proud walls of St. Augustine," and desired the whole of Florida to consider itself, and to be considered, in a state of blockade. Nature is chary of her gifts. When she endows a man with the capacity of producing proclamations of that kind, she denies him the ability to carry them into effect. Exhausted in the effort of composition, he achieves nothing more. It will not astonish the philosophic reader, therefore, to learn that Citizen Gregor McGregor did not perform the horticultural feat of converting the Green Cross of Florida into a wall-flower at St. Augustine ; nor did he succeed in convincing any portion of the maritime public that he had blockaded Florida with his private yacht, the General McGregor. On the contrary, the port

of Fernandina remained the resort of privateersmen and ~~slavers~~. Citizen McGregor, not prospering in his revolution, owing, as he said, to the want of men and money, listened to the counsels of the "Notorious Woodbine," who visited the Island of Amelia soon after the arrival of the patriots. "Woodbine," wrote a gentleman on the island to the Secretary of War, "persuaded McGregor that he could find friends and funds in New Providence, and that a British regiment had lately been disbanded there; that they would pick up as many of the soldiers as possible, and with what negroes and others they could gather, would make a tolerable force. They were then to sail for Tampa Bay, a fine harbor to the northwestward of Cape Florida, where they were to be joined by fifteen hundred Indians, already engaged to Woodbine, and invade Florida from that point. They are then to march across, and attack St. Augustine."*

In the month of September, Woodbine, Citizen Gregor McGregor and his "lady," went to New Providence in the schooner General McGregor, but returned not to decorate the proud walls of St. Augustine. In December, McGregor wrote to his Baltimore friend: "I leave this day for England, to arrange my private affairs, which, from the many years that I have been in South America, have not improved by my absence. My family remains here until my return." And so vanishes into the blue ocean the vague, imposing form of Brigadier General Sir Gregor McGregor.

But his followers remained upon Amelia Island. They were soon joined by Commodore Aury, another "patriot" in the service of the Mexican Republic, which was struggling then to proclaim itself into existence. With Commodore Aury came a hundred and fifty patriots and several vessels. Aury, who seems to have been a man of honor, sincerely devoted to the cause, strove for some months to continue and do the work which McGregor's proclamation had announced. He proceeded to form a provisional government; caused a legislature to be elected; set a committee at work drawing up

* State Papers, 2d Session 15th Congress, vol. iv., Doc. 65, p. 190.

a constitution, and invited all Florida to join in the great business of throwing off the Spanish yoke. He was attacked at Fernandina by a Spanish force. A report reached the United States that he had been defeated, and that the Spanish general had cut off fifteen pairs of patriot ears, which the Governor of Pensacola had *bought* at the extravagant rate of fifty dollars per pair. But the truth was far otherwise. Aury beat off the Spanish troops, and the Green Cross still waved in triumph over Fernandina.

It was a most motley and miscellaneous crew that Commodore Aury found himself associated with upon the island of Amelia. There were British adventurers of the Woodbine and Ambrister stamp ; Irish and French refugees ; Scotch enthusiasts ; Mexican and Spanish patriots ; several of Lafitte's Baratarian band ; a company of negro troops who had served in Mexico under Aury ; the original inhabitants of Fernandina ; and large numbers of privateersmen, slavers, and other seafaring scoundrels. And when it is stated that one of the first acts of the fillibusters was the establishment of a NEWSPAPER, no one will need to be told that there were Americans among them.

Commodore Aury was soon immersed in a sea of difficulties. The fillibusters fell to quarreling with one another. There were two parties, and each party had its factions. One party was composed of those who were earnestly intent on wresting the province from Spain, and making it an independent republic. This was unquestionably the object of Commodore Aury. "I came," said Aury in one of his addresses to the "legislature," "to assist General McGregor in liberating the Floridas, thereby drawing the attention of our common enemy, and attacking the tyrant in his other possessions ; convinced that the independence of the two Floridas once secured, forces could be raised which, united with those of the other chiefs, might strike a decisive blow to tyranny. My conduct, since my arrival at Amelia, is so well known to you all, gentlemen, that it requires no mention to be made of it. I will only ask whether, in any one single instance, I have deviated

from the principles which might insure liberty to our oppressed brethren, and give succor to Mexican patriots, who, in spite of repeated disasters, still rise with redoubled enthusiasm in defense of their sacred rights."

The other party seems to have been composed of those who wished to use their temporary possession of Amelia island and its harbor for the purpose of smuggling into the United States the cargoes of the privateers, and for the still more nefarious object of landing and selling slaves from the African coast. Whatever the cause of quarrel, the factions, we are told, were soon "at daggers' points," and the island was a scene of riot and bloodshed for several days.

In these disheartening circumstances Commodore Aury resorted to the expedient that suggests itself to the "patriot" mind in all difficulties. He issued a proclamation. He dated it "November 5, 1817, and year one of independence."* He declared martial law for ten days. Quiet was restored at

*The following is a copy of Commodore Aury's proclamation: "Inhabitants of Fernandina! For days past you have witnessed the scandalous transactions of a faction composed of men who, existing and tolerated on this island by our generosity, have solely been engaged in subverting social order. They are mercenaries, traitors, or cowards, who abandoned the cause of republicanism in the hour of danger, and who, either hired by our enemies, or misled by the intrigues of a few aspiring individuals, have attempted to involve us in all the complicated horrors of a civil war. Citizens, we are republicans from principle, our fortunes have been spent, and our lives oft exposed for this most glorious cause. We have come here to plant the tree of liberty, to foster free institutions, and to wage war against the tyrant of Spain, the oppressor of America and the enemy of the rights of man. We are ever ready to pay obedience to the principles of republicanism, but firmly determined never to adhere to the dictates of a faction.

"When the heat of passion shall be no more, when public peace and tranquility are restored, we shall see with a lively pleasure the establishment of a provisional government most suitable to our common interest, and to the advancement of our glorious cause.

"Americans, Englishmen, Irishmen, and Frenchmen, men of all nations, we are freemen; let us for ever be united by the love of liberty and hatred to tyranny.

"Soldiers and sailors, martial law is declared to be in force for ten days. Let us give to our brethren of the Floridas proofs of our military discipline, and of our respect for the property of the inhabitants.

"Headquarters of Fernandina, November 5, 1817, and year one of independence.

"LOUIS AURY."

length, and the commodore and his legislature continued the work of forming a government and drawing up a constitution.

The rest of this episode in the history of Florida is soon told. A considerable portion of the Republican party of the United States were disposed at first to sympathize with and aid the revolutionists. But the reports-of the landing of slaves, of the smuggling of merchandise, and the dissensions of the band, soon changed this feeling into contempt and disgust. President Monroe and his cabinet had begun to regard Florida as their own. Even the sum of money to be paid by the United States for its purchase had been agreed upon and published in all the newspapers. The government looked to see the Spanish authorities expel the invaders. When, however, they learned that the forces of Spain (a rabble of Indians, Spaniards, and negroes) had been defeated by the filibusters, and had given up the island to them after a loss of only half a dozen killed and wounded, they deemed it their duty to do what Spain evidently could not do. Land and naval forces were dispatched to Amelia Island late in the year 1817, with orders to remove the invaders—peacefully if they could, forcibly if they must. Commodore Aury made no resistance. He asked a few weeks of delay, which were granted. Early in the spring of 1818 the revolutionists took their peaceful departure; the flag of the United States replaced the green cross, and troops of the United States garrisoned Fernandina, in trust for his Catholic Majesty of Spain.

The reader is now prepared to follow understandingly, with little further digression or explanation, the events in Florida which were controlled by General Jackson. The scene is set; the tragedy may begin.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ATTACK UPON FOWLTOWN AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

~~NOVEMBER.~~ Alarm pervades the frontiers of Georgia. The Seminoles are sullen and savage. During the autumn there have been outrages and murders. White men have killed and plundered Indians ; Indians have killed and plundered white men. ~~United States troops again occupy Fort Scott and the other posts near the junction of the Chattahoochie and Flint.~~ A body of Georgia militia are in the field, called out to assist in expelling the fillibusters from Amelia. Boat loads of provisions and munitions are ascending the Appalachicola once more. There is a bustle of warlike preparation all along the rivers and the line that divides Florida and Georgia. There are Seminole villages on both sides of that line, some of which are friendly to the whites, others hostile.

But as late as the middle of November, despite the irritation, the resentments, the alarms, no act of war has been done on either side. The outrages have been the work of individuals and small parties. As between the United States and the Seminoles there is peace.

General Edmund P. Gaines still commands in this quarter. During the year he has been "talking" with the sullen chiefs, from time to time, assuming in his talks that the Indians were wholly in fault. This was one of his talks : "Your Seminoles are very bad people. I don't say whom. You have murdered many of my people, and stolen my cattle and many good horses that cost me money ; and many good houses that cost me money you have burned for me ; and now that you see my writing, you will think that I have spoken right. I know it is so, you know it is so ; for now you may say I will go upon you at random. But just give me the murderers, and I will show them my law ; and when that is finished and past, if you will come about any of my

people, you will see your friends, and if you see me you will see your friend. But there is something out in the sea, a bird with a forked tongue ; whip him back before he lands, for he will be the ruin of you. Yet perhaps you do not know who or what I mean—I mean the name of Englishman. I tell you this, that if you do not give me up the murderers who have murdered my people, I say I have got good strong warriors with scalping knives and tomakawks. You harbor a great many of my black people among you, at Sahwahnee. If you give me leave to go by you against them, I shall not hurt any thing belonging to you.”

To which the chief, “King Hatchy,” haughtily replied : “You charge me with killing your people, stealing your cattle, and burning your houses. It is I that have cause to complain of the Americans. While one American has been justly killed, while in the act of stealing cattle, more than four Indians have been murdered while hunting by these lawless freebooters. I harbor no negroes. When the Englishmen were at war with America, some took shelter among them, and it is for you white people to settle those things among yourselves, and not trouble us with what we know nothing about. I shall use force to stop any armed Americans from passing my towns or my lands.”

Such was the humor of the two races in the autumn of 1817.

Fourteen miles east of Fort Scott, in Georgia, but near the Florida line, on lands claimed by the United States under the treaty of Fort Jackson, was a Seminole village, called by the settlers Fowltown. The chief of this village of forty-five warriors was supposed to be, and was, peculiarly embittered against the whites. The red war-pole had been erected by his warriors, around which they danced the war-dance. The Fowltown chief was resolved to hold his lands, and resist by force any further encroachments, and had said as much to Colonel Twiggs, the commandant of Fort Scott. “I warn you,” he said to Colonel Twiggs, early in November, “not to cross, nor cut a stick of wood on the east side of the Flint.

That land is mine. I am directed by the powers above and the powers below to protect and defend it. I shall do so." A few days after General Gaines arrived at Fort Scott with a reinforcement of regular troops, when the talk of the Fowltown chief was reported to him. General Gaines, "to ascertain," as he said, "whether his hostile temper had abated," had previously sent a runner to the chief to request him to come to him at Fort Scott. The chief replied, "I have already said to the officer commanding at the fort all I have to say. I will not go."

General Gaines immediately detached a force of two hundred and fifty men, under command of Colonel Twiggs, with orders "to bring to me the chief and his warriors, and, in the event of resistance, to treat them as enemies."*

On the morning of November 21st, before the dawn of day, the detachment reached Fowltown. The warriors fired upon the troops without waiting to learn their errand. It could not be expected to occur to the benighted Seminole mind that a large body of troops arriving near their town in the darkness of a November morning could have any but a hostile errand. The fire of the Indians, which was wholly without effect, was "briskly returned" by the troops, when the Indians took to flight, with the loss of two men killed and one women, besides several wounded. Colonel Twiggs entered and searched the abandoned town. Among other articles found in the house of the chief were a scarlet coat of the British uniform, a pair of golden epaulets, and a certificate, in the handwriting of Colonel Nichols, declaring that the Fowltown chief had ever been a true and faithful friend of the British. Colonel Twiggs took post near the town, erected a temporary stockade, and waited for further orders. Shortly afterwards the town was burnt by General Gaines himself.

The die was cast. The revenge of the Seminoles for this

* Dispatch of Gaines to Secretary of War, November 21, 1817.

seizure of Fowltown,* and the slaughter of its warriors and the woman, was swift, bloody, and atrocious.

Nine days after, a large open boat, containing forty United States troops, seven soldiers' wives and four little children, under command of Lieutenant Scott, of the 7th infantry, was warping slowly up the Appalachicola river. They were within one mile of reaching the junction of the Chattahoochie and Flint, and not many miles from Fort Scott. To avoid the swift current, the soldiers kept the boat close to the shore. They were passing a swamp, densely covered with trees and cane. Suddenly, at a moment when not a soul on board suspected danger, for not an Indian, nor trace of an Indian had been seen, a heavy volley of musketry, from the thickets within a few yards of the boat, was fired full into the closely-compacted party. Lieutenant Scott and nearly every man in the boat were killed or badly wounded at the first fire. Other volleys succeeded. The Indians soon rose from their ambush and rushed upon the boat with a fearful yell. Men, women and children were involved in one horrible massacre, or spared for more horrible torture. The children were taken by the

* Among the proofs that the attack upon Fowltown was the direct and immediate cause of the Seminole war, the following extract from General D. M. Mitchell's deposition on the subject before a committee of the United States Senate, February, 1819, is one of the most conclusive: "About the 1st of August, 1817, I received a letter from Major Twiggs, then at Fort Scott, dated the 4th of that month, written, as he says, at the request of the chiefs of three towns near that place, expressive of their willingness to agree to the talk delivered by me in July at Fort Hawkins. Of the three towns referred to the Fowltown was one, but before I had an opportunity of sending for those chiefs, or of taking any measures for meeting their proposition, General Gaines arrived with a detachment of troops from the West, sent for the chief of Fowltown, and for his contumacy in not immediately appearing before him, the town was attacked and destroyed by the troops of the United States by order of General Gaines. This fact was, I conceive, the immediate cause of the Seminole war. The reasons assigned for the destruction of Fowltown, in addition to the contumacy of the chief, were, the refusal of the chiefs of the Seminoles to give up some murderers, and the hostile aspect which they had assumed. Of this demand and refusal I know nothing more than what has been published, but truth compels me to say, that before the attack on Fowltown aggressions of this kind were as frequent on the part of the whites as on the part of the Indians, the evidence of which can be furnished from files of the executive of Georgia."

heels and their brains dashed out against the sides of the boat. The men and women were scalped, all but one woman, who was not wounded by the previous fire. Four men escaped by leaping overboard and swimming to the opposite shore, of whom two only reached Fort Scott uninjured. Laden with plunder, the savages reëntered the wilderness, taking with them the woman whom they had spared. In twenty minutes after the first volley was fired into the boat, every creature in it but five was killed and scalped, or bound and carried off.

The Seminoles had tasted blood, and thirsted like tigers for more. Still haunting the banks of the river, they attacked, a few days later, a convoy of ascending boats, under Major Muhlenburgh, killing two soldiers and wounding thirteen. For four or five days and nights the boats lay in the middle of the stream, immoveable; for not a man could show himself for an instant above the bulwarks without being fired upon. With difficulty, and after great suffering on the part of the sick and wounded, the fleet was rescued from its horrible situation by a party from Fort Scott.

About the same time a party of Seminoles, under the command of the Fowltown chief, surprized Hambly and Doyle, the clerks so obnoxious to the Indians and to Arbuthnot, and broke up their establishment on the Appalachicola. The house and store of the clerks were plundered of all their valuable contents, and themselves carried away prisoners to the southward. The Indians, then and afterwards, declared that these men were the cause of all their troubles.

~~The prophet-chief, Francis, was soon in the field. A party under his command surprized a Georgia militia man, named M'Krimmon, while he was fishing, and carrying him off into the interior doomed him to the stake. Stripped, shaved, bound, and surrounded with fagots, the Indians whooping and dancing around him, he stood awaiting the application of the torch, when Milly Francis, the youngest daughter of the chief, a girl of fifteen, implored the life of the prisoner. She fell upon her knees before her father, it is said,~~

and entreated him to show mercy. He yielded at length, and M'Krimmon escaped a terrible doom, and was delivered up to the Spanish commandant at Fort St. Marks.

Before the year closed Fort Scott itself was threatened. A desultory and ineffectual fire was kept up upon it for several days. The garrison being short of provisions, and forming a most exaggerated estimate of the numbers of the enemy, feared to be obliged to abandon the post.

This was war indeed. The government at Washington was promptly informed of these terrible events by General Gaines, who advised the most vigorous measures of retaliation. "I am now quite convinced," said he, "that the hostility of these Indians is and has long since been of so deep a character as to leave no ground to calculate upon tranquillity, or the future security of our frontier settlements, until the towns south and east of this place shall receive a signal proof of our ability and willingness to retaliate for every outrage." The Seminoles, he added, were puffed up with conceit, and were laboring under a fatal delusion of receiving aid from the British. They felt sure of being able to beat the Americans. "They assert that we have never beaten their people except when we have been assisted by 'red people.'" General Gaines estimated the number of the Seminole warriors at twenty-seven hundred.

It chanced that just before these dispatches reached Washington, the Secretary of War, Mr. J. C. Calhoun, not anticipating serious trouble from the Indians, had sent orders to General Gaines to proceed to Amelia Island, to coöperate with the naval forces in the expulsion of the revolutionists. General Gaines was accordingly compelled to leave the frontiers at a time when his presence there was most needed. The government, fearing the effect at such a moment of the absence of a general officer from the scene of hostilities, resolved upon ordering General Jackson to take command in person of the troops upon the frontiers of Georgia.

General Jackson had been watching the course of events in the southeast with an attentive and earnest mind. The

dispatches of General Gaines to the War Department, and the orders of the Department to General Gaines, had been duly forwarded to him. He had arrived at one very clear and correct opinion. So long as the Spaniards hold Florida, he thought, there will be trouble between the Seminoles and the settlers upon the Georgia frontiers. The government, anxious for the speedy conclusion of the pending negotiation for the purchase of Florida, had forbidden General Gaines to pursue the Seminoles into Florida. Afterwards, when the news of the massacre of Lieutenant Scott reached Washington, they had authorized Gaines to cross the line, provided the hostile Indians could be reached and punished in no other way. But on no account was General Gaines to molest or threaten a Spanish post! If the hostile Indians took refuge within a Spanish fortress, he was to relinquish the pursuit, and take no further step without receiving new and explicit orders from the Department of War.

Upon perusing these orders to General Gaines, General Jackson was moved to write to President Monroe a confidential letter upon the subject, of which a copy is subjoined. This letter, be it observed, was written after the dispatch ordering General Jackson to the scene of war had left Washington, but before it had reached the Hermitage. The orders of the War Department to General Jackson, and this confidential letter from General Jackson to the President, passed each other about midway between Nashville and Washington.

GENERAL JACKSON TO PRESIDENT MONROE.

"NASHVILLE, 6th January, 1818.

"Sir: A few days since I received a letter from the Secretary of War, of the 17th ult., with inclosures. Your order of the 19th ult. through him to Brevet Major General Gaines to enter the territory of Spain, and chastise the ruthless savages who have been depredating on the property and lives of our citizens, will meet not only the approbation of your country, but the approbation of Heaven. Will you, however, permit me to suggest the catastrophe that might arise by General Gainé's compliance with the last clause of your order? Suppose the case that the Indians are beaten: they take refuge either in Pensacola or St. Augustine, which open their

gates to them; to profit by his victory, General Gaines pursues the fugitives, and has to halt before the garrison until he can communicate with his government. In the meantime the militia grow restless, and he is left to defend himself by the regulars. The enemy, with the aid of their Spanish friends and Woodbine's British partizans, or, if you please, with Aury's force, attacks him. What may not be the result? Defeat and massacre. Permit me to remark that the arms of the United States must be carried to any point within the limits of East Florida, where an enemy is permitted and protected, or disgrace attends.

"The executive government have ordered, and, as I conceive, very properly, Amelia Island to be taken possession of. This order ought to be carried into execution at all hazards, and simultaneously the whole of East Florida seized, and held as an indemnity for the outrages of Spain upon the property of our citizens. This done, it puts all opposition down, secures our citizens a complete indemnity, and saves us from a war with Great Britain, or some of the continental powers combined with Spain. This can be done without implicating the government. *Let it be signified to me through any channel (say Mr. J. Rhea) that the possession of the Florida would be desirable to the United States, and in sixty days it will be accomplished.*

"The order being given for the possession of Amelia Island, it ought to be executed, or our enemies, internal and external, will use it to the disadvantage of the government. If our troops enter the territory of Spain in pursuit of our Indian enemy, all opposition that they meet with must be put down, or we will be involved in danger and disgrace.

"I have the honor, etc.,

"ANDREW JACKSON.

"HON. JAMES MONROE,

"President United States."*

Before proceeding further let us trace the history of this important letter. Mr. Monroe, in one of his later letters to General Jackson, told him in what circumstances it was received. "Your letter of January 6th," wrote the President "was received while I was seriously indisposed. Observing that it was from you, I handed it to Mr. Calhoun to read after reading one or two lines only myself. The order to you to take command in that quarter had before been issued. He remarked, after perusing the letter, that it was a confidential one relating to Florida, *which I must answer.*"

* From General Jackson's "Exposition" of his conduct in Florida in Benton's *Thirty Years' View*, i., 170.

Many years after, Mr. Monroe wrote to Mr. Calhoun: "I well remember that when I received the letter from General Jackson of the 6th of January, 1818, I was sick in bed, and could not read it. You were either present, or came in immediately afterwards, and I handed it to you for perusal. After reading it, you replaced it with a remark that it required my attention, or would require an answer; but without any notice of its contents. Mr. Crawford came in soon afterwards, and I handed it also to him for perusal. He read it, and returned it in like manner, without making any comment on its contents, further than that it related to the Seminole war, or something to that effect. I never showed it to any other person, and I am not certain whether it was he or you who observed that it related to the Seminole war. Having made all the arrangements respecting that war, and being some time confined by indisposition, the letter was laid aside and forgotten by me, and I never read it until after the conclusion of the war, and then I did it on an intimation from you that it required my attention. You ask whether that letter was before the cabinet in the deliberation on the dispatches received from the General communicating the result of that war, or alluded to by any member in the administration. My impression decidedly is, that it was not before the cabinet, nor do I recollect or think that it was alluded to in the deliberations on the subject."*

General Jackson himself, in his "Exposition," prepared for publication in his lifetime, but not published till after his death, tells the rest of this remarkable letter's remarkable history. "Availing himself," says General Jackson, "of the suggestion contained in the letter, Mr. Monroe sent for Mr. John Rhea (then a member of Congress), showed him the confidential letter, and requested him to answer it. In conformity with this request, Mr. Rhea did answer the letter, and informed General Jackson that the President had shown him the confidential letter, and requested him to state that he approved of its suggestions. This answer was received by

* Mr. Monroe to Mr. Calhoun, May 19th, 1830.

the General on the second night he remained at Big Creek which is four miles in advance of Hartford, Georgia, and before his arrival at Fort Scott to take command of the troops in that quarter."

But what became of Mr. Rhea's letter? Why has that never been produced, since its production would have silenced the thousand tongues that so loudly condemned General Jackson for the conduct which it authorized? The General answers this question: "About the time (February 24th, 1819) Mr. Lacock made his report (to the Senate—adverse to Jackson) General Jackson and Mr. Rhea were both in the city of Washington. Mr. Rhea called on General Jackson, as he said, at the request of Mr. Monroe, and begged him on his return home to burn his reply. He said the President feared that by the death of General Jackson, or some other accident, it might fall into the hands of those who would make an improper use of it. He therefore conjured him by the friendship which had always existed between them (and by his obligations as a brother mason) to destroy it on his return to Nashville. Believing Mr. Monroe and Mr. Calhoun to be his devoted friends, and not deeming it *possible* that any incident could occur which would require or justify its use, he gave Mr. Rhea the promise he solicited, and accordingly, after his return to Nashville, he burnt Mr. Rhea's letter, and on his letter book, opposite the copy of his confidential letter to Mr. Monroe, made this entry: '*Mr. Rhea's letter in answer is burnt this 12th April, 1819.*'"*

Mr. Rhea, we must add, was an aged member of Congress from Tennessee, an intimate and confidential friend of General Jackson and of the administration. But three persons ever saw his letter to the General, namely, himself, General Jackson and Judge Overton. Rhea and Overton both wrote statements supporting that of General Jackson. But it is unfortunate that neither of these gentlemen should have endeavored to give, from memory, an outline of the contents of the missing document. After reading the letter, Mr. Calhoun says,

* Exposition. Benton's Thirty Years, i., 179.

"I thought no more of it. Long after, I think it was at the commencement of the next session of Congress, I heard some allusion which brought that letter to my recollection. It was from a quarter which induced me to believe that it came from Mr. Crawford. I called and mentioned it to Mr. Monroe, and found that he had entirely forgotten the letter. After searching some time he found it among some other papers, *and read it, as he told me, for the first time.*"

There is a discrepancy here, which has not been, and can not be explained. It does not appear that Mr. Monroe ever admitted having authorized Mr. Rhea to answer the confidential letter. There is no allusion to the circumstance in any published letter of his that I have been able to discover. Whether to attribute his silence to forgetfulness or to discretion, I know not.

But, aside from all questions of this kind, would any one believe that an affair of such vast importance, which came within a lifting of the finger (so said the prime minister of England) of involving two nations in war, could be treated so lightly? Was Andrew Jackson an edged tool that could be safely played with? He was in earnest when he wrote that letter to the President. He meant every word of it. He looked upon himself, and rightly, as the custodian of the southern frontiers, whose tranquility, he well knew, no vigilance could secure as long as a Spanish governor ruled, and British adventurers conspired, in Florida. Upon the receipt of a letter like that, from such a man as he, one would have supposed that the whole available wisdom of the government would have been brought to bear upon it, and the answer most carefully considered and most swiftly dispatched. Mr. John Quincy Adams, the Secretary of State, who had the foreign affairs of the country in his special charge, who had to bear the brunt of the consequences of General Jackson's measures, never so much as heard of it till the subsequent diplomatic battle had been fought and won.

Meanwhile the order of the Secretary of War to General Jackson to take command in the southeast was speeding on

its way. That order, dated December 26th, 1817, was in the words following: "You will repair, with as little delay as practicable, to Fort Scott, and assume the immediate command of the forces in that quarter of the southern division. The increasing display of hostile intentions by the Seminole Indians may render it necessary to concentrate all the contiguous disposable force of your division upon that quarter. The regular force now there is about eight hundred strong, and one thousand militia of the State of Georgia are called into service. General Gaines estimates the strength of the Indians at twenty-seven hundred. Should you be of opinion that our numbers are too small to beat the enemy, you will call on the executives of the adjacent States for such an additional militia force as you may deem requisite. General Gaines had been ordered early in last month to repair to Amelia Island. It is presumed that he had therefore relinquished the command at Fort Scott. Subsequent orders have been issued to the General (copies of which will be furnished to you) advising him that you would be directed to take command, and directing him to reassume, should he deem the public interest to require it, the command at Fort Scott until you should arrive there. If, however, the General should have progressed to Florida before the subsequent orders may have reached him, he was instructed to penetrate the Seminole towns through Florida, provided the strength of his command at Amelia would justify his engaging in offensive operations. With this view you may be prepared to concentrate your force and to adopt the necessary measures to terminate a conflict which it has ever been the desire of the President, from considerations of humanity, to avoid, but which is now made necessary by their settled hostilities."

General Gaines was complimented upon his conduct, and care was taken to avoid the appearance of his being superseded. "As soon as it was known," wrote the Secretary of War to General Gaines, "that you had repaired to Amelia Island in obedience to orders, and it being uncertain how long you might be detained there, the state of things at Fort Scott

made it necessary to order General Jackson to take command there. From his known promptitude, it is presumable that his arrival may be soon expected, and, in the mean time, full confidence is placed in your well established military talents. I hope the junction of the militia will enable you to carry on offensive operations and to restrain the enemy from depredations on the frontier.”

Arbuthnot still strove to save the doomed Seminoles from the consequences of their rash and bloody deeds. As late as January 19th, 1818, we find him writing on their behalf to General D. M. Mitchell, then the agent of the United States for the Creeks. “In taking this liberty of addressing you, sir,” he wrote, “in behalf of the unfortunate Indians, believe me I have no wish but to see an end put to a war which, if persisted in, I foresee must eventually be their ruin; and as they were not the aggressors, if, in the height of their rage, they committed any excesses, that you will overlook them, as the just ebullitions of an indignant spirit against an invading foe.”

CHAPTER XXXV.

“PROMPTITUDE.”

LATE in the evening of January 11th the express bearing the orders of Mr. Calhoun to General Jackson, after a ride of fifteen days, reached the Hermitage. Before he slept that night the General had concluded upon his plan of operations. His plan was that of a man untrammelled by red tape and unacquainted with the art of “How not to do it.”

There are now in the field, Mr. Calhoun said, eight hundred regular troops and a thousand Georgia militia. If you think these forces insufficient, call on “the executives of the adjacent States for such additional militia as you may deem requisite.” Adjacent! Adjacent to what? ~~There was but one State adjacent to Florida, Georgia, namely, and the mili-~~

tia of Georgia ~~were already in the field.~~ Alabama was not yet a State. It did not cost General Jackson any computable period of time to decide that the "additional militia of the adjacent States" meant a thousand mounted volunteers from West Tennessee and Kentucky, the men with whom he had fought the Creeks and the British in the last war. But he was to call upon the "executives of the adjacent States." The Governor of Tennessee, as it chanced, was absent from Nashville on a tour of the Cherokee country near Knoxville, and it was not known either where he was or when he would return.*

General Jackson took the responsibility. He sent privately to a number of his old volunteer officers, and requested them to meet him at Nashville. They assembled at the time appointed. They embraced his scheme without a dissentient voice, and separated to carry it into effect. The General issued one of his spirit-stirring addresses, and the yeomen of West Tennessee were eager to mount and follow him to the end of the world. On the last day of January, twenty days after the General had received Mr. Calhoun's dispatch, and twelve days after the meeting of the officers at Nashville, two regiments of mounted men, numbering more than a thousand, assembled at the old rendezvous of Fayetteville, Tennessee, ready to march. One hundred of these went from Nashville alone. Twenty days' rations were ordered to be distributed to this force. They were placed under the command of Inspector-General Hayne, who was directed to march them with all dispatch to Fort Jackson, whence, with a fresh supply of provisions, they were to be led to Fort Scott. General Jackson himself would proceed to Fort Scott at an earlier date by a directer route, and at greater speed, accompanied only by two companies as a "guard." From Fort Scott the combined forces of Tennessee and Georgia, ~~with the regular troops,~~ would sweep down into Florida, and, unless the Spaniards behaved unexpectedly well, overrun that province and hold it for the United States.

* General Jackson's Memorial. Senate, 1820.

The Governor of Tennessee approved General Jackson's measures. The Secretary of War approved them. "The measures you have taken," wrote Mr. Calhoun on the 24th of January, "to bring an efficient force into the field are approbated, and a confident hope is entertained that a speedy and successful termination of the Indian war will follow your exertions." He wrote again to the same effect on the sixth of January. He wrote subsequently to the Governor of Alabama, that "General Jackson is vested with full powers to conduct the war in the manner he may judge best." How General Jackson judged the war ought to be conducted, General Jackson's confidential letter to Mr. Monroe had already informed the Secretary of War.

On the twenty-second of January, General Jackson and his "guard" left Nashville amid the cheers of the entire population. The distance from Nashville to Fort Scott is about four hundred and fifty miles. A march of eighteen days brought the General to Fort Hawkins, in the northern part of Georgia, where he heard ill news from the frontier. Part of the Georgia militia had abandoned the war and returned home. Fort Scott was starving. The contractors, as usual, had failed to supply provisions. But the quartermaster of General Gaines had succeeded in purchasing eleven hundred hogs, with which, if a little corn could be added, the General hoped to keep the army alive till the provisions he had ordered from New Orleans could arrive.

He pushed on to Hartford, a village of northern Georgia, two days' march from Fort Hawkins. There he met General Gaines, with a body of newly-raised Georgia militia, and there General Jackson wrote a dispatch to the Secretary of War, denouncing the system of supplying armies by contract. It might answer, he said, in time of peace ; but when active operations are necessary, and everything depends upon quickness of movement, no dependence could be placed upon a contractor. If contractors must be employed, let them be subject to court-martial if they fail to keep the army supplied.

Continuing his march southward, he reached the friendly Indian village of Chehaw, sixty miles north of Fort Scott. His tired and hungry troops were received by the Chehaw Indians with hearty welcome, and supplied with all the corn they could spare. Every warrior in the village fit for service joined the army, leaving in the village only the old men, the women, and children, and the sick. These Indians were but the forerunners of a mighty host of friendly Creeks, a brigade nearly two thousand strong, under the half-breed M'Intosh, who were already in the field and on their way to join General Jackson in the lower country. M'Intosh was the chief who had commanded the friendly Indians at the battle of the Horse-shoe, six years before. He was now a brigadier general in the service of the United States.

With so many mouths to feed the provision question became one of the most extreme and pressing importance. At Fort Early, in the south of Georgia, General Jackson arrived on the 26th of February, with nine hundred Georgians, two companies of Tennesseans, and a body of Indians. Worse news met him there from Fort Scott. Such was the scarcity of provisions at the fort, that the commandant sent word that unless relieved in a very few days he should be compelled to abandon the post. To prevent a catastrophe so fatal, General Gaines, with a few officers and men, threw himself into a boat, and started, at nightfall, down the river Flint toward Fort Scott. General Jackson resumed his march, his difficulties increasing at every step. "The excessive rains," he wrote at Fort Early, "have rendered the roads so bad that I ordered the troops, on their march here, to take their baggage on the wagon horses, and abandon their wagons. This facilitated their march to this place, which they reached to-day; and eleven hundred men are now here without a barrel of flour or a bushel of corn. We have pork on foot, and to-morrow I shall proceed to Fort Scott, and endeavor to procure from the Indians a supply of corn that will aid in subsisting the detachment until we reach that place. How those failures have happened under the superintendence of regular

officers I cannot imagine, but blame must rest somewhere, and it shall be strictly investigated as soon as circumstances will permit. The waters are unusually high and the ground so rotten that it is with much difficulty even pack horses can pass. Every stream we are compelled either to bridge or swim.”

In the evening of March 9th, ~~forty-six days after leaving Nashville, General Jackson reached Fort Scott with his eleven hundred hungry men.~~ No tidings yet of the Tennessee troops under Colonel Hayne! And, what was still more strange and alarming, General Gaines had not been heard of. There was no time to spend, however, in waiting or surmising. The General found himself at Fort Scott in command of two thousand men, and his whole stock of provisions one quart of corn and three rations of meat per man. There was no supply in his rear, for he had swept the country on his line of march of every bushel of corn and every animal fit for food. ~~He had his choice of two courses only—to remain at Fort Scott and starve, or to go forward and find provisions.~~ It is ~~not necessary to say~~ which of these alternatives Andrew Jackson selected. “Accordingly,” he wrote, “having been advised by Colonel Gibson, Quartermaster General, that he would sail from New Orleans on the 12th of February, with supplies; and being also advised that two sloops with provision were in the bay, and an officer had been dispatched from Fort Scott in a large keel boat to bring up a part of their loading, and deeming that the preservation of these supplies would be to preserve the army, and enable me to prosecute the campaign, I assumed the command on the morning of the 10th, ordered the live stock to be slaughtered and issued to the troops, with one quart of corn to each man, and the line of march to be taken up at twelve meridian.”

It was necessary to cross the swollen river; an operation which consumed all the afternoon, all the dark night succeeding, and a part of the next morning. Five days' march along the banks of the Appalachicola—past the scene of the massacre of Lieutenant Scott—brought the army to the site

of the Negro Fort on Prospect Bluff. On the way, however, the army, to its great joy, met the ascending boat load of flour, when the men had their first full meal since leaving Fort Early, three weeks before. Upon the site of the Negro Fort, General Jackson ordered ~~his aid, Lieutenant Gadsden~~ of the engineers, to construct a fortification, which was promptly done, and named by the General, Fort Gadsden, in honor, as he said, of the "talents and indefatigable zeal" of the builder. No news yet of the great flotilla of provisions from New Orleans. "Consequently," wrote the General, "I put the troops on half rations, and pushed the completion of the fort for the protection of the provisions, in the event of their arrival, intending to march forthwith to the heart of the enemy and endeavor to subsist upon him. In the mean time I dispatched Major Fanning, of the corps of artillery, to take another look into the bay, whose return on the morning of the 23d brought the information that Colonel Gibson, with one gun-boat and three transports and others in sight, were in the bay. On the same night I received other information that no more had arrived. I am therefore apprehensive that some of the smaller vessels have been lost, as one gunboat went to pieces, and another, when last spoken, had one foot of water in her."

The Tennessee volunteers did not arrive, but had been heard from. "The idea of starvation," wrote General Jackson, "has stalked abroad. A panic appears to have spread itself everywhere." Colonel Hayne had heard that the garrison of Fort Scott were starving, and had passed into Georgia for supplies, despite the willingness of the men "to risk the worst of consequences on what they had to join me." General Gaines, however, joined the army at Fort Gadsden, though in sorry plight. "In his passage down the Flint," explains Jackson, "he was shipwrecked, by which he lost his assistant adjutant general, Major C. Wright, and two soldiers drowned. The general reached me six days after, nearly exhausted by hunger and cold, having lost his baggage and clothing, and being compelled to wander in the woods four

and a half days without anything to subsist on, or any clothing except a pair of pantaloons. I am happy to have it in my power to say that he is now with me, at the head of his brigade, in good health."

Nine days passed, and still the General was at Fort Gadsden waiting for the great flotilla. It occurred to him that possibly the Governor of Pensacola might have opposed its ascent of the river or molested it in the bay. He wrote a very polite but a very plain letter to the Governor on the 25th of March. "I wish it to be distinctly understood," he observed, "that any attempt to interrupt the passage of transports cannot be viewed in any other light than as a hostile act on your part. I will not permit myself for a moment to believe that you would commit an act so contrary to the interests of the king your master. His Catholic Majesty, as well as the government of the United States, are alike interested in chastising a savage foe who have too long warred with impunity against his subjects, as well as the citizens of this republic, and I feel persuaded that every aid which you can give to promote this object, will be cheerfully tendered."

The governor in due time replied that he would permit the transports to pass *this time*, on condition of their paying the usual duties, but *never again*. "If extraordinary circumstances," he concluded, "should require any further temporary concessions, not explained in the treaty, I request your excellency to have the goodness to apply in future, for the obtaining of them, to the proper authority, as I, for my part, possess no power whatever in relation thereto."

While General Jackson was waiting at Fort Gadsden came curious dispatches from General McIntosh, who had already met his old enemies, the Red-Sticks, and done execution upon some of them. March 2d, he wrote: "Since I left Fort Mitchell, the fourth day at twelve o'clock, I have taken three of our enemies that were firing on the vessels. I have got them in strings, carrying them to Fort Gaines, and expect to catch some more before I get there. Nothing more; but the creeks are very high; it is as much as we can do to travel."

March 6th, he continued : "I carried our three prisoners to Fort Gaines to the commanding officer, and he told me he would have nothing to do with them, and said to me, you may deal with them by your own laws. We had proof that they were at the destroying of the boat below the fork of Flint river, and one of them was wounded at that time. They were doing mischief to our friends, and I knew what was the law between us and the United States. I did not want them to stand on our land, and I have taken their lives. I have heard where a good many of our enemies are collected, about forty miles from this place, and I am going to push on there to-morrow as fast as I can, until I can get where they are."

"P. S. The commanding officer at Fort Gaines had taken the Tame King's son a prisoner, and gave him up to me. I heard no harm against him, and have turned him loose again, and now he has joined us."

March 10th : "On the Sunday, in the evening, there was about fourteen of our old enemies came and gave themselves up to us, with their women and children. I sent the women back with some of our people to the Ufaula, and we have taken two of the men along with us as pilots. They told me that the Red Ground chief had got a great many of our enemies together to fight, and these two men are piloting us to him. About one hour after we took these people, ten more men came into our camp with white flags and joined us. I send this to you. I am going to-day, and to-morrow about nine o'clock the fight will be ended with us, if I conquer the the Red Ground chief."

March 16th : "I went down the Creek Chaubulle the 12th day of March, about ten miles above the camp of Couchatee Micco, or Red Ground chief, and the creek swamp was so bad we could not pass it for the high waters. My men had to leave their clothes and provisions, and swim better than one half of the swamp, about six miles wide. We marched within two miles of his station, and the next morning we surrounded his place ; but he was gone, and we could not follow him till we could get some provisions we had left

behind us. I and Major Hawkins followed him and overtook his party, and he got away from us with about thirty men. We have taken fifty-three men and about one hundred and eighty women and children prisoners, without the fire of a gun ; and we killed ten men that broke to try and make their escape. I have not lost a man since I left Fort Mitchell."

So much for General M'Intosh and his warriors, who did most of the little fighting that was done in this campaign. We shall meet him again.

To return to General Jackson. Before the day closed on which he wrote his plain letter to the Governor of Pensacola, he had the pleasure of hearing that the provision flotilla had arrived, and of welcoming to Fort Gadsden its commanding officers, Colonel Gibson of the army, and Captain McKeever of the navy. He was writing a dispatch at the time to the Secretary of War, which he hastened to close with this most gratifying intelligence : "I shall move to-morrow," he said, "having made the necessary arrangements with Captain McKeever for his coöperation in transporting my supplies around to the bay of St. Marks, from which place I shall do myself the honor of communicating with you. Should our enemy attempt to escape with his supplies and booty to the small islands, and from thence to carry on a predatory warfare, the assistance of the navy will prevent his escape."

Captain McKeever readily agreed to coöperate with General Jackson. The following is the material part of a remarkable request, or order, delivered by the General to Captain McKeever on the day of the arrival of the latter at Fort Gadsden : "It is reported to me that Francis, or Hillis Hago, and Peter McQueen, prophets, who excited the Red Sticks in their late war against the United States, and are now exciting the Seminoles to similar acts of hostility, are at or in the neighborhood of St. Marks. United with them it is stated that Woodbine, Arbuthnot and other foreigners have assembled a motley crew of brigands—slaves enticed away from their masters, citizens of the United States, or stolen during the late conflict with Great Britain. It is all important that

these men should be captured and made examples of, and it is my belief that on the approach of my army they will attempt to escape to some of the sea islands, from whence they may be enabled for a time to continue their excitement, and carry on a predatory war against the United States. You will, therefore, cruise along the coast, eastwardly, and as I advance capture and make prisoners all, or every person, or description of persons, white, red or black, with all their goods, chattels and effects, together with all crafts, vessels, or means of transportation by water, which will be held in possession of for adjudication. Any of the subjects of his Catholic Majesty, sailing to St. Marks, may be permitted freely to enter the said river ; but none to pass out, unless after an examination it may be made to appear that they have not been attached to or in anywise aided and abetted our common enemy. I shall march this day, and in eight days will reach St. Marks, where I shall expect to communicate with you in the bay, and from the transports receive the supplies for my army."

Hapless Arbuthnot ! He was then peacefully journeying toward St. Marks, absolutely alone in the wilderness. Upon reaching that fortress he heard, for the first time, of the approach of General Jackson's overwhelming force, and of the arrival in the waters of Florida of the great flotilla of transports and gun-boats under Captain McKeever. He knew not how to account for preparations so disproportioned to any object the United States could desire to effect in the province. He wrote hastily to his son : "I am blocked here ; no Indians will come with me, and I am now suffering from the fatigue of coming here alone. The main drift of the Americans is to destroy the black population of Suwany. Tell my friend, Boleck, that it is throwing away his people to attempt to resist such a powerful force as will be drawn on Sahwahnee ; and as the troops advance by land, so will the vessels by sea. Endeavor to get all the goods over the river in a place of security, as also the skins of all sorts ; the corn must be left to its fate. So soon as the Sahwahnee is destroyed, I expect the Americans will be satisfied and retire ; this is only

my opinion, but I think it is conformable to the demand made by General Gaines to King Hatchy some months since ; in fact, do all you can to save all you can save, the books particularly."

This was written on the 2d of April. Arbuthnot's son was then on board the schooner Chance, at the mouth of the Suwannee river, below the principal town of Bowlegs, distant five days' march from St. Marks. Arbuthnot remained at St. Marks, the guest of the Spanish commandant of that post, totally without apprehension of danger to himself.

General Jackson, meanwhile, was in full march toward St. Marks. He left Fort Gadsden on the 26th of March, was joined by one regiment of Tennesseans on the 1st of April, and on the same day had a brush with the enemy. A "number" of Indians, we are told in the official report, were discovered engaged in the peaceful employment of "herding cattle." An attack upon these dusky herdsmen was instantly ordered. "The spy companies commenced the attack, and a brisk running fire was kept up on both sides for some minutes ; when the enemy divided, the spy companies pursuing those on the right, and Lieutenant Colonel Elliott, having turned their flank, became generally engaged, and bore them over to the left column, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Mitchell, within half gun-shot of each other, when they were assailed by both flanks, and would all have fallen had not the volunteers taken up the impression (from the similarity of dress) that some of the friendly warriors had reached in pursuit of the enemy, which occasioned the firing to cease for a short time, when a number made good their retreat into the swamp."

One American killed and four wounded, fourteen Indians killed and four women prisoners, were the results of this affair. The army advanced upon the town to which the herdsmen belonged, and found it deserted. "On reaching the square, we discovered a red pole planted at the council house, on which was suspended about fifty fresh scalps, taken from the heads of extreme age down to the tender infant, of

both sexes, and in an adjacent house those of near three hundred men, which bore the appearance of being the barbarous trophies of settled hostility for three or four years past.”*

General Gaines continued the pursuit on the following day, and gathered a prodigious booty. “The red pole,” say the adjutant’s report, “was again found planted in the square of Fowltown, barbarously decorated with human scalps of both sexes, taken within the last six months from the heads of our unfortunate citizens. General M’Intosh, who was with General Gaines, routed a small party of savages near Fowltown, killed one negro and took three prisoners, one of whom was found the coat of James Champion, of Captain Cumming’s company, fourth regiment of infantry, who was killed by the Indians on board of one of our boats descending the river to the relief of Major Mulenberg. The pocket-book of Mr. Leigh, who was murdered at Cedar Creek on the twenty-first of January last, was found in Kinghajah’s town containing several letters addressed to the deceased, and one to General Glascock. About one thousand head of cattle fell into our hands, many of which were recognized by the Georgia militia as having brands and marks of their citizens. Near three thousand bushels of corn was found, with other articles useful to the army. Upwards of three hundred houses were consumed, leaving a tract of fertile country in ruin, where these wretches might have lived in plenty, but for the vile machinations of *foreign traders*, if not *agents*.”

On the sixth of April the army reached St. Marks, and halted in the vicinity of the fort. The General sent in to the governor his aid-de-camp, Lieutenant Gadsden, bearing a letter explanatory of his objects and purposes. He had come, he said, “to chastise a savage foe, who, combined with a lawless band of negro brigands, had been for some time past carrying on a cruel and unprovoked war against the citizens of the United States.” He had already met and put to flight

* These scalps were doubtless the accumulation of many years and of previous wars. The Seminoles had not taken ten scalps since the war of 1812, exclusive of those of Lieutenant Scott’s party.

parties of the hostile Indians. He had received information that those Indians had fled to St. Marks and found protection within its walls; that both Indians and negroes had procured supplies of ammunition there; and that the Spanish garrison, from the smallness of its numbers, was unable to resist the demands of the savages. “To prevent the recurrence of so gross a violation of neutrality, and to exclude our savage enemies from so strong a hold as St. Marks, I deem it expedient to garrison that fortress with American troops until the close of the present war. This measure is justifiable on the immutable principle of self-defense, and cannot but be satisfactory, under existing circumstances, to his Catholic Majesty, the King of Spain. Under existing treaties between our two governments, the King of Spain is bound to preserve in peace with the citizens of the United States, not only his own subjects, but all Indian tribes residing within his territory. When called upon to fulfill that part of the treaty in relation to a savage tribe who have long depredated with impunity on the American frontier, incompetency is alleged, with an acknowledgment that the same tribe have acted in open hostility to the laws, and invaded the rights of his Catholic Majesty. As a mutual enemy, therefore, it is expected that every facility will be afforded by the agents of the King of Spain to chastise these lawless and inhuman savages. In this light is the possession of St. Marks by the American forces to be viewed. I came not as the enemy, but as the friend of Spain. Spanish rights and property will be respected. The property and rights of Spanish subjects will be guaranteed them. An inventory of all public property, munitions of war, etc., shall be made out, and certified by an officer appointed by each of us, and a receipt given for the same, to be accounted for to his Catholic Majesty by the United States. The subject of my possession of the garrison of St. Marks will be referred to our respective governments for amicable adjustment.”

The Governor replied that he had been made to understand General Jackson's letter only with the greatest difficulty, as

under
there was no one within the fort who could properly translate it. He denied that the Indians and negroes had ever obtained supplies, succor or encouragement from Fort St. Marks. On the contrary, they had menaced the fort with assault because supplies had been refused them. With regard to delivering up the fort intrusted to his care he had no authority to do so and must write on the subject to his government. Meanwhile he prayed General Jackson to suspend his operations. "The sick your excellency sent in," concluded the polite Governor "are lodged in the royal hospital, and I have afforded them every aid which circumstances admit. I hope your excellency will give me other opportunities of evincing the desire I have to satisfy you. I trust your excellency will pardon my not answering you as soon as requested, for reasons which have been given you by your aid-de-camp. I do not accompany this with an English translation, as your excellency desires because there is no one in the fort capable thereof, but the before-named William Hambly proposes to translate it to your excellency in the best manner he can."

This was delivered to General Jackson on the morning of the 7th of April. He instantly replied to it by taking possession of the fort! The Spanish flag was lowered, the stars and stripes floated from the flag-staff, and American troops took up their quarters within the fortress. The Governor made no resistance, and, indeed, could make none. When all was over he sent to General Jackson a formal protest against his proceedings, to which the General briefly replied: "The occupancy of Fort St. Marks by my troops previous to your assenting to the measure became necessary from the difficulties thrown in the way of an amicable adjustment, notwithstanding my assurances that every arrangement should be made to your satisfaction, and expressing a wish that my movements against our common enemy should not be retarded by a tedious negotiation. I again repeat what has been reiterated to you through my aid-de-camp, Lieutenant Gadsden, that your personal rights and private property shall be respected, that your situation shall be made as comfortable as

practicable while compelled to remain in Fort St. Marks, and that transports shall be furnished as soon as they can be obtained to convey yourself, family, and command, to Pensacola."

Arbuthnot was found within the fort, an inmate of the Governor's own quarters. It appears that on the arrival of General Jackson he was preparing to leave St. Marks. His horse, saddled and bridled, was standing at the gate. William Hambly, the reader has observed, was also at the fort and undertook the translation of the Governor's letter. When last we mentioned this Hambly he had just had his store plundered, and was himself a prisoner of the wrathful Seminoles. It is important to us to know how he came to be at St. Marks at this time. We have only his own explanation. Doyle and himself, he afterwards said, were taken to Suwannee, the chief town of the Seminoles, near which Arbuthnot had his depot of goods. "There," said Hambly, "the principal chief of the Seminoles told me that we had been taken and robbed by order of Arbuthnot and brought there to be tried by him. Shortly after we reached this, Arbuthnot arrived from Providence, when we were tried and sentenced by said Arbuthnot to be tortured. This sentence was not put in execution, by the friendly interference of Mr. Cook, clerk to Arbuthnot, and the negro chief, Nero. We were then conducted back to the Mickasukees. Then Kenhagee went down to Fort St. Marks to consult the commandant if he would take us as prisoners, to keep at his order. They held a council among the neighboring chiefs, and on the fifth day he returned and ordered us to be conducted down next morning. We arrived at St. Marks on the 12th of February, at night. The Spanish officers received us kindly, but the commandant did not forget to remind us that we were still prisoners, and marked out that night the limits of our prison, which they rigidly kept during the time of our stay. Next morning, the first thing that presented itself to my view was my saddle horse, which had been taken from me by the Indians; he was in possession of the commissary. I mentioned it to the commandant, but he said

that he bought him of an Indian, and he could do nothing in it. A few days after, in the course of conversation, I mentioned it to the Spanish doctor; he assured me that two thirds of the property taken from us by the Indians had been bought by the commissary and others in the fort."

This was Hambly's story. One thing, at least, we learn from it, namely, that William Hambly hated Alexander Arbuthnot. We shall soon discover, too, that the Peter Cook mentioned by Hambly was inimical to Arbuthnot. Hambly's assertion that he was sentenced by Arbuthnot to be tortured rests on his sole assertion, and is contradicted by every probability, by the whole tenor of Arbuthnot's words and deeds, as well as by the style of Hambly's narrative. Whether true or false, the affair was transacted within the Spanish province of Florida while, as yet, it was in the possession of the Spaniards.

General Jackson had no sooner taken possession of St. Marks than Hambly and Arbuthnot changed places. Hambly was taken by General Jackson into high favor, believed implicitly, trusted entirely. Arbuthnot became the prisoner. "In Fort St. Marks," wrote General Jackson, "an inmate in the family of the Spanish commandant, an Englishman, by the name of Arbuthnot was found. Unable satisfactorily to explain the object of his visiting this country, and there being a combination of circumstances to justify a suspicion that his views were not honest, he was ordered into close confinement."

Other events, sad and terrible, occurred on this eventful day. A few hours before General Jackson's arrival at St. Marks, Captain McKeever came into the harbor, displaying English colors from the masthead of his vessel. Within the fort was Duncan McKrimmon, whose life Milly Francis had saved. This McKrimmon was destined to be the means of bringing upon his fair deliverer irremediable woe. The circumstances referred to have been obligingly related to me by an American officer* who served in General Jackson's army,

* J. B. Rodgers, Esq., of Rock Island, Tennessee.

and was an eye-witness of all the important occurrences of the campaign.

"McKrimmon, upon seeing a vessel coming into port showing English colors, asked leave of the Spanish commandant to go on board of her, alleging that he feared the Indians might reclaim him and put him to death. He had been consigned to the custody of the Spanish commandant by Francis the prophet, whose town was only three miles distant. He went on board with Hambly and Doyle, who were in the same situation as himself—prisoners subject to Indian caprice. To their equal astonishment and delight, they found that the vessel was American, and that their safety was certain.

"They immediately informed Captain McKeever of the return of Francis from England, and of his ardent desire for, and constant expectation of the arrival of supplies to carry on the war against the United States. This prompted the captain to increase his display of English colors, and in the course of the following day—the temptation was too strong to be longer resisted—Francis or Hellis Hajo, with his right-hand chief, Himollemico, obtained a canoe and set off to the fleet at the mouth of the bay, distant ten miles from the fort. Soon they accomplished their journey, and as soon as they got on board Francis asked :

" 'What loaded with ?'

"He was informed, 'guns, powder, lead, and blankets for his red friends the Indians.'

"They manifested ecstatic delight ; when the captain invited them to his cabin (taking care to deprive them of all their arms), to take a glass with him. They descended the stairs, the captain following in the rear, with a signal to a few Jack tars to accompany him with ropes. No sooner said than done. Jack made his appearance before the astonished chiefs, who were soon bound and secured beyond the possibility of escape.

"McKrimmon came in to salute the prisoners ; when Francis, in fair English, said,

“ ‘This is what I get for saving your life.’

“ ‘Not so,’ said McKrimmon; ‘it is to your daughter Milly that I am indebted for my life, and I will do any thing I can for your deliverance.’

“Mr. Hambly then addressed Himollemico in his language, and told him he was now in the hands of General Jackson, who was hourly expected to invest St. Marks with his army, five thousand strong, and who actually did arrive that very evening as predicted ; a thing, however, expected and looked for by the chiefs then in confinement, and who had made a desperate virtue of necessity in coming on board to obtain munitions of war to repel the General, but who had made so sad a mistake.

“A few moments after, the approach of another canoe was announced, when McKrimmon, with a glass, announced it to contain Milly his deliverer and the daughter of Hellis Hajo. The canoe was propelled by an Indian warrior in the after part of the craft, Milly sitting forward with a wistful eye cast on the vessel ahead. The sea was increasing and the canoe labored much, until it came near the vessel, when suddenly, either from the force of the sea or some presentiment, the canoe wheeled and put back for the nearest beach, distant a mile. The sentinel on duty hailed without arresting the attention of the occupants of the canoe. He hailed a second, a third time with like results. The captain then ordered the discharge of cannon to intimidate them, with like result. The captain then ordered a second cannon to be fired, somewhat impatiently. The officer misunderstanding the order, fired a heavy discharge of grape directly at the canoe, the shot falling all around, without the slightest damage to the occupants. The captain then manned a light boat, with orders to capture the craft, which sped off at his bidding, and was soon in close pursuit. The canoe, however, approached the land, the water being shallow. Milly bounded from the canoe, and, as quick as thought, snatched from its bottom the warrior’s rifle, and discharged it at the boat, depositing the ball in the rudder under the arm of the steers-

man without further damage. The warrior grasped the empty gun from the hands of Milly, and both made safe their retreat to the main land, beyond the reach of the boat's crew, who made it their particular business as quick as possible to get beyond the second discharge of the warrior's rifle.

"On the evening of this day General Jackson sat down before St. Marks, and obtained from the commandant the use of a boat to communicate with Captain McKeever. McKeever informed the General that Mr. Hambly gave it as his opinion that Alexander Arbuthnot was then concealed in the fort. Upon this information General Jackson dispatched Captain, now General Twiggs, with a detachment of soldiers to the fort, a mile from the encampment of the main army, with orders to capture the fort and take it into possession. Captain Twiggs, at the fort gate, arrested Arbuthnot in the act of mounting his horse to make his escape, and which he would doubtless have done in a few minutes more. He then proceeded to capture the fort and put on it American sentinels.

"The next day after the capture by Captain McKeever of Hellis Hajo and Himollemico, he sent them up to the fort, when General Jackson ordered them to be hanged. Francis was a handsome man, six feet high; would weigh say one hundred and fifty pounds; of pleasing manners; conversed well in English and Spanish; humane in his disposition; by no means barbarous—withal, a model chief. When he was informed that General Jackson had ordered him to be hanged, he said,

"'What! like a dog? Too much. Shoot me, shoot me. I will die willingly if you will let me see General Jackson.'

"'He is not here,' said the officer, 'he is out at the encampment with the army.'

"His hands were then tied behind him, and in the effort to confine him he dropped from the sleeve of his coat a butcher knife, that he said he had intended to kill General Jackson with if he ever laid his eyes on him. Francis was dressed with a handsome gray frock coat, a present to him

while on his late trip to England. The rest of his dress was Indian. From his appearance, he must have been about forty years of age.

“Himollemico was a savage-looking man, of forbidding countenance, indicating cruelty and ferocity. He was taciturn and morose. He was the chief that captured Lieutenant R. W. Scott with forty men and seven women, about the first of December, 1817, on the Appalachicola. The Lieutenant with his whole party (except one woman retaken by General Jackson in the April following) were most inhumanly massacred by order of Himollemico. Lieutenant Scott (as described by the woman prisoner) was tortured in every conceivable manner. Lightwood slivers were inserted into his body and set on fire, and in this way he was kept under torture for the whole day. Lieutenant Scott repeatedly begged and importuned the woman that escaped the slaughter to take a tomahawk and end his pain. But ‘No,’ said she, ‘I would as soon kill myself.’ All the while Himollemico stood by, and with a fiendish grin enjoyed the scene.

“Mr. Hambly told him when they were about to hang him that General Jackson would not let him be shot, but would hang him like a dog, and disgrace him, and reminded him of how he treated Lieutenant Scott and his party.

“The woman said that the Indians severed the breasts of every woman of the party from the body, then scalped and tomahawked them—six in number. She, being the seventh, was taken and claimed by a young Indian warrior. He treated her very kindly, and made her wait on him, and on the march during the day she rode his pony. She was retaken from the Indians in the April thereafter, between St. Mark’s and Suwannee, by the friendly Indians and some Tennesseans, who killed twenty or thirty of the Indians, taking about ninety prisoners, with a large number of cattle.”

So much for the long execrated execution of the Indian chiefs. The important statements of Mr. Rodgers’ narrative, I may add, are confirmed both by the official report of Cap-

tain Kever and by the dispatches of General Jackson. The attendant circumstances, however, are now published for the first time.

For two days only the army remained at Fort St. Mark's. Suwannee, the far-famed and dread Suwannee, the town of the great chief Boleck, or Bowlegs, the refuge of negroes, was General Jackson's next object. It was one hundred and seven miles from St. Mark's, and the route lay through a flat and swampy wilderness, little known, and destitute of forage. On the ninth of April, leaving a strong garrison at the fort, and supplying the troops with rations for eight days, the General again plunged into the forest; the white troops in advance, the Indians, under General M'Intosh, a few miles in the rear.

During the night of the twelfth the sentinels heard the lowing of cattle and the barking of dogs. In the morning the country was examined, but no signs of Indians were discovered. Word was sent to M'Intosh to scour the country far and wide, and that the main body would await his return, and send him aid if he should come upon any considerable body of the enemy.

McIntosh soon fell in with a party of hostile Seminoles. “I heard,” he wrote to General Mitchell, “of Peter McQueen being near the road we were traveling, and I took my warriors and went and fought him. There seemed to be a considerable number collected there. When we first began to fight them they were in a bad swamp, and fought us there for about an hour, when they ran and we followed them three miles. They fought us in all about three hours. We killed thirty-seven of them, and took ninety-eight women and children and six men prisoners, and about seven hundred head of cattle, and a number of horses, with a good many hogs and some corn. We lost three killed, and had five wounded. Our prisoners tell us that there was one hundred and twenty warriors from six different towns. From what we saw I believe there was more than they say, as some of our prisoners say there was two hundred of them. Tom Woodward (Major Woodward) and Mr. Brown,

and your son, our agent, and all the white men that live in our country, were with us through the whole fight and fought well. All my officers fought so well I do not know which is the bravest. They all fought like men and run their enemies. General Jackson waited for us about six miles from where we fought. After the fight I went and joined him, and we are going this morning to fight the negroes together. They are at Suwannee, and we shall be there in four days. There was among the hostiles a woman that was in the boat when our friends the white people were killed on the river below Fort Scott. We gave her to her friends—her husband and father are with General Jackson. Major Kinard took her himself. This is all I have to tell you.”

General Jackson added in his own dispatch that McIntosh killed three of the enemy with his own hands and captured one.

The army resumed its march towards the Suwannee, wading through extensive sheets of water; the horses starving for want of forage, and giving out daily in large numbers. Late in the afternoon of the third day after the last skirmish the troops reached a “remarkable pond,” which the Indian guides said was only six miles from Suwannee town. “Here,” says the General, “I should have halted for the night had not six mounted Indians (supposed to be spies) who were discovered, effected their escape. This determined me to attempt, by a forced movement, to prevent the removal of their effects, and, if possible, themselves from crossing the river, for my rations being out it was all important to secure their supplies for the subsistence of my troops.” At sunset, accordingly, the lines were formed, and the whole army rushed forward.

But the prey had been forewarned! Arbuthnot’s letter to his son had reached the place, and had been explained to Bowlegs, who had been ever since employed in sending the women and children across the broad Suwannee into those inaccessible retreats which render Florida the best place in the world for such warfare as Indians wage.

The troops reached the vicinity of the town. “The left

flank," we are told, "composed of Colonel Williamson's regiment of Tennessee volunteers, at the head of which was a force of Indian warriors under Colonel Kinard, soon came in contact and warmly engaged the Indians and negroes ; while the right flank, composed of Colonel Dyer's regiment of Tennessee volunteers, with a like force of warriors under General M'Intosh, advanced near the river to prevent the enemy from crossing. The center advanced in excellent order, and under the expectation of having to combat with the strength of these towns and the fugitives from Mickasuky, but on reaching Bowlegs' town found it abandoned. The left flank, from the nature of the ground they had to traverse, and Colonel Kinard not adhering entirely to the route designated, drove the Indians and negroes (about three hundred) into the river before the right flank could occupy the desired position. The reports give eleven killed and three prisoners on the field, and it is believed many were killed and drowned in swimming the river, it being nearly three hundred yards wide. Colonel Kinard had thirteen wounded, but one dangerously. About twenty-seven hundred bushels of corn was obtained in the towns and neighboring swamps, near ninety head of cattle, and a number of horses."

The pursuit was continued on the following morning by General Gaines ; but the foe had vanished by a hundred paths, and were no more seen.

In the evening of April 17th the whole army encamped on the level banks of the Suwannee. In the dead of night an incident occurred which can here be related in the language of the same young Tennessee officer who has already narrated for us the capture of the chiefs and their execution. Fortunately for us, he kept a journal of the campaign. This journal, written at the time partly with a decoction of roots, and partly with the blood of the journalist,* for ink was not attainable, lay for forty years among his papers, and was copied at length by the obliging hand of his daughter for the readers of these pages. "About midnight," wrote our jour-

* J. B. Rodgers, Esq., of South Rock Island, Tennessee.

nalist, "of April 18th, the repose of the army, then bivouacked on the plains of the old town of Suwannee, was suddenly disturbed by the deep-toned report of a musket, instantly followed by the sharp crack of the American rifle. The signal to arms was given, and where but a moment before could only be heard the measured tread of the sentinels and the low moaning of the long-leafed pines, now stood five thousand men, armed, watchful and ready for action. The cause of the alarm was soon made known. Four men, two whites and two negroes, had been captured while attempting to enter the camp. They were taken in charge by the guard, and the army again sank to such repose as war allows her votaries. When morning came it was ascertained that the prisoners were Robert C. Ambrister, a white attendant named Peter B. Cook, and two negro servants—Ambrister, being a nephew of the English governor, Cameron, of the Island of New Providence, an ex-lieutenant of British marines, and suspected of being engaged in the business of counseling and furnishing munitions of war to the Indians, in furtherance of their contest with the United States. Ignorant of the situation of the American camp, he had blundered into it while endeavoring to reach Suwannee town to meet the Indians, being also unaware that the latter had been driven thence on the previous day by Jackson.

"Receiving information as to the character and business of Ambrister from Mr. Hambly, and learning from Ambrister's attendant that his headquarters were on board Arbuthnot's vessel, then lying at anchor at the mouth of Suwannee river, about one hundred miles distant, and from which he, Ambrister, had just come, General Jackson immediately dispatched Lieutenant Gadsden (in later years minister to Mexico) to seize the vessel, with the twofold object of obtaining the vessel for the transport of his sick and wounded back to St. Marks, and of securing further information relative to the plans and business of the prisoner."

Upon the person of one of the negroes, we may add, was found Arbuthnot's letter to his son. "From Cook," says

General Jackson, “we learned that this letter was read to the negroes and Indians, when they immediately commenced crossing their families, and had just finished as we entered the towns. Upwards of three hundred houses were here consumed, the most of which were well built and somewhat regular, extending nearly three miles up the river.”

Ambrister was conducted to St. Marks and placed in confinement, together with his companions. The fact that through Arbuthnot the Suwannee people had escaped, and rendered the last swift march comparatively fruitless, was calculated, it must be owned, to exasperate the mind of General Jackson.

The Seminole war, so called, was over—for the time. On the 20th of April the Georgia troops marched homeward to be disbanded. On the 24th, General McIntosh and his brigade of Indians were dismissed. On the 25th, General Jackson, with his Tennesseans and regulars, was again at Fort St. Marks. It was forty-six days since he had entered Florida, and thirteen weeks since he left Nashville.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

EXECUTION OF ARBUTHNOT AND AMBRISTER.

GENERAL JACKSON, in the conduct of this campaign, had exercised imperial functions. He had raised troops by a method unknown to the laws. He had invaded the dominions of a king who was at peace with the United States. He had seized a fortress of that province, expelled its garrison, and garrisoned it with his own troops. He had assumed the dread prerogative of dooming men to death without trial. All this may have been right. But if he had been Andrew I., by the grace of God, Emperor of the United States, could he have done more? Could the autocrat of all the Russias, leading an expedition into Circassia, do more? Would any recent autocrat of Russia have done as much.

One more act of imperial authority remained to be performed. The war was at an end, or supposed to be. General Jackson, on his homeward march, halted at the fortress of St. Marks, to decide the fate of the prisoners, Ambrister and Arbuthnot. He had determined to accord them the indulgence of a trial, and now selected for that purpose a "special court" of fourteen officers, who were ordered to "record all the documents and testimony in the several cases, and their opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoners, and what punishment, if any, should be inflicted."

The following are the names of the officers that constituted the court: Major General E. P. Gaines, *President*. *Members*, Colonel King, 4th infantry; Colonel Williams, Tennessee volunteers; Lieutenant Colonel Gibson, Tennessee volunteers; Major Muhlenberg, 4th infantry; Major Montgomery, 7th infantry; Captain Vashan, 7th infantry; Colonel Dyer, Tennessee volunteers; Lieutenant Colonel Lindsay, Corps of Artillery; Lieutenant Colonel Elliott, Tennessee volunteers; Major Fanning, Corps of Artillery; Major Minton, Georgia militia; Captain Crittenden, Kentucky volunteers. Lieutenant J. M. Glassel, 7th infantry, *Recorder*.

At noon, on the 28d of April, the court convened. The members were sworn and Arbuthnot was arraigned. The charges brought against him were three in number.

FIRST CHARGE. Exciting the Creek Indians to war against the United States. Specification: Writing a letter to the Little Prince in the summer of 1817, exhorting and advising him not to comply with the treaty of Fort Jackson, stating that the citizens of the United States were infringing on the treaty of Ghent, and, as he believed, without the knowledge of the chief magistrate of the United States; and advising the Upper and Lower Creeks to unite and be friendly, stating that William Hambly was the cause of their disputes; also advising the Little Prince to write to the Governor of New Providence, who would write to his royal highness the Prince Regent, through whom the United States would be called to a compliance with the treaty of Ghent, and advis-

ing them not to give up their lands, under the treaty of Fort Jackson, for that the American citizens would be compelled to give up to them all their lands, under the treaty of Ghent.

SECOND CHARGE. Acting as a spy, aiding and comforting the enemy, and supplying them with the means of war. Specification 1: Writing a letter to his son, advising him of the advance of General Jackson's army, for the purpose of enabling Bowlegs and his warriors to escape. Specification 2: Applying to the British government, through Governor Cameron, for munitions of war and assistance for our enemies; making false representations; and also applying to Mr. Bagot, British ambassador, for his interference, with a statement on the back of one of the letters of munitions of war for the enemy.

THIRD CHARGE. Exciting the Indians to murder and destroy William Hambly and Edmund Doyle, and causing their arrest, with a view to their condemnation to death, and the seizure of their property, on account of their active and zealous exertions to maintain peace between Spain, the United States, and the Indians, they being citizens of the Spanish government. Specification: Writing two letters, in the summer of 1817, threatening them with death, alleging against them false and infamous charges, and using every means to procure their arrest, all of which writings and sayings excited, and had a tendency to excite, the negroes and Indians to acts of hostilities with the United States.

Such were the charges. The third charge, however, it was subsequently decided by the court, was one over which it had no jurisdiction, and it was, in effect, withdrawn. We may, in passing, just remind the reader that Hambly and Doyle were seized when Arbuthnot was not in the province. Their seizure was one of the series of retaliatory measures which followed the attack upon Fowltown, and the Fowltown chief commanded in person the party that did the deed. Arbuthnot had nothing to do with it.

With regard to the other charges the evidence adduced

was of two kinds, documentary and personal. The letters and papers that were found on board the prisoner's schooner, of which fair specimens have already been given in these pages, were all submitted to the court. They proved that the prisoner had sympathized with the Seminoles; that he had considered them an injured people; that he had written many letters entreating the interference in their behalf of English, Spanish, and American authorities; that he had given them notice of the approach of General Jackson's army, and advised them to fly; that he had, on all occasions, exerted whatever influence he possessed to induce the Indians to live in peace with one another and with their neighbors.

Among the numerous papers of Arbuthnot but one piece of writing was found, and that not signed by him, which bears even the appearance of his having sanctioned a resort to arms. On the back of one of his letters to the Hon. Charles Bagot, British minister at Washington, written after the war had commenced, and after General Jackson had assumed the command, appeared the following memorandum:

"King Hatchy 1,000, Boleck 1,500, Oso Hatjo Choctawhachy 500, Himashy Miso Chattechichy 600, at present with Hillisajo. At present under arms, 1,000 and more; and attacking those Americans who have made inroads on their territory.

"A quantity of gunpowder, lead, muskets and flints, sufficient to arm 1,000 or 2,000 men; muskets 1,000, arms smaller, if possible; 10,000 flints, a proportion for rifle, put up separate; 50 casks gunpowder, a proportion for rifle; 2,000 knives, six to nine inch blade, good quality; 1,000 tomahawks; 100 lbs. vermilion; 2,000 lbs. lead, independent of ball for muskets.

KING HATCHY.

BOLECK."

The letter, upon the back of which this memorandum was written, contained nothing of a hostile nature. It inclosed the talk of General Gaines, and King Hatchy's reply to the same, both of which we have given on a previous page. It announced the invasion of the Indian territory, and offered to give any further information respecting the state of the country which Mr. Bagot might desire. The letter and its memorandum

were evidently written at the special request of the chiefs, which request Arbuthnot was not in a position to refuse, even if he had wished to refuse it.

The specification of the first charge mentions a letter said to have been written by the prisoner to the Little Prince, exhorting him not to comply with the treaty of Fort Jackson. That letter was never produced. Arbuthnot wished it produced, and urged that, as Indians never destroy letters or documents, it could doubtless be procured. The whole of the testimony relating to it was the following :

"John Winslett, a witness on the part of the prosecution, being duly sworn, stated, that some time before last July, the Little Prince received a letter signed by a Mr. Arbuthnot, advising the upper part of the nation to unite with the lower chiefs in amity, and stating the best mode for them to repossess themselves of their lands would be to write to him (Arbuthnot) and he would send their complaints to the Governor of Providence, whence it would be forwarded to his Britannic Majesty, and he would have the terms of the treaty of Ghent attended to. He moreover stated his belief that the encroachments on the Indian lands were unknown to the President of the United States.

"The witness, on being further interrogated, stated the language of the letter alluded to to be, that the British government, on application, would cause to be restored to them their lands they held in 1811, agreeably to the terms of the treaty of Ghent.

"*Question by the prisoner.*—Where is the letter you allude to, or in whose possession ?

"*Ans.*—It was left in the possession of the Little Prince when I last saw it.

"*Question by the prisoner.*—Are you certain that the letter stated that the Chief Magistrate of the United States could have no knowledge of settlements made on Indian lands or injuries committed ?

"*Ans.*—The letter stated that to be the belief of the writer."

So much for the formidable specification of the first charge. It was sustained only by the testimony of one witness, who had nothing to offer but his recollection of the contents of a letter which he had read ten months before.

John Lewis Phoenix (captain of Arbuthnot's schooner) the second witness, testified truly that the letter written by the prisoner to his son on the 2d of April, had been explained

to the Indians and negroes at Bowlegs' town, and had enabled the greater part of them to escape. What a heartless and traitorous wretch Arbuthnot would have been, had he not written that letter !

The third witness was Peter B. Cook, formerly clerk to Arbuthnot and now his foe. This Cook had been taken prisoner with Ambrister, and was equally involved with him in the charge of coöperating with the Indians. Nay, by his own confession, he had fought against the Americans in this war.

Among the mass of letters seized on board the schooner Chance was a curious rigmarole of a love letter from Cook to a girl in New Providence, which proves his own guilt and his enmity to Arbuthnot. "We are threatened," he wrote, January 19th, 1818, to his dear Amelia, "every day by the d—d Americans. Not threatened only, but they have made an attempt ; but we stopped them. On 1st December I marched with thirty men to go against them. After seven days' march we arrived at the fort (Scott, probably), and after our men got rested I went against it. We had an engagement for four hours, and seeing we could do no good with them we retreated and came off. The balls flew like hail stones ; there was a ball that like to have done my job, it just cleared my breast. For six days and six nights we had to camp in the wild woods, and it was constant raining night and day, and as for the cold I suffered very much by it ; in the morning the water would be frozen about an inch thick. . . . We have got Mr. Hambly and Doyle prisoners, and we are going to *send them to Nassau to stand their trial*, as they have caused all this disturbance. Hambly told me that it was published in the American newspapers that they were to take possession of the nation in March, and if that be the case you will see us sooner than you expected ; and if they should come when the vessel is away, we shall have to take and run in our canoes, as we have some very fine ones here. One knows not hardly what to do for those d—d puppies, as we may call them, for they are no better. We find what I have mentioned is all d——d

lies ; but Arbuthnot has threatened my life once or twice, but on my return I will punish him by the law."

This man, thus self-condemned, himself guilty of far more than the prisoner was accused of, and known to be that prisoner's enemy, was permitted to be a witness against him. He stated that, "about December or January last, the prisoner had a large quantity of powder and lead brought to Suwannee in his vessel, which he sold to the Indians and negroes ; that subsequent to that time, which he can not recollect, Ambrister brought for the prisoner in his (the prisoner's) vessel nine kegs of powder and a large quantity of lead, which was taken possession of by the negroes." Cook was further questioned :

" *Question by the court.* Have you at any time within the last twelve months heard any conversation between the prisoner and the chief called Bowlegs relating to the war between the United States and the Seminoles ?

" *Ans.* I heard the prisoner tell Bowlegs that he had sent letters to the Prince Regent and expected soon to have an answer. Some time afterwards some of the negroes doubted his carrying those letters, when the prisoner stated that he had, but the distance being great it would take some time to receive an answer.

" *By the court.* State to the court when and where you first saw the letter signed A. Arbuthnot to his son, dated April 2d, 1818, referred to in the first specification and the second charge ?

" *Ans.* About the 6th of April a black man, who said he had received it from an Indian, gave it to Mr. Ambrister, whom I saw reading it.

" *Ques. by the court.* Do you know by what means that letter was conveyed to Suwannee ?

" *Ans.* I understood by an Indian who was sent from Fort St. Marks.

" *Ques. by the court.* Who paid the Indian for carrying the letter referred to in the last interrogatory ?

" *Ans.* I do not know.

" *Ques. by the court.* What steps were taken by the negroes and Indians on the receipt of the letter ?

" *Ans.* They first believed the bearer to be an enemy and confined him, but, learning the contrary, began to prepare for the enemy and the removal of their families and effects across the river ; the Indians lived on the opposite side.

"*Ques. by the court.* Did the Indians and negroes act together in the performance of military duty?

"*Ans.* No; but they always said they would fight together.

"*Ques. by the court.* Did not Nero command the blacks, and did not Bowlegs own Nero, and was not the latter under the immediate command of Bowlegs?

"*Ans.* Nero commanded the blacks, and was owned and commanded by Bowlegs; but there were some negro captains who obeyed none but Nero.

"*Ques. by the court.* What vessel brought to Suwannee the ammunition which you said was sold by the prisoner to the Indians and negroes.

"*Ans.* The schooner Chance, now lying at this wharf; she is a fore-topsail vessel belonging to the prisoner.

"*Question by the prisoner.* How long have you been acquainted with the settlements on the Suwannee?

"*Ans.* Between six and seven months.

"*Ques. by the P.* For what term of years did you engage to live with the prisoner?

"*Ans.* For no stated period—I was taken by the year.

"*Ques. by the P.* Were you not discharged by the prisoner from his employ?

"*Ans.* He told me he had no further use for me after I had written the letters to Providence.

"*Ques.* Where did you stay after you were discharged?

"*Ans.* I staid in a small house belonging to a boy called St. John, under the protection of Nero.

"*Ques.* What was the subject matter of the letters you wrote to Providence?

"*Ans.* After being refused by the prisoner a small venture to Providence, I wrote my friends for the means to trade by myself.

"*Ques. by the P.* Do you believe the prisoner had knowledge of the venture being on board the schooner?

"*Ans.* I don't believe he did. It was small and in my trunk.

"*Ques. by the P.* Do you know that Ambrister was the agent of the prisoner?

"*Ans.* I do not.

"*Ques.* Do you think that the powder and the lead shipped would more than supply the Indian and negro hunters?

"*Ans.* I did not see the powder and lead myself, but was told by Bowlegs that he had a great quantity there keeping to fight with.

Ques. Did not Bowlegs keep other powder than that got from the prisoner?

"*Ans.* He had some he got from the Bluff, which was nearly done; he said his hunters were always bothering him about powder.

"*Ques.* Did you state that at the time Ambrister ascended the river there was no other vessel at the mouth of the river?

"*Ans.* There was none other there; there was one had sailed.

"*Ques.* There is a letter A spoken of; how do you know that the son of the prisoner had that letter in his possession?

"*Ans.* I saw him with it, which he dropped, and a boy called John picked up and gave it to me.

"*Ques.* You stated that the Indians and negroes doubted the fidelity of the prisoner in sending letters to the Prince Regent; do you think the prisoner would have been punished by them had he not complied with their wishes?

"*Ans.* I do not know.

"*Ques.* Do you believe the prisoner was compelled to write the Indian communications?

"*Ans.* He was not compelled."

William Hambly, the fourth witness, besides his testimony with regard to his own seizure and confinement, had none but heresay evidence to offer. He said, that "fifteen or twenty days after the prisoner arrived at Ochlochnee, the Seminole Indians began to steal horses from the United States' settlements, and committed murders on the Satilla river, which, he was informed by them, was at the instigation of the prisoner. The chiefs of the little villages, in witness' neighborhood, then desired him to write a few lines to the prisoner, stating these reports, and that he did not know that those Indians he was exciting had long been outlawed, and cautioned him against such proceedings, or he might be involved in their ruin. This the witness did, when the prisoner wrote him a long and insulting letter, which was lost, upbraiding the witness for calling those Indians outlaws, and accusing him of exciting the Indians to cruel war. The witness was told by chiefs and Indians, who had seen the prisoner, that he advised them to go to war with the United States, if they did not surrender them the lands which had been taken from them, and that the British government would support them in it. The Indians that took the witness and a certain Mr. Doyle prisoners, which happened on the 13th of December

last, told them it was by the prisoner's order ; and on their arrival at Mickasuka (as prisoners), King Hijah and all his chiefs told them it was by the prisoner's orders they were taken and robbed. On their arrival at Suwannee, they were told by the Indians and negro chiefs who set in council over them, that the prisoner had advised that he should be given up to five or six Choctaw Indians, who were saved from the Negro Fort, who would revenge themselves for the loss of their friends at that place."

Nothing further respecting the "torturing." Hambly stated that the chiefs had always represented Arbuthnot to be an authorized agent of the British government.

Doyle was summoned to the stand, but stated that he "knew nothing except from common report." One or two other witnesses were called, but added nothing to the testimony already elicited. The evidence for the prosecution being all recorded, Arbuthnot requested that Ambrister might be called as a witness on the side of the defense. The request was refused on the ground that Ambrister was in custody accused of offenses similar to those charged against the prisoner. Why, then, was Cook permitted to testify ?

Arbuthnot in his defense recalled the captain of his vessel, who testified that no arms had been brought to the province by the prisoner, and but small quantities of powder and lead, and that Ambrister had seized the prisoner's schooner and used it for purposes of his own.

Arbuthnot's address to the court at the conclusion of the trial, was respectful, calm, and able. He commented chiefly upon the hearsay character of the evidence, and particularly that relating to the letter to the Little Prince. "The only proof," said he, "that this honorable court has of the existence of such letter being in the hands of any person, or its contents being known, is the vagrant memory of a vagrant individual. Make this a rule of evidence, and I ask you when would implication, construction, and invention stop ? Whose property, whose reputation, and whose life would be safe ? Here I would beg leave to mention a re-

mark made by the president of this court, in the course of this investigation, which was that, notwithstanding the letter was proved by the witness to be in the possession of the Little Prince, that this court could not notice that circumstance, because there were no means by which it could be obtained. I would ask the honorable court what means they have adopted, or what exertions have they made, to procure this letter ?”

With regard to his letter to his son, the prisoner said : “If the court please, this letter was written in consequence of my property at Suwannee, and the large debts that were due me from Bowlegs and his people. Nothing, I believe, of an inflammatory nature can be found on reading the document authorizing the opinion that I was prompting the Indians to war. On the contrary, if the honorable court will examine the document, they will see that I wished to lull their fears by informing them that it was the negroes, and not the Indians, the Americans were principally moving against. If the honorable court please, I will make a few remarks upon the second specification, and here close my defense. In proof of this charge the court have before them the evidence of Hambly, Cook, and sundry letters purporting to be written by myself to different individuals. May it please the court, what does Cook prove ? Why, that I had ten kegs of powder at Suwannee. Let me appeal to the experience of this court, if they think this quantity of powder would supply one thousand Indians and an equal number of blacks more than two months for hunting ? As to the letters named in this specification, may it please the court, the rules of evidence laid down in the first part of this defense will apply with equal force in the present case. It remains now, may it please the court, to say something as to Hambly’s testimony; and may it please this honorable court, the rule laid down in this case as to hearsay evidence will be found without a precedent. A strong case was stated by an intelligent member of this court on the examination of this part of the evidence; that is, would you receive as testimony what a third person

had said, whom, if present, you would reject as incompetent? Apply this principle to the present case, could an Indian be examined on oath in our courts of judicature? If, then, the testimony of savages is inadmissible, Hambly proves nothing. Here, may it please this honorable court, I close my reply to the charges and specifications preferred against me, being fully persuaded that, should there be cause of censure, my judges will, in the language of the law, lean to the side of mercy."

The "trial" was over. The prisoner was removed. The court deliberated. Two thirds of the court concurred in the following opinion and sentence: "The court, after mature deliberation on the evidence adduced, find the prisoner, A. Arbuthnot, guilty of the first charge, and guilty of the second charge, leaving out the words, 'acting as a spy:' and, after mature reflection, sentence him, A. Arbuthnot, to be suspended by the neck until he is dead."

Ambrister was next arraigned. We need not dwell upon his trial. He was accused of aiding and comforting the enemy, and of "levying war against the United States," by assuming command of the Indians, and ordering a party of them "to give battle to an army of the United States." It was proved against Ambrister that he had come to Florida "on Woodbine's business," which, he said, was to "see the negroes righted;" that he had captured Arbuthnot's schooner, plundered his store, and distributed its contents among his negro and Indian followers; that he had written to New Providence asking that arms and ammunition might be sent to the Indians; and that he had sent a party to "oppose" the American invasion. The last-named fact was proved by a sentence in one of his own letters to the Governor of New Providence. "I expect," wrote Ambrister, March 20th, 1818, "that the Americans and Indians will attack us daily. *I have sent a party of men to oppose them.*"

The prisoner made no formal defense, but merely remarked, that "inasmuch as the testimony which was introduced in this case was very explicit, and went to every point

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the prisoner could wish, he has nothing further to offer in his defense, but puts himself upon the mercy of the honorable court."

The honorable court pronounced him guilty of the principal charge, and sentenced him to be shot. But, we are told, "One of the members of the court, requesting a reconsideration of his vote on the sentence, the sense of the court was taken thereon, and decided in the affirmative, when the vote was again taken, and the court sentenced the prisoner to receive fifty stripes on his bare back, and be confined with a ball and chain to hard labor for twelve calendar months."

The trials, which began at noon on the twenty-sixth, terminated late in the evening of the twenty-eighth; when the proceedings of the court were submitted to the commanding General. On the following morning, before the dawn of day, General Jackson and the main body of his army were in full march for Fort Gadsden. He left at St. Mark's a garrison of American troops. The following order, with regard to the court and the prisoners it had tried, issued just before his departure, was dated, "Camp four miles north of St. Mark's, April 29, 1818."

"The Commanding General approves the finding and sentence of the court in the case of A. Arbuthnot, and approves the finding and first sentence of the court in the case of Robert C. Ambrister, and disapproves the reconsideration of the sentence of the honorable court in this case.

"It appears, from the evidence and pleading of the prisoner, that he did lead and command within the territory of Spain (being a subject of Great Britain) the Indians in war against the United States, those nations being at peace. It is an established principle of the laws of nations, that any individual of a nation making war against the citizens of any other nation, they being at peace, forfeits his allegiance, and becomes an outlaw and pirate. This is the case of Robert C. Ambrister, clearly shown by the evidence adduced.

"The Commanding General orders that Brevet-Major A. C. W. Fanning, of the corps of artillery, will have, between the hours of eight and nine o'clock, A. M., A. Arbuthnot suspended by the neck with a rope until he is *dead*, and Robert C. Ambrister to be shot to *death*, agreeable to the sentence of the court.

"John James Arbuthnot will be furnished with a passage to Pensacola by the first vessel.

"The special court, of which Brevet Major-General E. P. Gaines is President, is dissolved."

The conclusion of this fell business shall be given in the words of an eye-witness—the young officer whose diary we have previously described and quoted :

"On the evening of the twenty-eighth," continues the diary, "the court ended its labors and was dissolved, and before daylight on the twenty-ninth Jackson had marched with the army for Fort Gadsden, *en route* for Pensacola. The writer of this was left at St. Mark's in charge of some forty sick and wounded men, who were to be conveyed to New Orleans. About sunrise an officer informed the prisoners of their fate. Whatever may have been Ambrister's previous hopes or fears, the shock was evidently severe.

" 'What !' he exclaimed, 'Am I to be murdered ? How have I deserved this ?'

"Overwhelmed for a moment, he uttered similar exclamations. Upon the officer remarking,

" 'Ambrister, since you must die, die like a man.'

" 'I will,' he exclaimed, 'but to think that I should die now like a culprit ! But Fortune has her favorites, and Fate must have her victims—I will show you that I can face Death manfully.'

"Pacing the floor of the apartment for a few moments in silence, he then turned to Major Hess, who had been his advocate before the court-martial.

" 'Major, you say General Jackson has marched with his army ; is it not possible that he has left a pardon or a respite for me ?'

" 'I fear not,' replied the Major.

" 'Then,' said Ambrister, 'I am ready ; you shall see that I am not afraid to meet the Grim Monster.'

" 'Not I,' exclaimed the major. 'My regiment has marched ; my time for departure has come—farewell.'

"His eyes filled with tears ; his hand met Ambrister's in

a convulsive grasp, and the brave, kind-hearted major rushed from the room. Ambrister threw himself upon a chair, and, for a few moments, was overcome by emotion. Then, rising calmly, he proceeded to dress himself in a blue dress coat, white linen vest and pantaloons, long white stockings and pumps, and putting two white cravats about his neck. He then tied a red silk sash about his waist; but, immediately removing it, handed it to the writer, with a request that he would accept it as a mark of gratitude for the attentions he had bestowed upon him.

"Having finished his toilet, he commenced pacing the apartment, conversing freely and cheerfully upon various topics connected with his history, hopes and disappointments. This he continued to do till the sound of the drum and fife was heard parading the platoon for his execution.

" 'There,' said he, 'I suppose that admonishes me to be ready; a sound I have heard in every quarter of the globe, and now to be heard by me for the last time.'

"At this moment the officer in command of the platoon entered the room and informed him of the object of his mission. Ambrister, without a word, stepped out, and, taking his place behind the officer and music, marched with a firm step to the foot of his grave. An orderly stepped forward to place him in position, and, being at a loss for a bandage, Ambrister pulled one of the cravats from his neck and courteously handed it to the orderly, who immediately tied it over Ambrister's eyes. Ambrister then requested that he himself might be allowed to give the fatal signal; to which the officer in command replied,

" 'Sir, there is an officer present that knows his duty.'

" 'Then,' said Ambrister, 'it only remains for that officer to perform that duty.'

"So saying, he straightened himself to his full height, both hands behind him, holding his hat, and being evidently able to see his executioners from under the bandage on his eyes. The signal was immediately given. The platoon fired, some shots taking effect in the head and others about the

region of the heart. Ambrister fell forward and died without a struggle.

“Ambrister was born in London in 1785, and was the second son of respectable parents of good fortune. He was educated for one of the liberal professions; but, preferring that of arms, his father procured for him a lieutenancy in the marine service. Having been temporarily attached to an artillery regiment, he was present at the battle of Waterloo, in which he was wounded. Subsequently, when Napoleon left for St. Helena, he joined his command and proceeded with the fallen hero to the island of his exile. Remaining here but a short time, he was thence sent to the East Indies. Here he soon became involved in a personal difficulty with another officer, a duel was the result, in which Ambrister wounded his antagonist. A complete reconciliation between the two ensued, but the matter having been brought before a court-martial, Ambrister was suspended from his command for one year. He thereupon returned to London. Such a man as Ambrister could not long remain without some object to absorb his restless energy. His worship of Mars being thus compulsorily suspended, the result was natural: he fell in love with the daughter of a rich banker. He proposed, was accepted, and the wedding day was only delayed till he should be restored to his rank in the service. Thus, with the brightest prospects before him, Ambrister determined to kill time in the interval by a visit to his uncle, the Governor of New Providence. Arrived there, in an evil hour he made the acquaintance of Alexander Arbuthnot and Francis the prophet; the former engaged in the Indian trade, the latter a chief of the hostile Indians in Florida. The spirit of adventure prompted him to accept an invitation from these two to visit the Indians in Florida. Here his known relationship to the British governor and his own engaging manners soon made him a great favorite with the Indians, and here his evil genius urged him on to those indiscretions which eventually cost him his life.

“During Ambrister’s short confinement at St. Mark’s the writer was engaged in attending to some sick soldiers who

occupied the room immediately adjoining that in which Ambrister was kept. During this time he saw and conversed with him constantly. In person Ambrister was tall and of fine prepossessing appearance. Engaging in manner, he displayed natural abilities of a high order and a thorough education in the frequent conversations which his free and confiding nature prompted him to indulge in. Genial and whole-souled, he engaged the warmest sympathies of those who saw him during his imprisonment.

"It was thought by some that Jackson would have listened favorably to an application for mercy, had such been made by the prisoner. This is hardly probable, nor did Ambrister, though undoubtedly tormented by apprehensions of the worst, *believe* that he would be put to death till his sentence was formally announced to him, when it was too late for an effort to avert his fate, as Jackson had already left with the army. Before his fate had been determined, he, on more than one occasion, during his excited conversations, said,

" 'I should have no fears, as I am in the hands of Christians. I know they will not murder me.'

"He also repeatedly avowed that he had not the least hostile nor unkind feeling toward the United States.

"His remains, at his request, were enveloped in his military cloak, before being deposited in their final resting-place in the sands of Florida. He has been followed to the grave by all his judges, save one—now known to the writer to be alive,—namely, Colonel George Elliot, of Sumner county, Tennessee, the worthiest of the worthy.

"A few minutes after the death of Ambrister, Alexander Arbuthnot was suspended by the neck from the yard-arm of his own vessel.

"Alexander Arbuthnot was nearly seventy years of age. He was a shrewd, intelligent man, of fine manners, possessing fine colloquial powers, rather taciturn, withal selfish, who exercised a large and controlling influence with the Indians and negroes.

“ Within thirty minutes of the time of the execution of Ambrister, Arbuthnot was to be seen suspended by the neck at the end of the yard-arm of his vessel, some twenty feet above the water, quite dead. There were present a number of the Indians, that had come into the fort to sue for peace, that were greatly astonished to see the end of their leaders ; and besides, were greatly astonished and amazed to learn that General Jackson had hanged their prophet Francis, or Hellis Hajo, and Himollemico, their leading spirits. Mr. Hambly held frequent conversations with them, when they evinced great submission and astonishment at the prowess of General Jackson, and acknowledged themselves to be fairly vanquished. Arbuthnot was about five feet ten inches high ; long, flowing white hair ; handsomely dressed in a suit of black clothes. Indeed, it is fair to say, that in person he would remind the observer of Aaron Burr, the writer having seen both the personages at about or near the same age. He was decidedly an educated man of fine colloquial powers. After twenty minutes’ suspension, he was let down, enveloped in a blanket, and placed by the side of Ambrister, without the presence of one to shed a friendly tear over their sad fate.”

“ Among the spectators of the executions was a girl of seventeen who seemed to be in deep distress, and to have no one to comfort her. It was no other than Milly, the daughter of the prophet Francis, who had been so summarily hanged twenty days before. There was white blood in the veins of this beautiful maiden, as there was in those of her father. She was a brunette, with long, flowing hair, keen black eyes, and finely-formed person. She was dressed in the manner of white women. At times she manifested no concern for the death of her father, and at other times she would be plunged into inconsolable grief. On this occasion she spoke to no one, and no one spoke to her. Mr. Hambly could not extract from her one word.

“ The poor girl had been extremely, though chastely, intimate with Ambrister. Ambrister told me, while he was awaiting his trial, that when Francis was in England presents

of dresses and other articles of female attire were given him for his daughter Milly. When these arrived at St. Marks, Ambrister accompanied Francis to his town, three miles from St. Marks, and remained domiciled in his house for a considerable time. There Ambrister said he had found a most interesting daughter of the prophet's, a most exquisitely handsome girl of about seventeen summers, modest and coy, not bashful but natively diffident. When the father unpacked the presents for Milly and gave them to her, she was at some loss to know how to use them. The dresses were not such fits as could have been made in Paris or London. In the last extremity Milly applied to Ambrister for help, and, to his utter astonishment, he was quite as much at a loss as the girl. But by pinning and tucking on so beautiful a person, it was not long before Milly lost the appearance of a 'maid of the forest;' Ambrister claiming some credit for his suggestions, and believing that with proper practice he could become an adept. After which it was not long before he became a decided favorite with the family and the town. Francis gave intimation that he should be pleased to give his daughter in marriage to Ambrister with three hundred negroes, which Ambrister knew he dared not, at the peril of his high position, refuse to treat with becoming consideration and respect. Soon he had to escort Milly (I think the name in Indian is Malee) to visit the daughters of the Spanish commandant at St. Mark's, two handsome Spanish young ladies. Milly was not long in taking steps to apply and fit her dresses. When properly adjusted, with her native modesty, she made rapid strides to his esteem. She was most beautiful, he said; he loved the girl for her virtue and modesty. She could talk enough English to make herself understood, and she understood the Spanish and Indian. Ambrister, in all his visits to the young ladies in the fort, was accompanied by Malee as his interpreter, and she often played off her little pranks on him, telling the young ladies at one time that they were married, at another that he was in love with her, but she had discarded him, and like pranks.

“Among the presents was a velvet riding hat, with feathers, fine bridle and saddle, too large for a pony, and but for her admirable skill in equestrianism would often have brought her down, but with the aid of which she often outrode him, even when he was best mounted on a black pony whose spirit could only at times be conquered by the application of the Spanish curb and rowel. In this way Ambrister passed some time with Francis and Malee (as we may call her). Malee could stand on the ground and bound into the saddle and ride off, with her black, flowing hair and feathers streaming in the wind, before he could climb on his gray headed black; Malee’s favorite gait being a gallop, hard for him to perform, but which he had to do to keep company with her. Ambrister declared that, except at the time he pinned Malee’s dress, he was never permitted to put his hands on her. She rallied him for his leaving her and the pretty Spanish girls in the fort. All taken together, Malee’s appearance was unique and handsome in the extreme on horseback, particularly during the sojourn of Ambrister.

“Arbuthnot came to St. Mark’s with his vessel, when the family paid him a visit, dined with him, the commandant and his family; and when the vessel sailed Ambrister and Francis went on board to Suwannee.

“The writer saw Malee at St. Mark’s on the 8th of April, the day her father was executed; but has no knowledge of her having been there again until the 29th, the day Ambrister was shot. Her father’s town was, as I have said, three miles from the fort. General Jackson’s army was encamped between the two points. The army marched in the morning about four o’clock; which was known to the town; and possibly curiosity brought Malee to St. Mark’s with others. As she was about to cross the bridge over the ditch surrounding the fort, she with the others met the platoon in charge of Ambrister, and not being able to divine the cause of the cortege, stood and witnessed the execution of Ambrister. At this, it was said, she was much distressed, possibly more than at that of her father. It was said by the commandant’s

family, that Malee went to their house, and there gave full vent to her feelings.

“A few words I will add respecting the subsequent life of this interesting girl. After General Jackson left, General Arbuckle was placed in command, and took into his service Duncan McKrimmon, whose life Milly had saved. McKrimmon manifested much gratitude toward Milly and asked her to marry him. The girl had lost all the property left her by her father, and often came to General Arbuckle in distress, begging for the restoration of her negroes, and for other assistance. Milly refused McKrimmon several times, regarding him as the author of her misfortunes. But, as General Arbuckle joined his influence to McKrimmon’s earnest solicitations, she yielded at last, and became his wife. They settled on a plantation south of Suwannee old town, where they lived very happily till 1836, when McKrimmon died, leaving Milly a widow with eight children. The long wars in Florida reduced Milly to poverty again, from which it is doubtful if she ever recovered.”

Arbuthnot, it is said, died with decent composure, saying, with his last breath, that his country would avenge his death.

Another fact respecting this tragedy. One of the negroes captured with Ambrister was named Pollydore. From one of General Jackson’s later letters, February, 1822, to “Madame Catherine Sartorius,” I learn why his life was spared, and what was done with him. “To convince you,” wrote the General, “of the trouble I have taken to transmit information to the legal owners of Pollydore, I will briefly give a history thereof. Pollydore was captured with arms in his hands at the Suwannee, in April, 1818—had been enlisted by Major Nicholas at St. Augustine in 1813; at the close of the war was handed over to the notorious Woodbine, and by him to the (also) notorious Ambrister. Having been taken with arms in his hands, under the character of a British soldier, our two governments being at peace, his life was forfeited (*sic*), and he ought to have died; but being informed that

Pollydore belonged to one of the daughters of Mr. Ontego, late Auditor of War at St. Augustine, and this information (coming) from Mr. Hambly, I was determined to have him preserved for them, and immediately wrote to St. Augustine, etc.”* The letter gives a long detail of the trouble he had taken to find the owners.

Such was the tragedy enacted at St. Mark’s, in the year of our Lord 1818. Who can characterize it aright? The execution of Arbuthnot, apart from all the extenuating circumstances, was an act of such complicated and unmitigated atrocity, that to call it murder would be to defame all ordinary murderers. He was put to death for acts every one of which was innocent, and some of which were eminently praiseworthy. Even Ambrister’s fault was one which General Jackson himself would have been certain to commit in the same circumstances. He sent a party to “oppose” the invasion of the province; and even his seizure of Arbuthnot’s schooner seems to have been done to provide his followers with the means of defense. Arbuthnot was convicted upon the evidence of men who had the strongest interest in his conviction. And who presided over the court? Was it not the man whose treatment of the Fowltown warriors, first arrogant and then precipitate, was the direct cause of the war and all its horrors?

Of all the men concerned in this tragedy, General Jackson was, perhaps, the least blameworthy. We can survey the transaction in its completeness, but he could not. He carried out of the war of 1812 the bitterest recollections of Nichols and Woodbine, who had given protection, succor, and honor to the fugitive Creeks. A train of circumstances led him to the conclusion that Arbuthnot and Ambrister were still doing the work in Florida that Nichols and Woodbine had begun in 1814. He expressly says, in one of his dispatches, that, at the beginning of his operations, he was “strongly impressed with the belief that this Indian war had been excited

* Autograph collection of F. W. Dreer, Esq., of Philadelphia.

by some unprincipled foreign agents," and that the Seminoles were too weak in numbers to have undertaken the war, unless they had received assurances of foreign support. Woodbine had actually been in Florida the summer before, brought thither by Arbuthnot. To the "machinations" of these men General Jackson attributed the massacre of Lieutenant Scott, and considered them equally guilty. They were at length in his power, and he then selected fourteen of his officers to examine the evidence against them. After three days' investigation those officers brought in a verdict that accorded exactly with his own previous convictions, as well as with the representations of Hambly, Doyle, Cook, and others who surrounded his person and had an interest in confirming his impressions.

He never wavered in his opinion that the execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister was just and necessary. In a dispatch to the Secretary of War, written a few days after the execution, he wrote: "I hope the execution of these two unprincipled villains will prove an awful example to the world, and convince the government of Great Britain, as well as her subjects, that certain, if slow, retribution awaits those unchristian wretches who, by false promises, delude and excite an Indian tribe to all the horrid deeds of savage war." Benjamin F. Butler said, in his eulogy of Jackson, delivered in New York after the death of the General: "Having mentioned this incident, I feel it right to state my entire conviction that in this, as in every other act of his public life, he proceeded under a deep sense of what he believed to be the injunction of duty; and duty was ever to him as the voice of heaven. 'My God would not have smiled on me,' was his characteristic remark, when speaking of this affair to him who addresses you, 'had I punished only the poor, ignorant savages, and spared the white men who set them on.'"

This is not a justification; for it is not permitted to a man to make mistakes which involve the lives of human beings.

Arbuthnot was mistaken in supposing that his country

would avenge his death. That the executions produced intense indignation in England, we learn from the work of Mr. Richard Rush, who was then the American minister at the English court. The following are passages from Mr. Rush's "Residence at the Court of London :—"

"July 30, 1818. The French ambassador gave an entertainment to the Prince Regent. There were present all the foreign ambassadors and ministers, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Melville, Lord Stewart, etc., the company being large."

* * * * *

" '*What is it,*' whispered to me in the course of the evening an ambassador from one of the great powers, '*what is it we hear about Pensacola?* Are you going to have difficulty with Spain?' I replied that I hoped not. '*May I hear from you the circumstances—I should be glad to inform my court what they are.*' I said they were simply these." [Mr. Rush explains.] "The ambassador said that Europe would look with interest upon the progress of the affair. I gave the same information to one of the ministers plenipotentiary. The latter remarked that the diplomatic corps were full of the news, '*for,*' said he, '*we have had nothing of late so exciting; it smacks of war.*'"

"January 7, 1819. Received a note from Lord Castlereagh, requesting me to call on him to-day at four, at his private residence. It was dated last night and indorsed '*Immediate.*' He was confined with the gout. I was shown into a dressing-room adjoining his chamber, where I found him on his couch."

* * * * *

"He had sent for me on the cases of Arbuthnot and Ambrister. The British government, he remarked, had received from Mr. Bagot, their minister at Washington, a copy of the proceedings of the court-martial, which had been under full deliberation at a cabinet council.

"The opinion formed was that the conduct of these individuals had been unjustifiable, and, therefore, not calling for the special interference of Great Britain.

“Whilst announcing this result, he had also to say, that parts of the transaction were viewed as open to exception, whether as regarded some of the operations in Florida, or the conduct of the commanding General of the United States, in ordering Ambrister to be executed after the first sentence against him had been revoked. He then read me a dispatch drawn up by the British government, and addressed to Mr. Bagot, which embraced the substance of his foregoing communication to me.”

“January 14, 1819. Received a note from Lord Castlereagh, requesting me to call upon him. On my arrival, he said that the cases of Arbuthnot and Ambrister were making a deep impression on the public mind ; he witnessed it with concern, and he knew not what turn the subject might yet take when parliament met.”

* * * * *

“The executions became subsequently the subject of parliamentary inquiry. Commentaries that might have been anticipated were made in debate ; but the ministers maintained their ground. Out of doors, excitement seemed to rise higher and higher. Stocks experienced a slight fall, under an apprehension of war with the United States. The newspapers kept up their fire. Little acquainted with the true character of the transaction, they gave vent to angry declamation ; they fiercely denounced the government of the United States ; tyrant, ruffian, murderer, were among the epithets applied to the commanding General. He was exhibited in placards through the streets of London. The journals, without any distinction of party, swelled the general chorus ; the whig and others in opposition taking the decided lead, whilst those in the tory interest, although more restrained, gave them countenance. In the midst of this din of passion, the ministry stood firm. Better informed, more just, they had made up their minds not to risk the peace of the two countries on grounds so untenable. It forms an instance, a remarkable one, of the intelligence and strength of a government, disregarding the first clamors of a powerful press and first errone-

ous impulses of an almost universal public feeling. At a later day of my mission, Lord Castlereagh said to me that a war might have been produced on this occasion '*if the ministry had but held up a finger.*' On so slender a thread do public affairs sometimes hang! Plato says, that the complaisance which produces popularity is the source of the greatest operations in government. The firmness of one man is perhaps the pivot on which great events more frequently turn. I adopted and retain the belief that this quality in Lord Castlereagh, under the emergency I have been describing, sustained by the same feeling in some of his colleagues in the cabinet, was the main cause of preventing a rupture between the two nations."

To which may be added a paragraph from a London paper of the time: "This Jackson, notorious for his duels, was formerly a judge, and when he was once presiding in that capacity a criminal on his circuit had escaped from the officers of justice. Judge Jackson ordered the sheriff to raise the *posse* to pursue the offender, and advised him to summon him (Jackson) among others. The judge accordingly went at the head of the *posse*, and shot the offender (who resisted) with his own hand. He then returned to the judgment seat, received the report of the resistance and death of the individual, and gave an order for his burial in due form."

Upon this another London journal commented by remarking: "We can hardly believe that any thing so offensive to public decorum could be admitted, *even in America!*"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IN COLLISION WITH THE GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA.

JACKSON was a terrible enemy. He was also a strenuous and generous friend. We have now to show his method of righting a grievous wrong done to some of the friendly Indians who had followed him into Florida.

With the trial and execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister he supposed his work in Florida done. "I shall leave this," he wrote at St. Mark's on the morning of the day on which the trials began, "in two or three days for Fort Gadsden, and after making all necessary arrangements for the security of the positions occupied, and detaching a force to scour the country west of the Appalachicola, I shall proceed direct for Nashville. My presence in this country can be no longer necessary. The Indian forces have been divided and scattered. Cut off from all communication with those unprincipled agents of foreign nations who have deluded them to their ruin, they have not the power, if the will remain, of again annoying our frontier."

He reached Fort Gadsden on the 2d of May. After resting a few days he marched westward with twelve hundred Tennessee volunteers and regular troops, intending to "scour the country west of the Appalachicola," and then return home by easy marches. So say, at least, the public dispatches; which, for the moment, we will follow. The General had gone but seven miles from Fort Gadsden when he heard of the outrage upon the friendly Indians to which we have referred. He halted his troops while he took the requisite measures to have the crime punished and the injury repaired.

We have mentioned, in a previous chapter, that on his march southward through Georgia, on his way to Fort Scott, he visited an Indian village, named Chehaw, the friendly warriors of which supplied his half-starved troops with corn, and, enlisting in the service of the United States, accompanied him to Florida, where they did good service. The Chehaw village, thus left defenseless, became the scene of a blundering outrage of the most shocking character. A certain Captain Obed Wright, of the Georgia militia, misled by false information, attacked the village.

General Jackson received an account of this transaction from General Glascock, of the Georgia militia, who certainly did not understate its horrors. "It appears," wrote General

Glascock, "that after Captain Wright assumed the command of Hartford, he obtained the certificates of several men on the frontier that the Chehaw Indians were engaged in a skirmish on the Big Bend. He immediately sent or went to the governor, and received orders to destroy the towns of Filemme and Oponee. Two companies of cavalry were immediately ordered out and placed under his command, and on the 22d he reached this place. He ordered Captain Bothwell to furnish him with twenty-five or thirty men to accompany him, having been authorized to do so by the governor. The order was complied with. Captain Bothwell told him that he could not accompany him, disapproved of the plan, and informed Captain Wright that there could be no doubt of the friendship of the Indians in that quarter, and stated that Oponee had brought in a public horse that had been lost that day. This availed nothing; mock patriotism burned in their breasts; they crossed the river that night and pushed for the town. When arrived there, an Indian was discovered grazing some cattle, he was made a prisoner. I am informed by Sergeant Jones that the Indian immediately proposed to go with the interpreter and bring any of the chiefs for the captain to talk with. It was not attended to. An advance was ordered, the cavalry rushed forward and commenced the massacre. Even after the firing and murder commenced, Major Howard, an old chief, who furnished you with corn, came out of his house with a white flag in front of the line. It was not respected. An order was given for a general fire, and nearly four hundred guns were discharged at him before one took effect—he fell and was bayoneted—his son was also killed. These are the circumstances relative to the transaction. Seven men were killed, one woman and two children. Since then three of my command, who were left at Fort Scott, obtained a furlough, and on their way one of them was shot, in endeavoring to obtain a canoe to cross the Flint."

The aged chief, styled Major Howard, who was so barbarously massacred, was an uncle of General M'Intosh. M'Intosh wrote to the General: "My friend—when I returned to my

town, I heard with regret that my uncle Howard and family had been murdered, and that their town was destroyed. If an Indian kills a white man I will have him punished. If a white man kills an Indian, he ought to be punished. I wish you to find out who has done this murder, and let me know what those Indians have done that made the white men kill our people."

The Little Prince, too, wrote a curious letter on the subject to his agent, General Mitchell: "My Great Friend: I have got now a talk to send to you. One of our friendly towns, by the name of Chehaw, has been destroyed. The white people came and killed one of the head men, and five men and a woman, and burnt all their houses. All our young men have gone to war with General Jackson, and there is only a few left to guard the town, and they have come and served us this way. As you are our friend and father, I hope you will try and find out, and get us satisfaction for it. You may depend upon it that all our young men have gone to war but a few that are left to guard the town. Men do not get up and do this mischief without there is some one at the head of it, and we want you to try and find them out."

Every one will admit that the anger which blazed up in the heart of General Jackson when he received this intelligence was most natural and most righteous. He instantly dispatched a party to arrest Captain Wright, and convey him in irons to Fort Hawkins. The following letters, all dated on the same day, are of the kind that require no explanation:—

GENERAL JACKSON TO MAJOR DAVIS.

"HEADQUARTERS DIVISION OF THE SOUTH, }
"May 7th, 1818.

"SIR: You will send, or deliver personally, as you may deem most advisable, the inclosed talk to Kanard, with instructions to explain the substance to the Chehaw warriors.

"You will proceed thence to Hartford, in Georgia, and use your endeavors to arrest and deliver over, in irons, to the military authority at Fort Hawkins, Captain Wright, of the Georgia militia, who has been guilty of the outrage

against the woman and superannuated men of the Chehaw village. Should Wright have left Hartford, you will call upon the Governor of Georgia to aid you in his arrest.

To enable you to execute the above, you are authorized to take a company with you of the Tennesseans that went from hence lately for Fort Scott, and await, if you think it necessary, the arrival of the Georgians, now on march, under Major Porter.

"You will direct the officer commanding at Fort Hawkins to keep Captain Wright in close confinement, until the will of the President be known.

"The accompanying letters, for the Secretary of War and Governor of Georgia, you will take charge of until you reach a post-office.

"ANDREW JACKSON."

GENERAL JACKSON'S TALK TO THE CHEHAW WARRIORS.

[Inclosed with the above.]

"To the Chiefs and Warriors of the Chehaw Village, on my march to the West by the Appalachicola, May 7th, 1818.

"FRIENDS AND BROTHERS: I have this moment received, by express, the intelligence of the unwarrantable attack of a party of Georgians on the Chehaw village, burning it, and killing six men and one woman.

"Friends and brothers, the above news fills my heart with regret and my eyes with tears. When I passed through your village you treated me with friendship, and furnished my army with all the supplies you could spare; and your old chiefs sent their young warriors with me to fight and put down our common enemy. I promised you protection; I promised you the protection and fostering friendship of the United States, so long as you continue to hold your father, the President of the United States, by the hand of friendship.

"Friends and brothers, I did not suppose there was any American so base as not to respect a flag, but I find I am mistaken. I find that Captain Wright, of Georgia, has not done it. I can not bring your old men and women to life, but I have written to your father, the President of the United States, the whole circumstances of your case, and I have ordered Captain Wright to be arrested and put in irons, until your father, the President of the United States, make known his will on this distressing subject.

"Friends and brothers, return to your village; there you shall be protected, and Captain Wright will be tried and punished for this daring outrage of the treaty and murder of your people; and you shall also be paid for your houses and other property that has been destroyed; but you must not attempt to take satisfaction yourselves. This is contrary to the treaty;

and you may rely on my friendship, and that of your father, the President of the United States.

"I send you by my friend, Major Davis, who is accompanied by a few of my people, and who is charged with the arrest and confinement of Captain Wright. Treat them friendly, they are your friends; you must not permit your people to kill any of the whites; they will bring down on you destruction. Justice shall be done to you; you must remain in peace and friendship with the United States. The excuse that Captain Wright has made for this attack on your village is, that some of your people were concerned in some murders on the frontiers of Georgia; this will not excuse him. I have ordered Captain Wright and all the officers concerned in this transaction in confinement, if found at Hartford. If you send some of your people with Major Davis, you will see them put in irons. Let me hear from you at Fort Montgomery. I am your friend and brother.

"ANDREW JACKSON."

GEN. JACKSON TO WILLIAM RABUN, GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA.

"Seven miles advance of FORT GADSDEN, }
May 7th, 1818.

"SIR: I have this moment received by express the letter of General Glascock (a copy of which is inclosed) detailing the base, cowardly and inhuman attack on the old women and men of the Chehaw village, while the warriors of that village were with me fighting the battles of our country against the common enemy, and at a time, too, when undoubted testimony had been obtained and was in my possession, and also in the possession of General Glascock, of their innocence of the charge of killing Leigh and the other Georgian at Cedar Creek.

"That a Governor of a State should assume the right to make war against an Indian tribe, in perfect peace with and under the protection of the United States, is assuming a responsibility that I trust you will be able to excuse to the government of the United States, to which you will have to answer, and through which I had so recently passed, promising the aged that remained at home my protection, and taking the warriors with me in the campaign, is as unaccountable as it is strange. But it is still more strange that there could exist within the United States a cowardly monster in human shape that could violate the sanctity of a flag when borne by any person, but more particulaly when in the hands of a superannuated Indian chief, worn down with age. Such base cowardice and murderous conduct as this transaction affords has not its parallel in history, and shall meet with its merited punishment.

"You, sir, as Governor of a State within my military division have no right to give a military order whilst I am in the field; and this being an

open and violent infringement of the treaty with the Creek Indians, Captain Wright must be prosecuted and punished for this outrageous murder, and I have ordered him to be arrested and to be confined in irons until the pleasure of the President of the United States is known upon the subject. If he has left Hartford before my order reaches him, I call upon you as Governor of Georgia to aid in carrying into effect my order for his arrest and confinement, which I trust will be afforded, and Captain Wright brought to condign punishment for this unparalleled murder. It is strange that this hero had not followed the trail of the murderers of your citizens; it would have led to Mickasucky, where we found the bleeding scalps of your citizens; but there might have been more danger in this than attacking a village containing a few superannuated women without arms or protectors. This act will to the last age fix a stain upon the character of Georgia.

"I have the honor, etc.,

"ANDREW JACKSON."

GOVERNOR RABUN TO GENERAL JACKSON.

"MILLEDGEVILLE, GEORGIA, }
"June 1, 1818. }

"SIR: I have lately had the honor to receive yours of the seventh ultimo, founded on a communication from General Glascock, relative to an attack recently made on the Chehaw village. Had you, sir, or General Glascock been in possession of the facts which produced the affair, it is to be presumed, at least, that you would not have indulged in a strain so indecorous and unbecoming. I had, on the twenty-first of March last, stated the situation of our bleeding frontier to you, and requested you in respectful terms to detach a part of your overwhelming force for our protection, or that you would furnish supplies, and I would order out more troops; to which you have never yet deigned ever to reply. You state in a very haughty tone that 'I, as governor of a State, within your military division, have no right to give a military order whilst you are in the field.' Wretched and contemptible, indeed, must be our situation, if that be the fact. When the liberties of the people of Georgia shall have been prostrated at the feet of military despotism,—then, and not till then, will this imperious doctrine be tamely submitted to. You may rest assured that if the savages continue their depredations on our unprotected frontier, I shall think and act for myself in that respect.

"You demand that Captain Wright be delivered in irons to your agent, Major Davis. If you, sir, are unacquainted with the fact, I beg leave to inform you that Captain Wright was not under your command, for he had been appointed an officer in the Chatham county militia, which had been drafted for the special purpose of assisting General Gaines in reducing

Amelia Island. That object having been accomplished before our militia had taken the field, General Gaines, as soon as their organization was completed, assumed the right to order them to the frontier, without ever consulting the State authority on the subject. Captain Wright, at that time being in a state of debility, failed to march, and, of course, was not mustered into the service of the United States. He, however, followed on to Hartford, where, finding himself not likely to be received into the service of the United States, tendered his services to command the contemplated expedition; which were accordingly accepted. Having violated his orders by destroying the Chehaw village, instead of Hopounes and Phelemmies towns, against which the expedition was directed, I had, previous to receiving your demand, ordered him to be arrested, but before he was apprehended agreeably to my orders, he was taken by your agent, and afterwards liberated by the civil authority. I have since had him arrested and confined, and shall communicate the whole transaction to the President of the United States, together with a copy of your letters.

"I have the honor to be, etc.,

"WILLIAM RABUN."

GENERAL JACKSON TO GOVERNOR RABUN.

"NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, }
"August 1, 1818. }

"SIR: Your letter of the first of June was not received until this day, though a gasconading notice of such a communication having been written appeared long since in the Georgia journals. I am not disposed to enter into any controversy with you relative to our respective duties, but would recommend an examination of the laws of our country, before you hazard an opinion on the subject. 'The liberties of the people prostrated at the feet of military despotism' are cant expressions for political purposes. The better part of the community know too well that they have nothing to apprehend from that quarter. The military have rights secured to them by the laws of our country as well as the civil, and in my respect for those of the latter I will never permit those of the former to be outraged with impunity.

"Your letter of the twenty-first of March,* on which you and the journalists dwell with so much force, you must have been aware could not have reached me in time to produce the object required. 'The situation of our bleeding frontier' at that period was magnified by the apprehensions of a

* Governor Rabun had written on the twenty-first of March to General Jackson, asking that a body of troops might be detached from the army in Florida for the protection of the frontiers of Georgia, where Indian murders continued to be committed.

few frontier settlers, and those who had not understanding enough to penetrate into the designs of my operations. You have forgot that Colonel Hayne, with three or four hundred Tennesseans, made a movement for the security of the pretended assailed point of Georgia, and did not pursue me until satisfied of the perfect security of that frontier.

"Whilst you are so tenacious of your own executive powers, it may be necessary to explain upon what authority Captain Wright received instructions to call for a reinforcement from Fort Early, garrisoned by militia who you will not deny were at that time in the service of the United States, and under my command.

"ANDREW JACKSON."

GOVERNOR RABUN TO GENERAL JACKSON.

"EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, GA., MILLEDGEVILLE, }
"September 1st, 1818. }

"SIR: I have lately had the honor to receive your letter of the 1st ultimo. I supposed that our correspondence on this subject had finally terminated; but a renewal on your part has induced me to make this short reply.

"I find that the same angry disposition which (no doubt) dictated your letter of the 7th of May last is still rankling in your breast.

"It is very certain that I have never intentionally assailed your feelings, or wantonly provoked your frowns, and I flatter myself it is equally certain that I shall never find it necessary to court your smiles. 'You are not disposed to enter into a controversy with me relative to our respective duties, but recommend an examination of the laws of our country before I again hazard an opinion upon the subject.' Your advice is good and should be attended to (at least) by all public officers. I hope you will now permit me in turn to recommend to you that before you undertake to prosecute another campaign, you examine the orders of your superiors with more attention than usual.

"You assert that 'the better part of the community know too well that they have nothing to apprehend from a military despotism,' and in proof of this assertion it might have been well for you to have called my attention to your late proceedings at St. Mark's and Pensacola, as affording conclusive evidence on that point.

"The situation of our bleeding frontier, you say, 'was magnified by the apprehensions of a few frontier settlers and those who had not understanding enough to penetrate into the design of your operations.' Indeed, sir, we had expected that your presence at the head of an overwhelming force would have afforded complete protection to our bleeding and distressed citizens, bordering on an extensive and unprotected frontier; but

our prospects were only delusive; for it would seem that the laurels expected in Florida was the object that accelerated you more than the protection of the 'ignorant' Georgians.

"If 'Colonel Hayne and his three or four hundred Tennesseans made a movement for the security of the pretended assailed point of Georgia,' it certainly was a very unsuccessful one.

"When you shall have explained to me by what authority you sent Major Davis into this State, with orders to apprehend Captain Wright (who was not under your command), and place him in irons, etc., then I shall explain to you the motives which induced me to call for a reinforcement from Fort Early.

"WILLIAM RABUN."

Both of these angry gentlemen forwarded narratives of the affair to Washington. Captain Wright was subsequently tried and, in effect, acquitted. Eight thousand dollars was allowed to the Chehaw Indians as compensation for the burning of their village. The government, it seems, did not interfere with, or notice the dispute between Governor Rabun and General Jackson; which, I believe, ended with the hostile correspondence given above.

The office of secretary to General Jackson could not have been a sinecure. During the halt of the army on the 7th of May, he wrote, or caused to be written: 1. The order to Major Davis for the arrest of Captain Wright. 2. The talk to the Chehaw warriors. 3. The long and fiery letter to Governor Rabun. 4. A dispatch to the Secretary of War, inclosing copies of all the documents. 5. Copies of all of his own letters for preservation. This business, which involved the writing of forty or fifty pages of foolscap, having been completed, the march of the army was resumed Westward, by slow marches, impeded by swamps and swollen rivers, delayed by detaching parties to scour the country, the troops proceeded on their way for the space of fifteen days. They were still in the dominions of the Spanish king, and within one day's march of Pensacola. On the 23d of May another packet of dispatches reached general Jackson, and again the army halted while he read them. Again he acted with—"promptitude!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

GEN. JACKSON'S SECOND VISIT TO PENSACOLA.

WITH regard to this second halt of the army and its subsequent change of route, there is an apparent discrepancy between the public and the private correspondence of General Jackson. From the public dispatch we are led to infer that an innocent army was marching peacefully along, a few miles to the north of Pensacola, when, lo ! an express from the Governor of that town arrived bearing a PROTEST against its very presence on the sacred soil of the Spanish king. "It having come to my knowledge," wrote the Governor, "that you have passed the frontiers with the troops under your command, and that you are within the province of West Florida, which is subject to my government, I solemnly PROTEST against this procedure as an offense towards my sovereign, exhorting you and requiring of you in his name to retire from it, as, if you do not, and continue your aggressions, I shall repel force by force. The consequence in this case will doubtless be the effusion of blood, and also an interruption of the harmony which has hitherto reigned between our respective nations ; but, as the repeller of an insult has never been deemed the aggressor, you will be responsible both to God and man for all the fatal consequences which may result."

The effect of this brief epistle upon the mind and movements of General Jackson, as explained by himself to the Secretary of War, was the contrary of what the Governor of Pensacola anticipated. "This was so open an indication," wrote the General in reference to the protest, "of an hostile feeling on his part, after having been early and well advised of the object of my operations, that I hesitated no longer on the measures to be adopted. I marched for and entered Pensacola, with only the show of resistance, on the 24th of May. The Governor had previously fled to Fort Carlos de Barrancas,

where it was said he resolved upon a most desperate resistance."

"I *hesitated* no longer," says the General. Then he had been meditating upon the subject. He had unquestionably. I have before me a long private letter from General Jackson to his old friend George W. Campbell, of Tennessee, then the minister of the United States to Russia, which gives a history of the Seminole war from the beginning to the end. This confidential narrative accords with the public dispatches in every particular down to the time of the return of the army to Fort Gadsden. From that point we quote the General's letter :

"I returned to Fort Gadsden, where, preparing to disband the militia force, I received information that five hundred and fifty Indians had collected in Pensacola, was fed by the Governor, and a party furnished by the Governor had issued forth and in one night slaughtered eighteen of our citizens, and that another party had, with the knowledge of the Governor, and being furnished by him, went out publicly, murdered a Mr. Stokes and family, and had in open day returned to Pensacola and sold the booty, among which was the clothing of Mrs. Stokes. This statement was corroborated by a report of Governor Bibbs. I was also informed that the provisions I had ordered for the supply of Fort Crawford and my army on board the United States schooner *Amelia* was seized and delivered at Pensacola. With a general detachment of regulars and six hundred Tennesseans I marched for Pensacola. While on my march thither I was met by a protest of the Governor of Pensacola ordering me out of the Floridas, or he would oppose force to force and drive me out of the Territory of Spain. This bold" (and he might have added *Jacksonian*) "measure of the Governor, who had alleged weakness as the cause of his non-fulfillment of the treaty with the United States, when united with the facts stated, and of which then I had positive proof, that at that time a large number of the hostile Indians were then in Pensacola, who I had dispersed east of the Appalachicola, unmasked the duplicity of the

Governor and his having aided and abetted the Indians in the war against us. I hastened my steps, entered Pensacola, took possession of my supplies. The governor had fled from the city to the Barancas, where he had thoroughly fortified himself.

"I demanded possession of the garrison to be held by American troops until a guarantee should be given for the fulfillment of the safety of the frontier. This was refused.

"I approached the Barancas with one nine-pound piece and five eight-inch howitzers. They opened their batteries upon me. It was returned spiritedly, and the white flag went up in the evening, and the capitulation entered into which you have seen. It is true I had my ladders ready to go over the walls, which, I believe, the garrison discovered, and was afraid of a night attack and surrendered. When the flag was hoisted they had three hundred men in the garrison, and the others were sent out in the night across the bay before I got possession.

"Thus, sir, I have given you a concise statement of the facts, and all I regret is that I had not stormed the works, captured the Governor, put him on his trial for the murder of Stokes and his family, and hung him for the deed. I could adopt no other way to '*put an end to the war*' but by possessing myself of the strongholds that was a refuge to the enemy, and afforded them the means of offense. The officers of Spain having by their acts, identifying themselves with our enemy, become such, and by the law of nations, subjected themselves to be treated as such. Self-defense justified me in every act I did. I will stand justified before God and all Europe; and I regret that our government has extended the courtesy to Spain of withdrawing the troops from Pensacola before Spain gave a guarantee for the fulfillment of the treaty and the safety of our frontier. It was an act of courtesy that nothing but the insignificance and weakness of Spain can excuse. But it is not my province to find fault with the acts of the government, but it may have reason to repent of her clemency."*

* MSS. left by the Hon. George W. Campbell.

Further details of the capture of Pensacola need not be given, for we have already lingered too long in Florida. Between General Jackson and the Governor of Pensacola a vast amount of hostile correspondence passed—the General accusing—the Governor denying—the General sending statements and affidavits—the Governor retorting by the solemn asseverations of his officers. The letters and documents relating to this single affair would fill one hundred of these pages, but they were mere variations upon the single theme, “You did”—“I did not.”*

Five days after the surrender of the Barancas, General

* The following are specimens of the evidence collected by General Jackson in support of his charges against the Governor of Pensacola:—

“George Skeate, being duly sworn, declares, that he has constantly resided in the town of Pensacola since November, 1817. Since which he has repeatedly seen at different times in said town from thirty to forty Indians; has not seen any ammunition given to the Indians within the period above alluded to; has heard and believes that horses, cattle, etc., were brought into this place by the Indians and sold, which deponent, however, did not see. Deponent believes that the late Governor Maset was well acquainted with the several murders that were committed in the neighboring frontier. Knows of no supplies furnished by order of the Spanish government since about the month of March, 1817, when a supply of knives, a few blankets, and some copper kettles, were furnished and delivered to a party of Indians, for the purpose, as was then said, of acting against the insurgents who were expected. That the said party of Indians shortly disappeared, and nothing more was heard of them.

“William Cooper, being duly sworn, declares that he has resided in Pensacola since November, 1817. During which period he has frequently seen in the town and its vicinity several parties of Indians; saw one, in particular, with some sheet lead, and has heard that the Indians had introduced some clothes into town that looked like American manufacture; states, also, that Tapaulca was a *Red Stick* chief, and had been frequently about Pensacola for several years past.

“Mr. Charles Le Jeune, being duly sworn, declares that he has resided in Pensacola since November, 1817. Since which he has frequently seen in this town or its vicinity parties of upwards of an hundred Indians encamped; that these parties were armed either with rifles or with the arms that were furnished them by the English. That although he cannot state that those parties had received ammunition from the Spanish government here, he, nevertheless, can and does state that the said parties were provisioned from the king's stores, by Prieto, king's storekeeper; that previous to November, 1817, the government was regularly in the habit of giving out ammunition to the Indians from a store which was expressly for that purpose here.

“Charles Baron, a resident of Pensacola, being sworn, states that about the

Jackson was ready to return homeward. He left in Pensacola a sufficient garrison of American troops under the command of Colonel King. On the eve of his departure he published the following address to the army:—

“Fellow soldiers! you were called into the field to punish savages and negroes who had, in a sanguinary manner, used the tomahawk and scalping knife upon our helpless citizens upon the frontier. You have pursued them to Mickasukee, St. Mark’s, Suwannee, and lastly to this place, through an unexplored wilderness, encountering immense difficulties and privations, which you met with the spirit of American soldiers without a murmur.

“Your General anticipated a close of the campaign on his return to

latter end of April or beginning of May, 1818, a party of Indians, amounting to near one hundred, were in Pensacola with a quantity of plunder, which it was generally believed was taken at the time Stokes’ family was murdered on the Escambia. The Indians sold this plunder openly to the inhabitants of Pensacola, and the deponent could not learn that the Spanish authorities at Pensacola made inquiries respecting it. The deponent further states that, at several times in the present year, 1818, he saw parties of Indians furnished with provisions and ammunition from the king’s store, but he does not recollect the dates of these transactions. The deponent further states that he has frequently heard Spanish officers at Pensacola justify the conduct of the Indians towards the United States, manifesting in their conversation a decided hostility towards the Americans.

“Pierre Senac deposes that, about the 1st of March last past, three considerable parties of hostile Indians, one party under the command of Leon Lesassier, another under the command of Arnaud Gilmar (both lieutenants in his Catholic majesty’s service), and the third commanded by an Indian chief, retired out of this town, and went down towards the neighborhood of Barrancas, where provisions and ammunition were regularly supplied to them by the Spanish government; that the said Indians were armed with guns which they had received from the English during the late war, and that they remained encamped within from one to three leagues of Baranca’s for the space of nearly a month; that these Indians, besides being armed with guns, had also tomahawks, which deponent understood and believes were furnished by John Innerarity; and that when the government caused the said parties to be thus assembled and equipped, they were collected at Barancas for the purpose, as deponent conceives, to elude the vigilance of such individuals in Pensacola as would not concur in such measures.

“Deponent further states that since the said month of November last past he has seen brought in here by the Indians a quantity of cottonade and women’s clothing, brought or said to have been brought from the American frontier; that these things were publicly sold in this town, notwithstanding it was notoriously known here that those articles and property had just been taken from those whom the Indians had killed on the American frontier.”

Fort Gadsden, and hailed the hour with feelings of gratitude to Heaven at the prospect of relieving you from your labors, by placing you in quarters and returning you to your homes. But how great was the disappointment when he heard of the recent murders committed on the Alabama by a party of the enemy from Pensacola, where they were furnished with provisions and ammunition by a friendly power. Under this state of things you were marched here, encountering difficulties which you alone can properly appreciate, meeting on the way the protest of the Governor of West Florida, threatening to employ force if we did not immediately evacuate the country. This new and unexpected enemy was soon taught to feel the impotence of his threats. You entered Pensacola without resistance, and the strong fortress of Barrancas could hold out but one day against your determined courage. Your General can not help admiring the spirit and military zeal manifested when it was signified that a resort to storming would be necessary; and would do injustice to his feelings did he not particularly notice the judgment displayed by his aide-de-camp, Captain Gadsden, of the engineers, in the selection of the positions for the batteries, and the gallantry of his second aid, Captain M'Call, and Captain Young, of the topographical engineers, in aiding him to erect the works, under the fire of heavy batteries, within four hundred yards, as well as the skill and gallantry of Captain Peters, Lieutenants Minton and Spencer in the direction and management of the nine-pounder, and that of Lieutenant Sands and Scallon, charged with the management of the howitzer. Captain M'Keever, of the navy, merits, as he has on several occasions, his warmest thanks for his zealous coöperation and activity in landing two of his guns (should an additional battering train have been necessary), and gallantly offering to bring his vessel before the water battery in the event of storming the upper works. His officers and crew deserve his confidence.

"The General assigns to Colonel King the government of Pensacola and its dependencies, and that part of the seventh department lying west of the Appalachicola and Chattahoochee rivers, until otherwise ordered by General Gaines.

"The colonel will take measures to have the volunteers now at Pensacola relieved preparatory to their return march. The Tennessee volunteers will be rationed for five days, and will forthwith move for Fort Montgomery, where they will receive further orders.

"The General, in taking leave of Colonel King and his command, tenders to the officers and soldiers an affectionate farewell."

A few of the friendly Indians were sent by General Jackson to Washington, to receive the reward due to their services and compensation for the losses they had sustained during the war. William Hambly, by request of the General, accompa-

nied them. "You will find him," wrote General Jackson to the Secretary of War, "an honest and faithful friend to our government, and valuable for the information which he can afford of Spanish policy and intrigue. He is well acquainted with all the transactions of foreign agents in this country, of their practices, etc., and how far encouraged by the Spanish authority, etc."

The General was received on his return to Nashville with enthusiastic demonstrations of regard. A public dinner was given him, at which the following toasts were received with the greatest applause :

"MAJOR GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON.—His fame is the offspring of his own merit. While our armies are directed by the energies of his genius we have nothing to fear from foreign aggression.

"PENSACOLA.—Spanish perfidy and Indian barbarity rendered its capture necessary. May our government never surrender it from the fear of war.

"TENNESSEE VOLUNTEERS.—The signal for their march is their country's call. They are always victorious—strangers to defeat.

"THE KENTUCKY VOLUNTEERS.—They have shown themselves superior to the influence of prejudice. They are brave, and merit the applause of their country."

Volunteer by General Jackson.—"OUR COUNTRY.—Though forbearance is her maxim, she should show to foreign nations that under a *pretence of neutrality* her rights are not to be outraged."

These sentiments, beyond doubt, expressed the general feeling of the country with regard to the recent events. The wildest rumors had been afloat in the newspapers during the campaign, which concealed from all but those who had access to official information the nature of what had been done. Curious indeed were some of the flying paragraphs of the time : Four thousand Seminole warriors in the field—their women and children conveyed to the middle of an impassable swamp—Nichols and the notorious Woodbine coöperating

with two armed schooners and a body of fifty negro dragoons—Seminoles attempted to surprise General Jackson, but he rushed upon their ambush and killed five hundred of them, with the loss of a hundred of his own troops—one Captain Arbuthnot is there, supposed to be the infamous Woodbine in disguise, etc., etc., etc.

The comments of the sedate and courteous Mr. Niles, whose *Weekly Register* is now and will ever be an invaluable magazine of historical material, may be taken as the opinion of the better informed. If Mr. Monroe had dictated the article, it could not have expressed his opinion more exactly.

“General Jackson,” said the *Weekly Register*, “is a more extraordinary person than has ever appeared in our history. Nature has seldom gifted man with a mind so powerful and comprehensive, or with a body better formed for activity, or capable of enduring greater privations, fatigue and hardships. She has been equally kind to him in the quality of his heart. General Jackson has no ambition but for the good of his country ; it occupies the whole of his views, to the exclusion of all selfish or ignoble considerations. Cradled in the war of the revolution ; nurtured amid the conflicts that afterwards took place between the Cherokee Indians and the Tennesseans ; being always among a people who regard the application of force not as the *ultima ratio regum*, but as the first resort of individuals, and who look upon courage as the greatest of human attributes, his character on this stormy ocean has acquired an extraordinary cast of vigor—a belief that any thing within the power of man to accomplish he should never despair of effecting, and a conviction that courage, activity, and perseverance can overcome what, to an ordinary mind, would appear insuperable obstacles. In society he is kind, frank, unaffected and hospitable, endowed with much natural grace and politeness, without the mechanical gentility and artificial, flimsy polish to be found in fashionable life.

“Among the people of the West his popularity is unbounded—old and young speak of him with rapture, and at

his call fifty thousand of the most efficient warriors on this continent would rise armed and ready for an enemy.

“Having entered the military service of his country at a late period in life, General Jackson appears unaware of the necessity of strict discipline and subordination, and being utterly fearless of responsibility himself, and always taught to believe that his personal liability would be a justification of his conduct, he does not sufficiently reflect how intimately the character of the country is associated with his own, now he is an officer; and that although he may freely offer his personal sacrifice, *yet it places the government in a most delicate situation to accept of it.*”*

General Jackson continued, even after his return home, to exercise military authority in Florida. He received a dispatch informing him that some of the hostile Indians had obtained supplies from the Governor of St. Augustine. Jackson immediately ordered General Gaines to investigate the charge, and, if he found it true, to expel the Spanish garrison and take possession of the post. Before this order could be obeyed, however, it was countermanded by the Secretary of War.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE ADMINISTRATION PERPLEXED.

THE proceedings of General Jackson had indeed placed the government in a “delicate situation.” The wounded pride of Spain was to be healed, if possible. Ominous questions from the British ministry had to be answered in some way. In a few months Congress would be making awkward inquiries and asking for documents—Congress, whose foremost man was a certain Henry Clay, not very friendly to the administration of Mr. Monroe, for reasons public and personal.

* *Niles' Weekly Register*, vol. xiv., p. 399

There was also a party interested in these affairs—the people of the United States, namely—who were then acquiescent because ignorant. But how would it be when the late events were fully revealed, and subjected to the criticism of a hostile press? And then there was General Jackson; he must not be offended. Among the members of the cabinet, three of whom had presidential aspirations, who would choose to encounter the shock of Jackson's invincible will, or of his invincible popularity? The President, too, though he had “forgotten” the confidential *Rhea* letter, was bound to General Jackson by many ties—ties of gratitude, affection, and interest.

The situation was “delicate” in the extreme. It was also pressing. The Spanish minister resident at Washington was protesting, and still protesting; and, ere long, from Madrid itself came a dispatch which could not be disregarded. It was the production of Don José Pizarro, the Spanish minister for foreign affairs, who made certain explicit demands of the government of the United States, and declared that until those demands were complied with, the negotiations so long pending for the cession of Florida were suspended. General Jackson, he said, had “desolated with fire and sword everything upon the Spanish territory;” had attacked Florida “in the most revolting manner;” had taken by force the Spanish fortresses, made the garrisons prisoners, and “sent them out of the province where his Majesty had commanded them to serve.” “Nay,” continued Señor Pizarro, “subjects of powers in friendship with his Majesty have been executed upon Spanish ground, and this act of barbarity cloaked with judicial forms, which, in that situation, and in these circumstances, can only be considered a refinement of cruelty.” The King, his master, had, accordingly, ordered him to announce to the government of the United States that the “negotiation pending between the two powers is, and must remain, interrupted and broken off, till the government of the United States has marked the conduct of General Jackson in a manner suitable to its honor, and which, it seems,

can be no other than to disapprove of the excesses committed; to give orders to have things placed on the same footing as as they were in before the invasion; and to inflict an appropriate punishment on the author of so many disorders." At the same time, Señor Pizarro could not omit to say how much he regretted that "this unexpected obstacle should occur just at the time when he flattered himself with the hope of seeing the political relations, and the most perfect harmony between the two governments, reestablished upon solid and durable foundations."

Many and protracted were the cabinet discussions of this subject during the months of July and August, 1818. From those discussions the most important political events were afterwards made to take their rise—events which have not yet ceased to influence the politics of the country. The course pursued and the opinions held by each of the distinguished men who took part in the deliberations of the cabinet, we are able to exhibit in his own language.

Mr. Calhoun, the Secretary of War, the youngest member of the cabinet, shall speak first. In a letter of Mr. Calhoun to General Jackson, dated May 27th, 1830, these words occur: "The questions involved were numerous and important: whether you had transcended your orders; if so, what course ought to be adopted; what was the conduct of Spain and her officers in Florida; what was the state of our relations with Spain, and, through her, with the other European powers;—a question, at that time, of uncommon complication and difficulty. These questions had all to be carefully examined and weighed, both separately and in connection, before a final opinion could be wisely formed; and never did I see a deliberation in which every point was more carefully examined, or a greater solicitude displayed to arrive at a correct decision. I was the junior member of the cabinet, and had been but a few months in the administration. As Secretary of War, I was more immediately connected with the questions whether you had transcended your orders, and, if so, what course ought to be pursued. I was of the impres-

sion that you had exceeded your orders, and had acted on your own responsibility ; but I neither questioned your patriotism nor your motives. Believing that where orders were transcended, investigation, as a matter of course, ought to follow, as due in justice to the government and the officer, unless there be strong reasons to the contrary, I came to the meeting under the impression that the usual course ought to be pursued in this case, which I supported by presenting fully and freely all the arguments that occurred to me."

Mr. Crawford, the Secretary of the Treasury, in a letter to Mr. Forsyth, dated April 30th, 1830, gives the following statement of what occurred at the meeting referred to by Mr. Calhoun : " My own views on the subject had undergone a material change after the cabinet had been convened. Mr. Calhoun made some allusion to a letter the General had written to the President, who had forgotten that he had received such a letter, but said if he had received such a one he could find it, and went directly to his cabinet and brought the letter out. In it General Jackson approved of the determination of the government to break up Amelia Island and Galveztown, and gave it also as his opinion that the Floridas ought to be taken by the United States. He added, it might be a delicate matter for the Executive to decide ; but if the President approved of it he had only to give a hint to some confidential member of Congress, say Johnny Rhea, and he would do it, and take the responsibility of it on himself. I asked the President if the letter had been answered. *He replied, no ; for that he had no recollection of having received it.* I then said that I had no doubt that General Jackson, in taking Pensacola, believed that he was doing what the Executive wished. After that letter was produced, unanswered, I should have opposed the infliction of punishment upon the General, who had considered the silence of the President as a tacit consent ; yet it was after this letter was produced and read that Mr. Calhoun made his proposition to the cabinet for punishing the General."

Upon the publication of this letter, in 1830, Mr. Monroe

and every member of his cabinet declared that Mr. Crawford's memory had deceived him with regard the Rhea letter. They all concurred in the belief that that letter had neither been produced nor mentioned at the meetings of the cabinet. Mr. Wirt, the Attorney General at the time, Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Adams, Mr. Monroe, were all equally explicit on the point. We are, therefore, bound to believe that the Rhea letter did not enter into the cabinet deliberations.

With the opinion of Mr. Calhoun, that General Jackson had transcended his orders, the President himself concurred, as we shall see in a moment.

The course of Mr. Adams remains to be considered. He, and he alone, justified the conduct of General Jackson *in toto!* Before quoting Mr. Adams' own language, I will extract a few words from his recent biography by Dr. Josiah Quincy: "In July, 1818, news came that General Jackson had taken Pensacola by storm—a measure which excited universal surprise. But one opinion appeared at first to prevail in the nation—that Jackson had not only acted without, but against, his instructions; that he had commenced war upon Spain, which could not be justified, and in which, if not disavowed by the administration, they would be abandoned by the country. Every member of the cabinet, the President included, concurred in these sentiments, with the exception of Mr. Adams. He maintained that there was no real, though an apparent violation of his instructions; that his proceedings were justified by the necessity of the case, and the misconduct of the Spanish commandant in Florida. Mr. Adams admitted that the question was embarrassing and complicated, as involving not merely an actual war with Spain, but also the power of the Executive to authorize hostilities without a declaration of war by Congress. He averred that there was no doubt that *defensive* acts of hostility might be authorized by the Executive, and on this ground Jackson had been authorized to cross the Spanish frontier in pursuit of the Indian enemy. His argument was, that the question of the constitutional authority of the Executive was in its nature defen-

sive ; that all the rest, even to the taking the Fort of Barancas by storm, was incidental, deriving its character from the object, which was not hostility to Spain, but the termination of the Indian war. This was the justification offered by Jackson himself, who alleged that an imaginary air-line of the thirty-first degree of latitude could not afford protection to our frontier while the Indians had a safe refuge in Florida ; and that all his operations had been founded on that consideration. . . . To the members of the cabinet he admitted *that it was requisite to carry the reasoning on his principles to the utmost extent they would bear to come to this conclusion* ; yet he maintained that, if the question were dubious, it was better to err on the side of vigor than of weakness, of our own officer than of our enemy. There was a large portion of the public who coincided in opinion with Jackson, and if he were disavowed, his friends would assert that he had been sacrificed because he was an obnoxious man ; that, after having had the benefit of his services, he was abandoned for the sake of conciliating the enemies of his country, and his case would be compared with that of Sir Walter Raleigh."

Mr. Adams' opinions prevailed only in part. The final conclusions of the administration, in which every member at last concurred, were these : 1. General Jackson should be justified and applauded. 2. His taking of the Spanish posts should be declared to be *his* act—his just and necessary act, but one not authorized by the government, and one which the government had not the constitutional power to authorize. 3. Pensacola should be restored unconditionally to any Spanish officer duly authorized to receive it. 4. St. Mark's should be restored as soon as a Spanish force competent to hold it and protect the frontiers should arrive to take possession. 5. That competent force must be not less than two hundred and fifty men.

The biographer just quoted gives Mr. Adams' own comments upon this solution of the difficulty. "On this determination," says Dr. Quincy, "Mr. Adams finally gave up his

opposition, and acquiesced in the opinion of every other member of the cabinet, remarking on this result : ‘ The administration are placed in a dilemma, from which it is impossible for them to escape censure by some, and factious crimination by many. If they avow and approve Jackson’s conduct, they incur the double responsibility of having made a war against Spain, in violation of the Constitution, without the authority of Congress. If they disavow him, they must give offense to his friends, encounter the shock of his popularity, and have the appearance of truckling to Spain. For all this I should be prepared ; but the mischief of this determination lies deeper. 1. It is weakness, and confession of weakness. 2. The disclaimer of power in the Executive is of dangerous example, and of evil consequences. 3. There is injustice to the officer in disavowing him, when in principle he is strictly justifiable. These charges will be urged with great vehemence on one side, while those who would have censured the other course will not support or defend the administration for taking this. I believe the other would have been a safer and a bolder course.’ ”

The author adds : “ A wish having been expressed that it should be stated publicly that the opinion of the members of the cabinet had been *unanimous*, Mr. Adams said that he had acquiesced in the ultimate determination, and would cheerfully bear his share of the responsibility ; but that he could not in truth say it had been conformable to his opinion, for that had been to approve and justify the conduct of Jackson, whereas it was disavowed, and the place he had taken was to be unconditionally restored. Writing about the affairs of Florida at this time, Mr. Adams observed : ‘ With these concerns, political, personal, and electioneering intrigues are mingling themselves, with increasing heat and violence. This government is assuming daily, more and more, a character of cabal and preparation, not for the next presidential election, but for the one after ; that is, working and counterworking, with many of the worst features of elective monarchies.

Jackson has made for himself a multitude of friends, and still more enemies.' ”

Mr. Adams' defense of General Jackson's conduct in Florida, as contained in his reply to the demands of Señor Pizarro, plays an important part in the history of these affairs. It convinced the people of the United States. It went far toward convincing the Spanish government. It silenced Lord Castlereagh. It averted war. Jefferson, from his retreat at Monticello, wrote to indorse its sentiments, to praise its composition, and to recommend that it be translated into every language and sent to every court in Europe. Never has a diplomatic paper had a success more signal. To this day, it will please and satisfy every man who reads it, except alone the individual who, before he reads it, examines carefully and candidly the documents upon which it is founded. That individual, and he alone, will agree with the scribe who is writing this audacious sentence, that Mr. Adams' defense, so eloquent, so extolled, so successful, is the most flagrant piece of special pleading to be found in the diplomatic records of the United States. It is a rare piece of lawyer's craft. It is an ingenious plea. Some essential facts of the case it omits ; others it misstates ; others it perverts.

The form of this famous document is narrative. Beginning with the exploits of Colonel Nichols and Captain Woodbine in Florida during the war of 1812, Mr. Adams gives a history of events in that province down to the second capture of Pensacola by General Jackson in 1818. Colonel Nichols' treaty with the Seminoles after the war is duly ridiculed. Those Indians, Mr. Adams asserts, were “persuaded” by Nichols that they had a right to all the Creek lands under the treaty of Ghent. The affair of the Negro Fort is correctly related. Then Mr. Adams falls upon poor Arbuthnot, and heaps the Pelion of vituperation upon the Ossa of misstatement. Mr. Adams has been called a cold man ; but in characterizing this poor, dead Scottish trader, he warms up to his work, and pours forth a lava-flood of indignant eloquence.

Arbuthnot, he said, came to Florida as "the successor of Colonel Nichols in the employment of instigating the Seminole and outlawed Red Stick Indians to hostilities against the United States, by reviving the pretense that they were entitled to all the lands which had been ceded by the Creek nation to the United States in August, 1814." He proceeds to say, that "no sooner did Arbuthnot make his appearance among the Indians, accompanied by the Prophet Hellis Hajo, returned from his expedition to England, than the peaceful inhabitants on the borders of the United States were visited with all the horrors of savage war ; the robbery of their property, and the barbarous and indiscriminate murder of women, infancy, and age."

Not a word about Fowltown—not one ! No allusion to it even. By no means. It was the "firebrand," Arbuthnot, that did all the mischief ; Arbuthnot, the "pretended trader," aided by his confederates, Ambrister, McGregor, and the notorious Woodbine. It was they who induced the Indians to take the little children by the heels and dash out their brains on the side of the boat.

Mr. Adams is not sparing of his adjectives in speaking of these men. "Is this narrative," he asks, "of dark and complicated depravity ; this creeping and insidious war, both against Spain and the United States ; this mockery of patriotism ; these political philters to fugitive slaves and Indian outlaws ; the perfidies and treacheries of villains incapable of keeping their faith, even to each other, all in the name of South American liberty, of the rights of runaway negroes, and the wrongs of savage murderers—all combined and projected to plunder Spain of her provinces, and to spread massacre and devastation along the borders of the United States—is all this sufficient to cool the sympathies of his Catholic Majesty's government, excited by the execution of these two 'subjects of a power in amity with the king ?' The Spanish government is not at this day to be informed that, cruel as war in its mildest forms must be, it is, and necessarily must be, doubly cruel when waged with savages ; that savages make

no prisoners but to torture them ; that they give no quarter ; that they put to death without discrimination of age or sex ; that these ordinary characteristics of Indian warfare have been applicable, in their most heart-sickening horrors, to that war left us by Nichols as his legacy, reinstigated by Woodbine, Arbuthnot, and Ambrister, and stimulated by the approbation, encouragement, and the aid of the Spanish commandant at St. Mark's."

To illustrate the horrors of the war said to have been excited by these men, Mr. Adams adduces three occurrences, all but one of which took place before Arbuthnot had ever set foot on the soil of Florida. The first was the case of the sailor, Daniels, who was tarred and burnt alive by the negroes of Negro Fort in 1816. The second was the murder of Mrs. Garrett in February, 1817, which General Mitchell expressly states was an act of retaliation for the murder of Indians by white men. The third was the massacre of Lieutenant Scott, which, we know, was the Seminole revenge for General Gaines' attack upon Fowltown, and occurred while Arbuthnot was at New Providence.

Mr. Adams concluded his performance by a threat. "If," said he, "the necessities of self-defense should again compel the United States to take possession of the Spanish forts and places in Florida," it was due to Spain that the United States should "declare, with the candor and frankness that becomes us, that another unconditional restoration of them must not be expected ; that even the President's confidence in the good faith and ultimate justice of the Spanish government will yield to the painful experience of continual disappointment ; and that, after unwearied and almost unnumbered appeals to them, for the performance of their stipulated duties, in vain, the United States will be reluctantly compelled to rely for the protection of their borders upon themselves alone."

This torrent-like document carried every thing before it. The President was able to announce, on the meeting of Congress, that the relations between Spain and the United States

were not materially different from what they had been a year before.

Mr. Monroe and Mr. Calhoun were both aware that the restoration of the Spanish posts was a measure likely to give extreme disgust to General Jackson ; and both of them took particular pains to reconcile him to that prudent conclusion. In communicating the requisite orders the Secretary of War used apologetic language. "It appears to me," wrote Mr. Calhoun to the General in September, "that a certain degree of caution (not from the fear of the holy alliance) ought, at this time, to mark our policy. A war with Spain, were it to continue with her alone, and were there no great neutral powers to avail themselves of the opportunity of embarrassing us, would be nothing ; but such a war would not continue long without involving other parties, and it certainly would in a few years be an English war. In such a war I would not fear for the fate of our country ; but, certainly, if it can be prudently and honorably avoided for the present, it ought to be. We want time, time to grow, to perfect our fortifications, to enlarge our navy, to replenish our depots, and to pay our debts. I speak to you frankly, knowing your zeal for our country, with whose glory yours is now identified. No one who has examined my political course will, I am sure, think that these opinions are influenced by timid councils."

General Jackson remained for many years under the fixed impression that the member of the cabinet who had proposed and advocated an investigation of his conduct by a court of inquiry was Mr. Crawford, not Mr. Calhoun. His old enmity to the Georgian made him a ready listener to the insinuation. In the course of the summer, too, appeared a letter in a Georgia paper, and another in a Nashville paper, distinctly stating that the cabinet had been divided in opinion ; that Mr. Crawford had condemned the course of General Jackson, who had been warmly defended by Mr. Adams *and Mr. Calhoun*. The General informs us in his Exposition that he entirely believed this. Colonel A. P. Hayne, of South Carolina,

Inspector General, the friend and fellow-citizen of Mr. Calhoun, wrote to General Jackson from Washington in August : "The course the administration has thought proper to adopt is to me *inexplicable*. They retain *St. Mark's*, and in the same breath give up Pensacola. Who can comprehend this? The American nation possesses discernment, and will judge for themselves. Indeed, sir, I fear that Mr. Monroe has, on the present occasion, yielded to the opinion of those about him. I cannot believe that it is the result of his own honest convictions. *Mr. Calhoun certainly thinks with you altogether*, although, after the decision of the cabinet, he must, of course, nominally support what has been done." And again, in January, 1819 : "Since I last saw you, I have traveled through West and East Tennessee, through Kentucky, through Ohio, through the western and eastern part of Pennsylvania, and the whole of Virginia—have been much in Baltimore and Philadelphia ; and the united voice of the people of those States and towns (and I have taken great pains to inform myself) approve of your conduct in every respect. And the people of the United States at large entertain precisely the same opinion with the people of those States. So does the administration, to wit : Mr. Monroe, *Mr. Calhoun*, and Mr. Adams. Mr. Monroe is your *friend*. He has *identified* you with himself. Mr. Adams has done honor to his country and himself."*

Nothing occurred to disturb the impression thus fastened upon the General's mind for more than twelve years, during which he looked upon Mr. Calhoun as one who had been his champion in the hour when he had needed a champion. Mr. Crawford he regarded as the man who had desired to make the very services he had rendered his country the means of his ruin.

When the cabinet had reached a final decision of the questions relating to Florida, the President himself undertook the not very easy task of reconciling General Jackson to the sur-

* Exposition, Benton's Thirty Years, vol. i., p. 173.

render of the posts. A long letter from Mr. Monroe to the General, blending mild rebuke with ingenious compliment, and explaining the necessity of the surrender, reached the Hermitage a few weeks after the return of its master from Florida. Neither this letter, long as it was, nor the correspondence which ensued, can be omitted from these pages. They will particularly interest those who are curious to know the inner workings of public affairs, and by what processes public documents are sometimes, to use a vulgar word, "cooked." Mr. Monroe's first letter is especially noteworthy :—

PRESIDENT MONROE TO GENERAL JACKSON.

"WASHINGTON, July 19th, 1818.

"DEAR SIR: I received, lately, your letter of June 2d, by Mr. Hambly, at my farm in Loudoun, to which I had retired to await your report, and the return of our commissioners from Buenos Ayres. In reply to your letter, I shall express myself with the freedom and candor which I have invariably used in my communications with you. I shall withhold nothing in regard to your attack of the Spanish posts, and occupancy of them, particularly Pensacola, which you ought to know; it being an occurrence of the most delicate and interesting nature, and which, without a circumspect and cautious policy, looking to all the objects which claim attention, may produce the most serious and unfavorable consequences. It is by a knowledge of all the circumstances, and a comprehensive view of the whole subject, that the danger to which this measure is exposed may be avoided, and all the good which you have contemplated by it, as I trust, be fully realized.

"In calling you into active service against the Seminoles, and communicating to you the orders which had been given just before to General Gaines, the views and intentions of the government were fully disclosed in respect to the operations in Florida. In transcending the limit prescribed by those orders you acted on your own responsibility, on facts and circumstances which were unknown to the government when the orders were given, many of which, indeed, occurred afterwards, and which you thought imposed on you the measure, as an act of patriotism, essential to the honor and interests of your country.

"The United States stand justified in ordering their troops into Florida in pursuit of their enemy. They have this right by the law of nations, if the Seminoles were inhabitants of another country, and had entered Florida to elude our pursuit. Being inhabitants of Florida, with a species of sove-

reignty over that part of the territory, and a right to the soil, our right to give such an order is the more complete and unquestionable. It is not an act of hostility to Spain. It is the less so, because her government is bound by treaty to restrain by force of arms, if necessary, the Indians there from committing hostilities against the United States.

"But an order by the government to attack a Spanish post would assume another character. It would authorize war, to which, by the principles of our Constitution, the Executive is incompetent. Congress alone possesses the power. I am aware that cases may occur where the commanding general, acting on his own responsibility, may with safety pass this limit, and with essential advantage to his country. The officers and troops of the neutral power forget the obligations incident to their neutral character; they stimulate the enemy to make war; they furnish them with arms and munitions of war to carry it on; they take an active part in their favor; they afford them an asylum on their retreat. The general obtaining victory pursues them to this post, the gates of which are shut against him; he attacks and carries it, and rests on those acts for his justification. The affair is then brought before his government by the power whose post has been thus attacked and carried. If the government whose officer made the attack had given an order for it, the officer would have no merit in it. He exercised no discretion, nor did he act on his own responsibility. The merit of the service, if there be any in it, would not be his. This is the ground on which this occurrence rests, as to his part. I will now look to the future.

"The foreign government demands:—was this your act? or did you authorize it? I did not: it was the act of the general. He performed it for reasons deemed sufficient himself, and on his own responsibility. I demand, then, the surrender of the posts, and his punishment. The evidence justifying the conduct of the American general, and proving the misconduct of those officers, will be embodied, to be laid before the sovereign, as the ground on which their punishment will be expected.

"If the Executive refused to evacuate the posts, especially Pensacola, it would amount to a declaration of war, to which it is incompetent. It would be accused of usurping the authority of Congress, and giving a deep and fatal wound to the Constitution. By charging the offense on the officers of Spain, we take the ground which you have presented, and we look to you to support it. You must aid in procuring the documents necessary for this purpose. Those which you sent by Mr. Hambly were prepared in too much haste, and do not, I am satisfied, do justice to the cause. This must be attended to without delay.

"Should we hold the posts, it is impossible to calculate all the consequences likely to result from it. It is not improbable that war would immediately follow. Spain would be stimulated to declare it; and, once

declared, the adventurers of Britain and other countries would, under the Spanish flag, privateer on our commerce. The immense revenue which we now receive would be much diminished, as would be the profits of our valuable productions. The war would probably soon become general; and we do not foresee that we should have a single power in Europe on our side. Why risk these consequences? The events which have occurred in both the Floridas show the incompetency of Spain to maintain her authority; and the progress of the revolutions in South America will require all her forces there. There is much reason to presume that this act will furnish a strong inducement to Spain to cede the territory, provided we do not wound too deeply her pride by holding it. If we hold the posts, her government can not treat with honor, which, by withdrawing the troops, we afford her an opportunity to do. The manner in which we propose to act will exculpate you from censure, and promises to obtain all the advantages which you contemplated from the measure, and possibly very soon. From a different course no advantage would be likely to result, and there would be great danger of extensive and serious injuries.

"I shall communicate to you, in the confidence in which I write this letter, a copy of the answer which will be given to the Spanish minister, that you may see distinctly the ground on which we rest, in the expectation that you will give it all the support in your power. The answer will be drawn on a view and with attention to the general interests of our country, and its relations with other powers.

"A charge, no doubt, will be made of a breach of the Constitution, and to such a charge the public feeling will be alive. It will be said that you have taken all the power into your own hands, not from the Executive alone but likewise from Congress. The distinction which I have made above between the act of the government refutes that charge. This act, as to the General, will be right if the facts on which he rests made it a measure of necessity, and they be well proved. There is no war, or breach of the Constitution, unless the government should refuse to give up the posts, in which event, should Spain embargo our vessels, and war follow, the charge of such breach would be laid against the government with great force. The last imputation to which I would consent justly to expose myself is that of infringing a Constitution to the support of which, on pure principles, my public life has been devoted. In this sentiment, I am satisfied, you fully concur.

"Your letters to the Department were written in haste, under the pressure of fatigue and infirmity, in a spirit of conscious rectitude, and, in consequence, with less attention to some parts of their contents than would otherwise have been bestowed on them. The passage to which I particularly allude, from memory, for I have not the letter before me, is that in which you speak of the incompetency of an imaginary boundary to protect us

against the enemy—the ground on which you bottom all your measures. This is liable to the imputation that you took the Spanish posts for that reason, as a measure of expediency, and not on account of the misconduct of the Spanish officers. The effect of this and such passages, besides other objections to them, would be to invalidate the ground on which you stand and furnish weapons to adversaries who would be glad to seize them. If you think proper to authorize the Secretary or myself to correct those passages, it will be done with care, though, should you have copies, as I presume you have, you had better do it yourself.

“The policy of Europe respecting South America is not yet settled. A congress of the allied powers is to be held this year (November is spoken of) to decide that question. England proposes to restore the colonies to Spain with free trade and colonial governments. Russia is less favorable, as are all the others. We have a Russian document, written by order of the Emperor, as the basis of instructions to his ministers at the several courts, speaking of the British proposition favorably, but stating that it must be considered and decided on by the allies and the result published to produce a moral effect on the colonies, on the failure of which force is spoken of. The settlement of the dispute between Spain and Portugal is made a preliminary. We partake in no councils whose object is not their complete independence. Intimations have been given us that Spain is not unwilling, and is even preparing for war with the United States, in the hope of making it general, and uniting Europe against us and her colonies, on the principle that she has no hope of saving them. Her pertinacious refusal to cede the Floridas to us heretofore, though evidently her interest to do it, gives some coloring to the suggestions. If we engage in a war, it is of the greatest importance that our people be united, and, with that view, that Spain commence it; and, above all, that the government be free from the charge of committing a breach of the Constitution.

“I hope that you have recovered your health. You see that the state of the world is unsettled, and that any future movement is likely to be directed against us. There may be very important occasions for your services, which will be relied on. You must have the object in view, and be prepared to render them. I am, etc.

“JAMES MONROE.”

GENERAL JACKSON TO PRESIDENT MONROE.

“NASHVILLE, August 19, 1818.

“SIR: Your letter of the 19th July, apprizing me of the course to be pursued in relation to the Floridas, has been received. In a future communication it is my intention to submit my views of all the questions springing from the subject, with the fullness and candor which the import-

ance of the topic, and the part I have acted in it, demand. At present, I will confine myself to the consideration of a part of your letter, which has a particular bearing on myself, and which seems to have originated in a misconception of the import of the order under which I have commenced the Seminole campaign. In making this examination I will make use of all the freedom which is courted by your letter, and which I deem necessary to afford you a clear view of the construction which was given to the order, and the motives under which I proceeded to execute its intentions.

"It is stated in the second paragraph of your letter that I *transcended the limits of my order*, and that I *acted on my own responsibility*.

"To these two points I mean at present to confine myself. But, before entering on a proof of their applicability to my acts in Florida, allow me fairly to state that the assumption of responsibility will never be shrunk from when the public good can thereby be promoted. I have passed through difficulties and exposures for the honor and benefit of my country; and whenever still, for this purpose, it shall become necessary to assume a further liability, no scruple will be urged or felt. But when it shall be required of me to do so, and the result be danger and injury to that country, the inducement will be lost, and my consent will be wanting.

"This principle is held to be incontrovertible, that an order, generally, to perform a certain service, or effect a certain object, without any specification of the means to be adopted, or limits to govern the executive officer, leaves an *entire discretion* with the officer as to the choice and application of means, but preserves the responsibility for his acts on the authority from which the order emanated. Under such an order *all the acts* of the inferior are acts of the superior; and in no way can the subordinate officer be impeached for his measures, except on the score of deficiency in judgment and skill. It is also a grammatical truth, that the limits of such an order can not be *transcended* without an entire desertion of the objects it contemplated; for, so long as the main legitimate design is kept in view, the policy of the measures adopted to accomplish it is alone to be considered. If these be adopted as the proper rules of construction, and we apply them to my order of December 26, 1817, it will be at once seen that, both in description and operative principle, they embrace that order exactly. The requisitions of the order are for the commanding general to assume the immediate command at Fort Scott; to concentrate all the contiguous and disposable force of the division on that quarter; to call on the Executives of adjacent States for an auxiliary militia force; and concludes with this comprehensive command: 'With this view you may be prepared to concentrate your forces, and adopt the necessary measures to terminate a conflict, which it has ever been the desire of the President, from motives of humanity, to avoid, but which is now made necessary by their settled hostility.'

"In no part of this document is there a reference to any previous order, either to myself or another officer, with a view to point to me the measures thought advisable, or the limits of my power in choosing and effecting them. It states that General Gaines has been ordered to Amelia Island, and then proceeds to inform me that 'subsequent orders have been given to General Gaines, (of which copies will be furnished you,) that you would be directed to take the command, and directing him to reassume, should he deem the public interest to require it, the command at Fort Scott, until you should arrive there.' Lastly, it mentions that 'he was instructed to penetrate the Seminole towns through the Floridas, provided the strength of his command at Amelia would justify his engaging in offensive operations.' The principle determining the weight of references, in subsequent orders, to instructions previously given, is well settled. Such references are usually made with one of these two intentions—either the order is given to a second officer to effect a certain purpose which was intended to be effected by another officer, and the instructions of the first are referred to as the guide of the second; or the order contains and is designed for an extension of authority, and only refers to anterior communications to give a full view of what has been previously attempted and performed. In the first case it is always necessary to connect the different orders by a specific provision, that no doubt may exist as to the extent of the command; and thus the several requisitions and instructions are amalgamated, and the limits of the agent plainly and securely established. In the second, no such provision is necessary; for an entire discretion in the choice and use of means being previously vested, the reference, if there be any, is only descriptive of the powers antecedently given, and the results of measures attempted under such specific limitation. But, admitting that, in my order of December 26, 1817, there is such a reference as I contemplated in the first case, allow me to examine its character and amount. It is stated that 'orders have been given to General Gaines, (copies of which will be furnished you,)' but without affirming that they are to be considered as binding on me, or in any way connected with the comprehensive command that I should terminate the Seminole conflict. On the contrary, so far are they from being designated as my guide and limits in entering Florida, that, in stating their substance in the ensuing sentence, no allusion whatever is made either to *means* or *limitation*.

"How, then, can it be said with propriety that I have *transcended the limits* of my orders, or *acted on my own responsibility*? My order was as comprehensive as it could be, and contained neither the minute original instructions, nor a reference to others previously given, to guide and govern me. The fullest discretion was left with me in the selection and application of means to effect the specific legitimate objects of the campaign; and for the exercise of a sound discretion on principles of policy am I alone respon-

sible. But allow me to repeat, that responsibility is not feared by me, if the general good requires its assumption. I never have shrunk from it, and never will; but against its imposition on me contrary to principle, and without the prospect of any politic result, I must contend with all the feelings of a soldier and a citizen. Being advised that you are at your country seat in Loudoun, where I expect this will reach you, I inclose you a copy of the order to me of the 26th December, 1817, and copies of the orders of General Gaines therein referred to; from a perusal of which you will perceive that the order to me has no reference to those prohibitory orders to General Gaines that you have referred to.

"It will afford me pleasure to aid the government in procuring any testimony that may be necessary to prove the hostility of the officers of Spain to the United States. I had supposed that the evidence furnished had established that fact—that the officers of Spain had identified themselves with our enemy, and that St. Mark's and Pensacola were under the complete control of the Indians, although the Governor of Pensacola at least had force sufficient to have controlled the Indians, had he chosen to have used it in that way. For the purpose of procuring the necessary evidence of the hostile acts of the Governor of Pensacola, I dispatched Captain Young, topographical engineer, and as soon as obtained it will be furnished you. I trust, on a view of all my communications (copies of which have been forwarded by Captain Gadsden) you will find that they do not bear the construction you have given them. They were written under bad health, great fatigue, and in haste. My bad health continues; I labor under great bodily debility.

"Accept assurances of my sincere regard and esteem; and am, respectfully,

"Your most obedient servant,

"ANDREW JACKSON.

"JAMES MONROE,

"President United States."

PRESIDENT MONROE TO GENERAL JACKSON.

"WASHINGTON, October 20, 1818.

"DEAR SIR: I received your letter of the 19th of August while I was at home, on my farm in Albemarle; and there appearing to be no necessity for giving it an immediate answer, I delayed it until my return here.

"I was sorry to find that you understood your instructions relative to operations in Florida differently from what we intended. I was satisfied, however, that you had good reason for your conduct, and have acted in all things on that principle. By supposing that you understood them as we did, I concluded that you proceeded on your own responsibility alone, in which, knowing the purity of your motives, I have done all that I could to

justify the measure. I well knew, also, the misconduct of the Spanish authorities in that quarter, not of recent date only.

"Finding that you had a different view of your power, it remains only to do justice to you on that ground. Nothing can be further from my intention than to expose you to a responsibility, in any sense, which you did not contemplate.

"The best course to be pursued seems to me to be for you to write a letter to the Department, in which you will state that, having reason to think that a difference of opinion existed between you and the Executive, relative to the extent of your powers, you thought it due to yourself to state your view of them, and on which you acted. This will be answered, so as to explain ours, in a friendly manner by Mr. Calhoun, who has very just and liberal sentiments on the subject. This will be necessary in the case of a call for papers by Congress, as may be. Thus we shall all stand on the ground of honor, each doing justice to the other, which is the ground on which we wish to place each other.

"I hope that your health is improved, and Mrs. Monroe unites in her best respects to Mrs. Jackson.

"With great respect and sincere regard,

"I am, dear sir, yours,

"JAMES MONROE.

"Major General ANDREW JACKSON,

"Nashville, Tennessee."

GENERAL JACKSON TO PRESIDENT MONROE.

(*Extract.*)

"NASHVILLE, November 15th, 1818.

"DEAR SIR: On my return from the Chickasaw treaty, I found it necessary to pass by Milton's Bluff, where I had established some hands for the culture of cotton, hearing it had been laid out for a town and the lots sold, to have as much of my crop preserved as existing circumstances would permit. From thence I took Huntsville in my route, and did not reach the Hermitage until the 12th instant, and on the 13th received your letter of the 12th ultimo; from an attentive perusal of which, I have concluded that you have not yet seen my dispatches from Fort Gadsden, of the 5th of May last, which it is reported reached the Department of War by due course of mail, and owing to the negligence of the clerks was thrown aside as a bundle of revolutionary and pension claims. This I sincerely regret, as it would have brought to your view the light in which I viewed my orders. The closing paragraph of this dispatch is in the following words:—

"'I trust, therefore, that the measures which have been adopted in pursuance of your instructions, under a firm conviction that they are calculated to insure peace and security to the southern frontier of Georgia.'

"The moment, therefore, that you assume the ground that I transcended my power, the letter referred to above will at once unfold to your mind the view I had taken of them, and make manifest the difference of opinion that exists. Indeed, there are no data at present upon which such a letter as you wish written to the Secretary of War can be bottomed. I have no ground that a difference of opinion exists between the government and myself, relative to the powers given me in my orders, unless I advert either to your private and confidential letters or the public prints, neither of which can be made the basis of an official communication to the Secretary of War. Had I ever, or were I now to receive an official letter from the Secretary of War, explanatory of the light in which it was intended by the government that my orders should be viewed, I would with pleasure give my understanding of them.

GENERAL JACKSON TO PRESIDENT MONROE.

"HERMITAGE, NEAR NASHVILLE, }
"December 7, 1818. }

"DEAR SIR: I have just received your message to both Houses of Congress, forwarded by you, and have read it with great attention and satisfaction. The Florida question being now fairly before Congress, I hope that body will take measures to secure our southern frontier from a repetition of massacre and murder.

"From the report of Colonel King, received and forwarded to the Department of War, you will discover that the Indians had concentrated their forces on the Choctaw Hotchy, which gave rise to the affair between them and Captain Boyles, which Colonel King reports.

"The collection of the Indians is said to have taken place at this point on their hearing that Pensacola was to be restored to Spain, and that the Indians have declared they will never submit to the United States. If this be the fact, and as to myself I have no doubt, as soon as Spain is in the possession of Pensacola, we may expect to hear of a renewal of all the horrid scenes of massacre on our frontier that existed before the campaign, unless Captain Boyles, on his second visit, may be fortunate enough to destroy this operation, which, you may rely, springs from foreign excitement.

"Colonel Sherburne, Chickasaw agent, requested me to name to you that he was wearied with his situation, of which I have no doubt; his age and former habits of life but little calculated him for happiness amidst a savage nation. But being dependent for the support of himself and sister on the perquisites of his office, he can not resign; but it would be a great accommodation to him to be transferred to Newport, should a vacancy in any office occur that he was competent to fill. I have no doubt but he is an amiable old man; and from his revolutionary services, I sincerely feel

for him. He is unacquainted with Indians, and all business which relates to them; but at the treaty, as soon as he did understand our wishes and that of the government, he aided us with all his might. The colonel never can be happy amidst the Indians. It would afford me great pleasure to hear that the colonel was comfortably seated in an office in Newport, where he could spend his declining years in peace and happiness with his own countrymen and friends.

"Accept assurances of my high respect and esteem, and believe me to be, respectfully, your most obedient servant,

"A. JACKSON.

"JAMES MONROE,

"President of the United States."

PRESIDENT MONROE TO GENERAL JACKSON.

"WASHINGTON, December 21, 1818.

"DEAR SIR: I received your letter of November 13 some time past, and should have answered it sooner but for the great pressure of business on me, proceeding from duties connected with the measures of Congress.

"The step suggested in mine to you of October 20 will, I am inclined to believe, be unnecessary. My sole object in it was to enable you to place your view of the authority under which you acted in Florida on the strongest ground possible, so as to do complete justice to yourself. I was persuaded that you had not done yourself justice in that respect, in your correspondence with the Department, and thought that it would be better that the explanation should commence with you than be invited by the Department. It appeared to me that that would be the most delicate course in regard to yourself. There is, it is true, nothing in the Department to indicate a difference of opinion between you and the Executive, respecting the import of your instructions, and for that reason, that it would have been difficult to have expressed that sentiment without implying by it a censure on your conduct, than which nothing could be more remote from our disposition or intention.

"On reviewing your communication by Captain Gadsden, there were three subjects preëminently in view: the first, to preserve the Constitution from injury; the second, to deprive Spain and the allied powers of any just cause of war; and the third, to improve the occurrence to the best advantage of the country, and of the honor of those engaged in it. In every step which I have since taken I have pursued those objects with the utmost zeal and according to my best judgment. In what concerns you personally I have omitted nothing in my power to do you justice, nor shall I in the sequel.

"The decision in the three great points above stated, respecting the course to be pursued by the administration, was unanimously concurred in;

and I have good reason to believe that it has been maintained since, in every particular, by all, with perfect integrity. It will be gratifying to you to know that a letter of instructions has been drawn by the Secretary of State to our minister at Madrid, in reply to a letter of Mr. Pizzaro, which has been published, in which all the proceedings in Florida, and in regard to it, have been freely reviewed, and placed in a light which will, I think, be satisfactory to all. This letter will be reported to Congress in a few days, and published of course.

I am, etc.,

“JAMES MONROE.”

That these epistles should contain no allusion to the Rhea letter is very remarkable. The correspondence was published originally by Mr. Calhoun as an appendix to the pamphlet issued by him in 1831, containing the hostile correspondence between himself and General Jackson. The letters were furnished for that publication by Mr. Monroe himself. Soon after the death of Mr. Monroe, in 1831, his son-in-law, Mr. Samuel L. Gouverneur, of New York, to whom the papers of Mr. Monroe were bequeathed, published a statement respecting the Rhea letter, vaguely denying that Mr. Monroe had ever authorized Mr. Rhea to answer General Jackson. “There is no shape,” wrote Mr. Gouverneur, “in which *the fact alluded to* has ever reached the eye or ear of Mr. Monroe that it has not been *contradicted*. It is *as his representative and upon his authority that I contradict it*.” Mr. Gouverneur’s letters on this subject are voluminous and involved, and it is not clear from the context what “the fact alluded to” was. But conceding that this is an authoritative denial that the Rhea letter was answered as alleged by General Jackson, we have, on the one hand, the positive assertion of General Jackson, Judge Overton and Mr. Rhea, and, on the other, the point blank denial of Mr. Monroe.

Some remarkable lapses of memory are on record. Sir Walter Scott dictated the *Bride of Lammermoor* while he was suffering tortures from an acute disease, and when the printed novel was placed in his hands he declared that he had forgotten every one of its scenes and characters, remembering only the outline of the story, which he had read in childhood. It is possible that Mr. Monroe may have spoken to Mr. Rhea

of General Jackson's letter, and given him some indistinct charge respecting it, and then have totally forgotten the circumstance.

In one of the letters given above General Jackson alludes to his having been commissioned by the President to negotiate a treaty with the Chickasaw Indians, the object being the extinguishment of the Chickasaw title to all lands within the States of Kentucky and Tennessee. The aged Governor Shelby, of Kentucky, was associated with General Jackson in this commission. The General, as I learn from one of his letters to Judge Campbell, returned from Florida exceedingly debilitated, and was confined to his bed for a time. Gentlemen still living at Nashville remember well his yellow countenance and skeleton-like figure, as he rode into the town at the head of the troops. "It was some time," he wrote to Judge Campbell, from the treaty ground, October 3d, "before I recovered so as to use a pen, and when I did I found myself surrounded by letters and communications relative to my official duties, which occupied my whole time that I was able to attend to business until the arrival of Governor Shelby, of Kentucky, with whom I was joined in commission to hold a treaty with this nation for a surrender of their right to all lands within the States of Tennessee and Kentucky. We arrived here on the 29th ultimo and found every thing wrong; an agent unacquainted with Indians, the geography of the country, or even what were the wishes of the government, and not one half the nation notified of the time and place of meeting. Runners have gone to all parts of the nation to collect them. We are waiting their arrival, and I am thereby afforded a leisure moment to answer your friendly letter."

The object of the commission was accomplished, but not without difficulty; nor, indeed, without a "difficulty." The private journal of the commissioners narrates a curious interview between the principal chiefs and the representatives of the United States, which is a good illustration of the sly simplicity of the Indian mind: "The commissioners told the chief (Levi Colbert) that they would be liberal, as their father,

the President, had told them to be so. Twenty thousand dollars for twelve years was then proposed by the commissioners, which they sternly refused, remarking, they loved money well, but they loved their land much better. It was then proposed to add one year, which was likewise rejected. General Jackson then observed, that to make all hearts straight, he would agree to make the annuity fourteen years, and that he hoped the chiefs and the nation would consider that a liberal price from their father, the President. Levi Colbert then remarked they would consider it, and then adjourned. On meeting again, Colbert inquired if one cent would not be given ; and being informed that the commissioners had gone to their limit, he observed that the American nation is as strong as iron—great, rich and strong, and one cent was nothing to it, and this would satisfy the nation. General Jackson replied by asking if one solitary cent would satisfy the nation, and the speaker replied it would, observing that the American nation was strong, and the younger brother must, therefore, yield to the elder brother ; on which they shook hands with the commissioners and parted. In a conversation shortly after with the interpreter, he said they shook hands on fifteen years' annuity, which was not the understanding of the commissioners ; and thus the thing rested, until the time arranged for signing the treaty."

It was in connection with that "one solitary cent" that a difference occurred between General Jackson and Governor Shelby, which has often been incorrectly related, much to the prejudice of the General. Major William B. Lewis, who was present at the treaty, and a witness of all that took place, has stated the facts : "The Indians insisted that they meant, by one cent, another annuity, and that no other construction could fairly be put on their meaning. Governor Shelby positively refused to give the additional annuity, and the Indians as positively refused to cede their lands. General Jackson, who until now had taken but little part in the controversy, thought the objects to be acquired by the treaty were of too high importance to be lost by the mere pittance of twenty

thousand dollars, to be paid fifteen years from that date, and was willing to give them the fifteen annuities. The governor still peremptorily refused. The General inquired of him, in the presence of the whole company, if they had not, between themselves, agreed to go as high as three hundred thousand dollars for the country. The governor said they had, but that he intended that sum to cover also the expenses of holding the treaty. General Jackson replied that was not his understanding ; that he considered the fifteen annuities within the limit prescribed to themselves in their private conference, and that he was disposed to fill up the blank with that number. Governor Shelby still obstinately refused. The General said he regretted such was his determination ; but still he would execute the treaty himself on the part of the United States, and send it to the government, and they could ratify it or not as they chose. Upon this Governor Shelby became quite violent, ordered his servant to get his horses, and declared he would leave the treaty-ground. His horses were accordingly brought out and saddled ; and, finding that he was resolved on leaving the ground without concluding the treaty, then ready for his signature, I determined, if possible, to remove every obstacle to its final consummation, and, with a view to effect that object, authorized Colonel Butler, the Secretary, to speak to Governor Shelby, and say to him that if the additional annuity was the only objection to the treaty, I would execute to him, or the Executive of the United States, my bond for the twenty thousand dollars, with any security that might be required, to be paid on condition the government should be unwilling to ratify the treaty for more than fourteen annuities. Colonel Butler did wait on Governor Shelby with my proposition, and received for answer, that the additional annuity was the only objection to the treaty, and, after a few minutes' reflection, agreed to accept my proposition. The bond was accordingly executed, deposited in the hands of their secretary, and the treaty signed by both of the commissioners."

The commissioners rode away from the treaty ground in

perfect harmony, Major Lewis informs me ; and, before they had gone far, Governor Shelby tore up the bond, and the difficulty was at an end.

General Jackson returned to the Hermitage about the 1st of November, intending to pass the winter at home. The Florida affair he supposed to be concluded and done with. Congress had yet to meet, however. So far, the Florida question had been considered only by those who had a personal interest in sustaining General Jackson. In Congress, there were individuals who had an interest in bringing odium upon the administration ; and there were others who, for reasons patriotic and humane, would not be disposed to sanction Jackson's extreme measures. There was a member of the cabinet, perhaps there were two members of the cabinet, who would not object to lessen the popularity and lower the standing of General Jackson, if it could be done without their hands being seen in the business ; for General Jackson was already looming dimly up as a possible candidate for the presidency. He was, at least, a personage whose opposition to a candidate for the presidency was not desirable.

CHAPTER XL.

VERDICT OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

ONE evening, near the beginning of the first month of the year 1819, General Jackson, on his way from Nashville to the Hermitage, rode up to the gate of his friend, Major William B. Lewis, and, giving his horse to a servant, entered the snug library of that gentleman. The two friends had met earlier in the day ; when Major Lewis, in the absence of a more important topic, had shown the General a new overcoat just from the tailor's, and expatiated upon its various merits. The General had tried on the garment and pronounced it good. Upon entering the library in the evening he observed the overcoat

hanging over the back of a chair, and taking it upon his arm, he astonished his friend by saying,

“Major, there’s a combination in Congress to ruin me. I start for Washington to-morrow morning. My overcoat is rusty ; I want you to get another made for yourself and charge it to me, and let me take this one with me.”

Major Lewis assenting to this proposition, the General briefly explained the contents of certain letters and papers he had just received from Washington, and then, mounting his horse, galloped off toward home. The next morning, before the dawn of day, he was on the road again for a journey then seldom performed, during the winter, in less than thirty days. General Jackson, never a slow traveler, did not linger much on this journey. At one town in Virginia he stopped a few hours, and partook of an extemporized supper ; at which he gave the old sentiment, so oft repeated in Waxhaw churchyard : “John C. Calhoun—an honest man is the noblest work of God.” Twelve years later, the General wrote in his Exposition : “Who can paint the workings of the guilty Calhoun’s soul when he read that toast ?”*

Early in the new year (January 27th) General Jackson was in Washington, eagerly watching and powerfully controlling the course of events. All invitations to public or private entertainments he declined until Congress should have pronounced its verdict. He was closeted often with the President, the Secretary of War, and his congressional friends, exhibiting documents, making personal explanations, and occasionally denouncing the course of the opposition in terms more Jacksonian than courteous.

On the 12th of January the great debate in the House of Representatives on the conduct of General Jackson in the Seminole war began. “The galleries,” says the *National Intelligencer*, “crowded to suffocation.” The debate lasted twenty-seven days, to the exclusion of every other topic. It was one of the ablest and one of the most animated discussions that ever took place in that body. The effects upon the

* Benton’s *Thirty Years*, i., 177.

fortunes of some of the debaters of the words then spoken were decisive and irreversible.

The Committee on Military Affairs, to whom was referred so much of the President's message as related to the Seminole war, reported a resolution; one member of the committee alone dissenting, Colonel Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky. This resolution, which was referred to a Committee of the Whole House, read as follows:

"Resolved, That the House of Representatives of the United States disapproves the proceedings in the trial and execution of Alexander Arbuthnot and Robert C. Ambrister."

To this, Mr. Cobb, of Georgia (warm friend and chief political ally of Mr. Crawford), added three other resolutions, which were debated with the one just given, and form one series in connection with it:

"Resolved, That the Committee on Military Affairs be instructed to prepare and report a bill to this House prohibiting, in time of peace, or in time of war with any Indian tribe or tribes only, the execution of any captive taken by the army of the United States without the approbation of such execution by the President."

"Resolved, That the late seizure of the Spanish posts of Pensacola and St. Carlos de Barrancas in West Florida by the army of the United States was contrary to the Constitution of the United States."

"Resolved, That the same committee be instructed to prepare and report a bill prohibiting the march of the army of the United States, or any corps thereof, into any foreign territory, without the previous authorization of Congress, except it be in the case of fresh pursuit of a defeated enemy of the United States taking refuge within such foreign territory."

The debate on these resolutions, which fills more than one hundred pages of the sixth volume of Mr. Benton's Abridgment, is accessible to the public. We can but glance at the two or three speeches which tower above all the rest in ability

and celebrity, particularly those of Mr. Clay, the Speaker of the House, and of Mr. George Poindexter, of Mississippi. The discussion of the resolutions in Committee of the Whole gave the Speaker, Mr. Clay, an opportunity to take part in the debate.

Henry Clay, a leader then of the Republican or Democratic party, had advocated the election of Mr. Monroe to the presidency, but had not given a cordial support to his administration. "His friends," says Dr. Quincy, the biographer of John Quincy Adams, "did not conceal their disappointment that he was not invited to take the office of Secretary of State, nor did he disguise his dissatisfaction at the appointment of Mr. Adams." His opposition, therefore, to the measures of Mr. Monroe was attributed to this dissatisfaction. It was certainly not without reason that Mr. Clay had looked for a recognition of the signal services he had rendered his party during the war with Great Britain ; of which the election of Mr. Monroe was a result. He could have been generalissimo of the forces of the United States in that contest, if he would. But declining that perilous honor, he had championed the war in Congress, declaimed at the head of departing regiments, and taken a conspicuous, and perhaps a controlling, part in the negotiations that terminated in the treaty of Ghent. An appointment by Mr. Monroe to the post of Secretary of State would have placed him on the short-cut to the presidency. The preference accorded to Mr. Adams, a gentleman with whom the ardent, the Kentuckian Clay had as little in common as with any public man of the time, could not have been very agreeable to him.

It is usual to attribute the conduct of public men to private motives, and to do so is esteemed by some an evidence of knowingness. Doubtless, public men have their resentments and their ambitions, which do influence their public conduct. The personal motive sometimes, doubtless, swallows up the patriotic one, and the man who began his career in a high and disinterested spirit ends it miserably and shamefully as a self-seeker. And this is particularly apt to be the

case in a government the topmost honor of which is left open, every four years, to the competition of all. The temptation was sometimes too much for human nature. Human nature was not designed to bear a strain so disproportioned to its strength, and man was endowed with reason and ingenuity enough to contrive a system of government which will not hold forth to those who administer it a lure so resistless as the presidency was. Nevertheless, a close study of the lives and writings of the men who have held and retained a high place in the confidence and esteem of the people of the United States induces the belief that, as a general rule, their public course has been inspired and sustained by public motives. When Henry Clay said that he would rather be right than President, he uttered what, I believe, was true of his own heart, and of the hearts of most of his eminent contemporaries. And yet he may have keenly desired the Presidency, and that weak ambition may have suggested some of his public acts and influenced others.

Mr. Clay began his speech on the Seminole war by asserting the purity of his motives. "All inferences," said he, "drawn from the course which it will be my painful duty to take in this discussion, of unfriendliness either to the Chief Magistrate of the country, or to the illustrious military chieftain whose operations are under investigation, will be wholly unfounded. Toward that distinguished captain, who has shed so much glory on our country, whose renown constitutes so great a portion of its moral property, I have never had, I never can have, any feelings than those of the most profound respect and of the utmost kindness. With him my acquaintance is very limited; but, so far as it has extended, it has been of the most amicable kind. I know the motives which have been, and which will again be, attributed to me, in regard to the other exalted personage alluded to. They have been and will be unfounded. I have no interest other than that of seeing the concerns of my country well and happily administered. It is infinitely more gratifying to behold the prosperity of my country advancing by the wisdom of the

measures adopted to promote it, than it would be to expose the errors which may be committed, if there be any, in the conduct of its affairs. Little as has been my experience in public life, it has been sufficient to teach me that the most humble station is surrounded by difficulties and embarrassments. Rather than throw obstructions in the way of the President, I would precede him, and pick out those, if I could, which might jostle him in his progress ; I would sympathize with him in his embarrassments, and commiserate with him in his misfortunes. It is true it has been my mortification to differ from that gentleman on several occasions. I may be again reluctantly compelled to differ from him ; but I will, with the utmost sincerity, assure the committee that I have formed no resolution, come under no engagements, and that I never will form any resolution, or contract any engagements, for systematic opposition to his administration, or to that of any other Chief Magistrate."

The orator proceeded next to comment, and to comment most erroneously, upon the treaty of Fort Jackson, to the harsh exactions of which he traced the discontent of the Seminoles. Here he displayed an extraordinary ignorance. The demand which General Jackson had made of the surrender of the "prophets" Mr. Clay construed to be an attack upon the religion of the Indians. "When," he exclaimed, "did all-conquering and desolating Rome ever fail to respect the altars and the gods of those whom she subjugated ? Let me not be told that these prophets were impostors, who deceived the Indians. They were *their* prophets ; the Indians believed and venerated them, and it is not for us to dictate a religious belief to them. It does not belong to the holy character of the religion which we profess to carry its precepts by the force of the bayonet into the bosoms of other people. Mild and gentle persuasion was the great instrument employed by the meek founder of our religion. We leave to the humane and benevolent efforts of the reverend professors of Christianity to convert from barbarism those unhappy nations yet immersed in its gloom. But, sir, spare them their prophets ! spare their

delusions ! spare their prejudices and superstitions ! spare them even their religion, such as it is, from open and cruel violence."

If this was not ignorance it was clap-trap. It goes far to excuse the wrath which this speech kindled in the bosom of an "illustrious military chieftain." The other comments of Mr. Clay upon the treaty of Fort Jackson show that he had not prepared himself to speak on that branch of his subject. Indeed, he admitted that he had never seen the treaty until "within a few days past."

The rest of the speech was more in accordance with fact. The attack upon Fowltown was justly characterized as "the fatal blow" which had brought on the war. The summary execution of the two Indian chiefs was contrasted with the conduct of General William Henry Harrison (then a member of the House), who had invariably spared Indian warriors captured or overpowered. One of General Harrison's impassioned orders to this effect was read by Mr. Clay. General Jackson did not forget the odious comparison !

The truth with regard to Arbuthnot was hit by the orator to a nicety. "It is possible," said Mr. Clay, "that a critical examination of the evidence would show, particularly in the case of Arbuthnot, that the whole amount of his crime consisted in his trading, without the limits of the United States, with the Seminole Indians, in the accustomed commodities which form the subject of Indian trade ; and that he sought to ingratiate himself with his customers by espousing their interests in regard to the provisions of the treaty of Ghent, which he may have honestly believed entitled them to the restoration of their lands." Exactly so. A critical examination of the evidence has shown it. It is a pity that Mr. Clay did not himself make such an examination, and thus establish the truth, which he merely threw out as a plausible conjecture. It was his duty to do just that.

Mr. Clay argued that even upon the concession that these men were guilty of instigating the Indians to appeal to arms their execution was utterly unjustifiable. William Pitt in-

stigated all Europe to wage war upon the French emperor ; but if William Pitt had fallen into the hands of the French, would Napoleon have put him to death ? Napoleon had united all Europe in arms against England, but even the *banishment* of the fallen emperor to St. Helena was a blot on the English name which history could never efface. And it was universally conceded, added Mr. Clay, that the execution of the Duc d' Enghien was an act that sullied the luster of Napoleon's career. "No man," said the speaker, "can be executed in this free country without two things being shown : 1. That the LAW condemns him to death. 2. That his death is pronounced by that TRIBUNAL which is authorized by the law to try him. These principles would reach every man's case, native or foreign, citizen or alien. The instant quarters are granted to a prisoner, the majesty of the law surrounds and sustains him, and he can not lawfully be punished with death without the concurrence of the two circumstances just insisted upon. I deny that any commander-in-chief in this country has this absolute power of life and death at his sole discretion. It is contrary to the genius of all our laws and institutions."

In concluding his speech Mr. Clay declaimed upon the instances, in ancient and modern story, of the overthrow of liberty by "military chieftains."

"Recall to your recollection the free nations which have gone before us. Where are they now ?

'Gone glimmering through the dream of things that were,
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour.'

And how have they lost their liberties ? If we could transport ourselves back to the ages when Greece and Rome flourished in their greatest prosperity, and, mingling in the throng, should ask a Grecian if he did not fear that some daring military chieftain, covered with glory, some Philip or Alexander, would one day overthrow the liberties of his country, the confident and indignant Grecian would exclaim, 'No ! no ! we have nothing to fear from our heroes ; our liberties will be eternal.' If a Roman citizen had been asked if he did not fear that the conqueror of Gaul might establish a throne upon the ruins of public liberty, he would have instantly repelled the unjust insinuation. Yet Greece fell ; Cæsar passed the Rubicon, and the patriotic arm even of Brutus could not preserve the liberties of his

devoted country! The celebrated Madame de Stael, in her last and perhaps her best work, has said, that in the very year, almost the very month, when the president of the directory declared that monarchy would never more show its frightful head in France, Bonaparte, with his grenadiers, entered the palace of St. Cloud, and dispersing with the bayonet the deputies of the people, deliberating on the affairs of the State, laid the foundation of that vast fabric of despotism which overshadowed all Europe. I hope not to be misunderstood. I am far from intimating that General Jackson cherishes any designs inimical to the liberties of the country. I believe his intentions to be pure and patriotic. I thank God that he would not, but I thank him still more that he could not if he would, overturn the liberties of the republic. But precedents, if bad, are fraught with the most dangerous consequences. Man has been described by some of those who who have treated of his nature as a bundle of habits. The definition is much truer when applied to governments. Precedents are their habits. There is one important difference between the formation of habits by an individual and by governments. He contracts it only after frequent repetition. A single instance fixes the habit and determines the direction of governments. Against the alarming doctrine of unlimited discretion in our military commanders, when applied even to prisoners of war, I must enter my protest. It begins upon them; it will end on us. I hope our happy form of government is to be perpetual. But if it is to be preserved, it must be by the practice of virtue, by justice, by moderation, by magnanimity, by greatness of soul, by keeping a watchful and steady eye on the Executive; and, above all, by holding to a strict accountability the military branch of the public force.

"We are fighting a great moral battle for the benefit, not only of our country, but of all mankind. The eyes of the whole world are in fixed attention upon us. One, and the largest portion of it, is gazing with contempt, with jealousy, and with envy; the other portion with hope, with confidence, and with affection. Everywhere the black cloud of legitimacy is suspended over the world, save only one bright spot, which breaks out from the political hemisphere of the West, to enlighten, and animate, and gladden the human heart. Obscure that by the downfall of liberty here, and all mankind are enshrouded in a pall of universal darkness. To you, Mr. Chairman, belongs the high privilege of transmitting, unimpaired, to posterity the fair character and liberty of our country. Do you expect to execute this high trust by trampling, or suffering to be trampled down, law, justice, the Constitution, and the rights of the people? by exhibiting examples of inhumanity, and cruelty, and ambition? When the minions of despotism heard in Europe of the seizure of Pensacola, how did they chuckle and chide the admirers of our institutions, tauntingly pointing to the demonstration of a spirit of injustice and aggrandizement made by our

country, in the midst of an amicable negotiation. Behold, said they, the conduct of those who are constantly reproaching kings. You saw how those admirers were astounded and hung their heads. You saw, too, when that illustrious man who presides over us adopted his pacific, moderate, and just course, how they once more lifted up their heads with exultation and delight beaming in their countenances. And you saw how those minions themselves were finally compelled to unite in the general praises bestowed upon our government. Beware how you forfeit this exalted character. Beware how you give a fatal sanction, in this infant period of our republic, scarcely yet two-score years old, to military insubordination. Remember that Greece had her Alexander, Rome her Cæsar, England her Cromwell, France her Bonaparte, and that, if we would escape the rock on which they split, we must avoid their errors.

* * * * *

"I hope gentlemen will deliberately survey the awful isthmus on which we stand. They may bear down all opposition; they may even vote the General the public thanks; they may carry him triumphantly through this House. But, if they do, in my humble judgment, it will be a triumph of the principle of insubordination, a triumph of the military over the civil authority, a triumph over the powers of this House, a triumph over the Constitution of the land. And I pray most devoutly to Heaven that it may not prove, in its ultimate effects and consequences, a triumph over the liberties of the people."

Such was the speech of Henry Clay upon General Jackson's conduct in the Seminole war. A day or two after its delivery, Mr. Clay, to show that his animadversions upon General Jackson's public conduct did not proceed from personal hostility, called upon the General at his hotel. General Jackson was absent from home at the time. The call was not returned. The Speaker was not left long in doubt as to the feelings of General Jackson toward him, as we shall see in due time.

The rage and disgust of the General when he read the speech were extreme. The long feud between General Jackson and Mr. Clay dates from the delivery of that speech. Jackson never hated any man so bitterly nor so long as he hated Henry Clay. He took an exclusively personal view of the difference between them on this question, and on all questions; regarding the opposition of Mr. Clay in the light of

hostility only. That Mr. Clay or any other man could, for conscientious and patriotic reasons purely, differ in opinion from Andrew Jackson on a subject in which his feelings or his pride was seriously interested, was a truth which Andrew Jackson had not been gifted by nature with the power of believing. Nor is the ability to believe a truth of that kind as common as it is supposed to be.

We must be just to this fiery chieftain, who loved his country well, and really would have laid down his bristling white head upon the block to save or serve it. Reader, "set the case:" You go to the wars, authorized to conduct an expedition in the manner you deem best. You conduct it so. Every man that has access to your ear tells you that you have done gloriously, and your own conscience tells you that every act of yours was dictated by a supreme regard for the public good. You return, after numberless fatigues and privations, to your home, a living skeleton, and rise from long sickness only to undertake new labors and laborious journeys for the promotion of public objects. Would you listen with patience or with impatience, with calmness or with fury, to criticism of your conduct by men who had sat at home at ease, and displayed an undeniable ignorance of some of the most material facts upon which your conduct was based? Would you dwell complacently upon those passages which were incontrovertible and placed you in the wrong, and pass lightly over those which exhibited the critic's own incompetence? Would you judge charitably the motives of a man who held up to public execration that precise act of your career which alone made the glorious part of it possible, and which you knew was the source of great advantages to your country? If you would, you are a person endowed by heaven with its best gift, a magnanimous soul, and you are the last man in the world to judge harshly this brave, narrow, keen, honest, uncultured, fiery, flattered Jackson.

The precise effect produced upon the mind of General Jackson by the speech of Mr. Clay may be gathered from

the following letter written by the General ten days after the delivery of the speech :—

GEN. JACKSON TO MAJ. WM. B. LEWIS.

"CITY OF WASHINGTON, January 30, 1819.

"DEAR SIR: Inclosed you will find a piece addressed to the honorable Mr. Clay, which I wish you to have republished. You will see him skinned here, and I hope you will roast him in the West. I have inclosed his speech to Colonel S. D. Hays. I wish you to see and read it, and if Mr. Casidy* can be got sober I wish him to scorch him for his attack upon the treaty of Fort Jackson.

"I find Mr. Calhoun is sore from the remarks made by B. B. in the *Aurora*;† he has professed to be my friend, approves my conduct and that of the President. Mr. Monroe has told the members, if an opportunity offers, to declare on the floor of Congress, in addition to what Mr. Adams has said, that he fully, and warmly approves every act of mine, from first to last, of the Seminole campaign. Mr. Loundes has made his speech to-day, and has vented all his spleen against me and exonerated the President.‡ Judge Nelson followed him, and has given him the gaff, until it is believed he is sorry for his deception and versatility. It is said by all who heard Loundes that his speech has been the weakest thing that has appeared. Judge Nelson will conclude his speech on Monday; will be followed by two gentlemen from Pennsylvania, Baldwin and Seargent, on the same side, who, I am told, will be able and severe. Poindexter and Claiborne will conclude, both with severity. General Smyth, Virginia, and L. Talmadge, from New York, have, it is said, made two of the most lucid speeches ever heard on the floor, and Barbour, Virginia, one of the most logical. I will, as they appear, forward them. I have never been at the House, and I have declined all that hospitality offered by the Mayor and the city and Heads of Departments until the question is ended. There will be a vast majority, I am told, in my favor, and I have seen a letter from Mr. Jefferson fully

* Editor of a Nashville paper.

† Note by Major Lewis: "The articles signed B. B., referred to in this letter as having been published in the *Philadelphia Aurora*, were written by the undersigned, which were made known confidentially to the General before he left home for Washington city.

W. B. L."

‡ No evidence of "spleen" appears in the *printed* copy of Mr. Loundes' speech. It is, on the contrary, remarkably moderate. He justified the execution of Ambrister, and but mildly condemned that of Arbuthnot. There is no word of disrespect to General Jackson in the speech as reported. See Benton's *Abridgment*, vol. vi., p. 208. Mr. Loundes was one of the most gentle and amiable of men.

approving all my conduct, and that of the President, and bestowing one of the handsomest compliments on Mr. Adams' letter ever penned. It is stated that Mr. Loundes is allied to Mr. Crawford. Mr. Clay does not deny that there is a combination, but says that there is no *systematic* combination. He does not deny that Crawford wrote him on the subject, and you may occasionally probe him and Mr. Crawford on this point. I inclose a letter for Mrs. Jackson; please send it to her. I am, yours, respectfully,

“ANDREW JACKSON.

“Major WM. B. LEWIS.

“P. S. If you know B. B., tell him to exonerate Mr. Calhoun from a coalition with Mr. Crawford.

“Present me to the ladies affectionately. I would be glad to hear from you. The combination formed was more extensive than I calculated on, but Mr. Clay's anxiety to crush the Executive through me has defeated them, and it is recoiling on the heads of the coalition. I was induced to believe from Colonel Hayne and others here that Loundes would defend me, but his engagements to Crawford, it is supposed, and the influence of Clay, has pushed him to his political ruin; for this is become a great party question, and it will end in it, and must become the touchstone of the election of the next President, and the hypocrisy and baseness of Clay in pretending friendship to me, and endeavoring to crush the Executive through me, makes me despise the villain. The whole Kentucky delegation, except Clay, I am told, goes with me, and Clay is politically damned, and I have exposed the correspondence with General Scott, and he is double damned. It is fortunate I have come on; had I not, things would not have been as they are.

A. J.

“Let Mrs. J. have a perusal of the inclosed as soon as they are reprinted in the *Whig* and *Clarion*, for I wish both these papers to take up the subject warmly.

A. J.”

Colonel Richard M. Johnson replied to Mr. Clay, and refuted some of the weak points of his speech very happily. Arbuthnot and Ambrister, he said, were not instigators of lawful war, as Pitt and Bonaparte were. Having no authority from any government, they were not protected either by the common law or by the law of nations. They were outlaws, and completely at the mercy of their captor; as much so as pirates taken in arms on the high seas, and for the same reasons. They were pirates, said he, *i. e.* private

persons making war on their own authority, and for their own advantage.

Mr. Poindexter spoke on the 2d of February, near the close of this long debate. Unlike Mr. Clay, he had prepared himself to speak on the question by "critically examining" the papers and documents relating to it. From the mass of documents he selected every paragraph and item which could be made to tell in justification of Jackson's conduct, and added to these an occasional round assertion. The depositions of Hambly and Doyle were read by the orator at length ; but he did not pause to comment on the fact stated by these gentlemen, that the party of savages who carried them into captivity was commanded by the Fowltown chief. The fatal memorandum on the back of Arbuthnot's letter was duly paraded and described by Mr. Poindexter as a "request," on the part of Arbuthnot, for arms and ammunition.

One point made by this ingenious speaker has a particular interest in view of later events. He dwelt much on the fact that all the speakers who condemned the course of General Jackson had acquitted him of intentional misconduct. He had done wrong, they maintained, but only through an error of judgment. He had merely misinterpreted the laws and Constitution of his country. "Well," urged the orator, "what gentleman present can say that he has on all occasions construed the Constitution correctly ? A few short years past, these honorable gentlemen were the champions who resisted the renewal of the charter of the Bank of the United States. At that day they held the original act of incorporation to be a usurpation of power not delegated to Congress by the Constitution, and to their exertions we were indebted for the downfall of that institution. The same distinguished members, at a subsequent period, acting under the high obligations of duty and the solemnity of their oaths to support the Constitution of the United States, aided and assisted in establishing the MAMMOTH BANK, which now threatens to sweep with the besom of destruction every other moneyed institution in the nation into the gulf of ruin and bankruptcy !"

Mr. Poindexter would not censure these honorable gentlemen. "The flexible character of man," he observed, "and the frailty of human nature afford an ample apology for these oscillations."

Following the example of Mr. Clay, the gentleman from Mississippi concluded his three hours' speech with a burst of declamation. He had been descanting upon Mr. Clay's position that the two maxims of common law quoted by him had application to such cases as those of the prisoners executed in Florida.

"The gentleman's common law," he continued, "will not do for the freemen of the United States; it is unique and absurd. Sir, if the committee will pardon the digression, this novel idea of common law reminds me of an occurrence which is said to have happened in the early period of the settlement of the present polite and flourishing State of Kentucky. A man in personal combat deprived his antagonist of the sight of an eye by a practice familiar at that day called *gouging*; the offender was prosecuted and indicted for the outrage, he employed counsel to defend him, to whom he confessed the fact. Well, sir, said the lawyer, what shall I say in your defense? Why, sir, said he, tell them it is the custom of the country! And I presume if the honorable speaker had presided on the trial he would have said, 'Gentlemen of the jury, it is the common law of Kentucky, and you will find a verdict for the defendant.'

"But, sir, to be serious, let me bring the case home to the honorable speaker himself. Suppose a band of these barbarians, stimulated and excited by some British incendiary, should at the hour of midnight, when all nature is wrapt in darkness and repose, sound the infernal yell, and enter the dwelling of that honorable gentleman, and in his presence pierce to the heart the wife of his bosom and the beloved and tender infant in her arms—objects so dear to a husband and father—would he calmly fold his arms and say, well, 'tis hard! but it is the common law of the country, and I must submit! No, sir; his manly spirit would burn with indignant rage, and never slumber till the hand of retributive justice had avenged his wrongs.

" 'Mercy to him who shows it is the rule
And righteous limitations of the act
By which Heaven moves in pardoning guilty man;
And he that shows none, being ripe in years
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn.'

"I have no compassion for such monsters as Arbuthnot and Ambrister; their own country is ashamed to complain of their fate; the British minis-

ter here has disavowed their conduct and abandoned their cause; and we, sir, are the residuary legatees of all the grief and sorrow felt on the face of the globe for these two fallen murderers and robbers! For I call him a murderer who incites to murder.

"Mr. Chairman, I am not the eulogist of any man; I shall not attempt the panegyric of General Jackson; but if a grateful country might be allowed to speak of his merits, *Louisiana* would say: 'You have defended our capital against the veteran troops of the enemy, by whom it would have been sacked, and our dwellings enveloped in flames over the heads of our beloved families.'

"*Georgia*: 'You have given peace to our defenseless frontier, and chastised our ferocious savage foe, and the perfidious incendiaries and felons by whom they were excited and counseled to the perpetration of their cruel deeds. You have opened additional territory to our rich and growing population, which they may now enjoy in peace and tranquillity.'

"*Alabama and Mississippi*: 'You have protected us in the time of our infancy, and in the moment of great national peril, against the inexorable Red Sticks and their allies; you have compelled them to relinquish the possession of our lands, and ere long we shall strengthen into full manhood under the smiles of a beneficent Providence.'

"*The whole Western country*: 'You have preserved the great emporium of our vast commerce from the grasp of a powerful enemy; you have maintained for our use the free navigation of the Mississippi at the hazard of your life, health, and fortune.'

"*The Nation at large*: 'You have given glory and renown to the arms of your country throughout the civilized world, and have taught the tyrants of the earth the salutary lesson that, in the defense of their soil and independence, freemen are invincible.'

"History will transmit these truths to generations yet unborn, and should the propositions on your table be adopted, we, the Representatives of the people, subjoin: 'Yes, most noble and valorous captain, you have achieved all this for your country; we bow down under the weight of the obligations which we owe you, and as some small testimonial of your claim to the confidence and consideration of your fellow-citizens, we, in their name, present you the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That you, Major General Andrew Jackson, have violated the Constitution which you have sworn to support, and disobeyed the orders of your superior, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States.

"*Resolved*, That you, Major General Andrew Jackson, have violated the laws of your country and the sacred principles of humanity, and thereby prostrated the national character, in the trial and execution of Alexander Arbuthnot and Robert C. Ambrister, for the trifling and unimportant crime

of exciting the savages to murder the defenseless inhabitants of the United States.

“ ‘Accept, we pray you, sir, of these resolves; go down to your grave in sorrow, and congratulate yourself that you have not served this great republic in vain!’ ”

“Greece had her Miltiades, Rome her Belisarius, Carthage her Hannibal, and ‘may we, Mr. Chairman, profit by the example!’ Sir, if honorable gentlemen are so extremely solicitous to record their opinion of this distinguished General, let us erect a tablet in the center of our Capitol square; let his bust designate the purpose; thither let each man repair and engrave the feelings of his heart. And, sir, whatever may be the opinions of others, for one I should not hesitate to say, in the language of the sage of Monticello, ‘*Honor and gratitude to him who has filled the measure of his country’s glory!*’ ”

This speech produced a prodigious sensation in Washington, and was read eagerly by the people everywhere. It was the ablest speech of the debate incomparably, and after its delivery the public interest in the subject flagged. The editor of the *Philadelphia Courier* gave utterance to the general feeling when he said that he wished Mr. Speaker Clay had authority to bar the doors and windows of the House, and keep the members without water, food or sleep till they had decided the Seminole question.

The debate continued for another week, however. One of the speakers who condemned the course of General Jackson was General William Henry Harrison, of Ohio. The opposition of this gentleman, though it was expressed in the mildest and most courteous terms, excited in the mind of Jackson a peculiar and lasting animosity, which, a few years later, he had an opportunity to gratify in a striking manner. That the reader may be enabled to judge correctly of the subsequent retaliation, it is necessary for him to know the exact nature of the provocation. The following is the material passage of General Harrison’s speech on the occasion :

“If the Father of his Country were alive, and in the administration of the government, and had authorized the taking of the Spanish posts, I would declare my disapprobation of it as readily as I do now. Nay, more, because the more distinguished the individual, the more salutary the ex-

ample. No one can tell how soon such an example would be beneficial. General Jackson will be faithful to his country ; but I recollect that the virtues and patriotism of Fabius and Scipio were soon followed by the crimes of Marius and the usurpation of Sylla. I am sure, sir, that it is not the intention of any gentleman upon this floor to rob General Jackson of a single ray of glory, much less to wound his feelings or injure his reputation. And while I thank my friend from Mississippi (Mr. Poindexter) in the name of those who agree with me that General Jackson has done wrong, I must be permitted to decline the use of the address which he has so obligingly prepared for us, and substitute the following as more consonant to our views and opinions. If the resolutions pass, I would address him thus :

“ ‘ In the performance of a sacred duty, imposed by their construction of the Constitution, the representatives of the people have found it necessary to disapprove a single act of your brilliant career ; they have done it in the full conviction that the hero who has guarded her rights in the field will bow with reverence to the civil institutions of his country—that he has admitted as his creed that the character of the soldier can never be complete without eternal reference to the character of the citizen. Your country has done for you all that a republic can do for the most favored of her sons. The age of deification is past ; it was an age of tyranny and barbarism ; the adoration of man should be addressed to his Creator alone. You have been feasted in the Pritanes of the cities. Your statue shall be placed in the Capitol, and your name be found in the songs of the virgins. Go, gallant chief, and bear with you the gratitude of your country. Go, under the full conviction that, as her glory is identified with yours, she has nothing more dear to her but her laws—nothing more sacred but her Constitution. Even an unintentional error shall be sanctified to her service. It will teach posterity that the government which could disapprove the conduct of a Marcellus will have the fortitude to crush the vices of a Marius.’ ”

“ These sentiments, sir, lead to results in which all must unite. General Jackson will still live in the hearts of his fellow-citizens, and the Constitution of your country will be immortal.”

On the 8th of February the vote of the Committee of the Whole was taken upon each of the four resolutions under discussion.

Does the committee disapprove the execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister ? *It does not.* Ayes, 54 ; noes, 90.

Shall a law be drafted prohibiting the execution of captives by a commanding general ? *There shall not.* Ayes, 57 ; noes, 98.

Was the seizure of Pensacola and the capture of Barrancas contrary to the Constitution? *It was not.* Ayes, 65; noes, 91.

Shall a law be drafted forbidding the invasion of foreign territory without the previous authorization of Congress, unless in the fresh pursuit of a defeated enemy? *There shall not.* Ayes, 42; noes, 112.

So the Committee of the Whole sustained General Jackson on every point. Jackson triumphed—Jackson always triumphed.

The news in England caused a slight depression in the funds. The London papers denounced anew the acts which the House sustained. One of them, puzzled to account for votes so extraordinary and unexpected, conjectured that they were due to “the brutalizing influence of slavery.” The true explanation, as I think, was this: Mr. Clay and his friends contented themselves with sentiment and declamation. The thing wanted was a complete exhibition of the facts.

Johnson and Poindexter did not disdain declamation, but they did not rely upon it. Their speeches, which were the result of great labor, placed in clear array before the House every fact and semblance of a fact which made against the prisoners or against the Spaniards. The effect of such speeches can not be counteracted by declamation alone. If there had been but one hard-headed, pains-taking, resolute man in the House, who had spent ten days in reading and comparing the evidence relating to the invasion of Florida and the execution of the prisoners, and two days more in presenting to the House a complete exposition of the same, hammering home the vital points with tireless reiteration, the final votes would not have been what they were. The cause, despite the month’s debate, was, after all, decided without a hearing!

Mr. Clay found, to his cost, that to hit a lion without killing him is very bad for the hunter. Lions have not usually the complaisance to give the hunter a second chance. Mr. Clay never had a second chance. He spent the rest of his life

in the chase, but never could get a really good shot at the game again.

The Senate had not yet spoken. Early in the session the subject had been referred by the Senate to a select committee, of which Mr. Abner Lacock of Pennsylvania (particular friend of Mr. Crawford) was appointed chairman. An attempt was made by Major Eaton of Tennessee (friend, neighbor and biographer of General Jackson) to frustrate the investigation. A vacancy having occurred in the committee by the appointment of Mr. Forsyth to a foreign mission, Mr. Lacock proposed the appointment of another member to fill the vacancy. Major Eaton moved to postpone the consideration of that motion until the *5th of March*, one day after Congress would necessarily adjourn. The motion to postpone was defeated by a vote of twenty-one to sixteen. So the vacancy was filled, and the investigation proceeded.

This committee was engaged in the investigation from the 12th of December until the 24th of February. There was much sending for persons and papers. Members of General Jackson's staff were examined. General Mitchel, from Georgia, gave important testimony. It was very soon conjectured in Washington and known to General Jackson that a majority of the committee were disposed to make thorough work of the investigation, and were inclined to give full weight to the evidence supposed to be adverse to the General. Wild stories were current in the city of General Jackson's wrathful denunciations of certain members of the committee. Mr. Lacock himself wrote to Mr. John Binns, of Philadelphia, editor of a Crawford Republican journal: "General Jackson is still here, and by times raves like a madman. He has sworn most bitterly he would cut off the ears of every member of the committee who reported against his conduct. This bullying is done in public, and yet I have passed his lodgings every day, and still retain my ears. Thus far I consider myself fortunate. How long I shall be spared without mutilation I know not, but one thing I can promise you, that I shall never avoid him *a single inch*; and as the civil authority here seems to be put

down by the military, I shall be ready and willing to defend myself, and not die soft. I will remain here as long as he does, and take the consequences. I have most conscientiously discharged my duty to the nation, and shall take with me to private life what will console me much, the approbation of a good conscience; of this the world can not deprive me.”*

Mr. Lacock, in later years, gave a great deal of information respecting the influences brought to bear upon the select committee. His letters show that Crawford, not Calhoun, was the member of the Cabinet with whom he was in closest accord at this period. Calhoun, he proves, desired the acquittal of General Jackson by the committee, not his censure. In 1832 Mr. Lacock wrote to General Jackson himself upon this subject, and the particular attention of the reader is invited to the material part of his letter; for, in view of subsequent events, this epistle has much significance for us. I need only premise, that between Crawford and Calhoun there was a feud, lasting and embittered, and that Mr. Lacock, as before remarked, and as will shortly be shown, was Mr. Crawford's devoted friend.

ABNER LACOCK TO GENERAL JACKSON.

“FREEDOM, BEAVER COUNTY, PENN., }
“June 25, 1832. }

“SIR: Some days since, through the medium of a mutual friend, I received your letter, inclosing a number of interrogatories that I am requested to answer, in relation to the knowledge I have of the course pursued by John C. Calhoun, Vice President of the United States, and his conduct towards you in regard to your conduct in the Seminole war. By the same mail I received a line from Mr. Calhoun, in which he states that you had furnished him with a copy of the interrogatories, and that he had declined putting any questions to me, or what he terms ‘joining issue,’ but had no objection I should answer whatever questions you should put, requesting, however, as a matter of justice, to be furnished with a copy of my answers. To a compliance with this request I could see no valid objection, and have furnished him with a copy accordingly.”

* Autobiography of John Binns, p. 258.

“Interrogatories put by Andrew Jackson, to Abner Lacock, of Pennsylvania :

“1. ‘Did Mr. John C. Calhoun, at any time during the session of Congress in the winter of 1818 and 1819, or at any other time, mention to you my confidential letter to Mr. Monroe, dated 6th January, 1818, relative to Florida and the Seminole war—show you that letter, a copy thereof, or speak of its contents? Did he ever tell you that letter had been answered? If yea, what did he say was the substance of that answer? If nay, did he give any reasons why an answer was not given, and what? What did you understand to be Mr. Calhoun’s object in speaking to you of that letter?’

“*Answer.* ‘Mr. Calhoun never did, at any time, or upon any occasion, communicate to me, either verbally or in writing, his knowledge of the existence of such a letter, or of its contents; although, at the time alluded to, I had a knowledge of the contents of the letter, I did not derive that knowledge from Mr. Calhoun, nor have I ever made a suggestion to any man that would justify such a belief.’

“2. ‘Did Mr. Calhoun at any time, and when, communicate to you the views expressed, as the course pursued by him in Mr. Monroe’s cabinet in relation to my conduct in the Seminole war? if yea, what were those views and that course? What opinion, if any, did Mr. Calhoun express to you as, at the time of your conversation, entertained by him relative to my orders, and the manner in which I had executed them?’

“*Answer.* ‘Some time in January, 1819, I think towards the latter end of the month, Mr. Calhoun called upon me in the Senate chamber, and asked me into a committee room, and when there, said he wished to converse with me in regard to your operations in Florida, as that subject was before a committee of which he had understood I was chairman. He then stated that the subject had embarrassed the administration, and presented many difficulties at first, but a course was finally agreed upon that he had flattered himself would have been generally acquiesced in and approved, and he was sorry to find himself mistaken, or words to this effect. We then went on to compare opinions and discuss the subject. Among other things, I stated expressly that, from the facts disclosed, it was my opinion you had, in the prosecution of the Seminole war, exercised cruel and unprecedented severity in putting to death captive Indians and British traders; that, by the forcible seizure of the Spanish posts, you had transcended your orders and usurped the power of Congress, and, consequently, violated the Constitution of the United States. Mr. Calhoun replied that he agreed with me that the capturing the Spanish posts was unauthorized and illegal; and he said, when the subject was first presented by the President, he had been for taking pretty strong ground, and instituting an inquiry into your conduct, but, after mature consideration, the Cabinet had made a different decision, and he had acquiesced; and he observed he had yielded

his opinion with less reluctance, finding the President strongly inclined to adopt a different course ; and, he added, that while he was a member of the Cabinet, he should consider it his duty to sustain the measures of the President if it could be done with any propriety, or words to this import. To a suggestion by me, that we differed in opinion as to whether you were or were not reprehensible for your conduct, he replied, to decide this question regard must be had to your motives. These, he believed, had been pure and patriotic ; that, from mistaken zeal in the service of your country, you had exceeded the powers given you, or any the President had a right to bestow. At the same time, he observed that Spain deserved from us the treatment she had received, and a surrender of the posts was all she had a right to look for ; that whether you were culpable or not was a concern of our own, not hers. He spoke of the acquisition of the Floridas, then a subject of negotiation with the Spanish minister Don Onís, and the prospect of a favorable result, that he was apprehensive might be defeated or endangered by a vote of censure, or the disapproval of your conduct. I told Mr. Calhoun, in reply, that his views, or those of a similar nature, on the subject, had been previously presented to me by the President, but he had failed to convince me that there were either consistency or safety in the course adopted by the administration. That, if the seizure of the Spanish posts by you was lawful, constitutional, and in obedience to orders given, they should not have been surrendered ; and, on the other hand, if their capture was illegal, unconstitutional, and in violation of your orders, you were highly reprehensible, and to pass over such conduct without censure or animadversion was to sanction it, and acting upon and fortified by this precedent, every land or naval officer in our service might, in future, involve the nation in war at his discretion or caprice. Such, I stated, were my views, and, having been charged by the Senate with the investigation, I should not shrink from the responsibility of faithfully discharging my duty. Mr. Calhoun then said he would not wish to be understood as objecting to the inquiry ; it was rather the spirit with which it was carried on that had given him surprise. He had understood that Governor Mitchell, of Georgia, who had just arrived in the city, had been sent for to give evidence ; that his testimony should be viewed with allowance, as he was the personal enemy of General Gaines, and, he believed, equally so of General Jackson ; that Mitchell was an Indian agent, and charges had been, or would be, as he understood, preferred against him, that would, if established, seriously affect his character, and he wished to put me on my guard. I assured him Governor Mitchell had not been sent for by order of the committee, nor, to my knowledge, written to by any member of it. That, after his arrival, I was told by Mr. Forsyth that he was in possession of many facts connected with the Seminole war, and this I had mentioned to the committee, and, by his order, he was subpoenaed.

"In repeating the above conversation between Mr. Calhoun and myself, I do not pretend that I have used the precise words made use of by us, but I am certain that I have not been mistaken in their import or meaning.

"This conversation was not considered by me as confidential, nor was it enjoined on me as such.

"3. 'Was your object in consulting Mr. Calhoun to procure information to aid you in forming your report upon my conduct in the Seminole war, made to the Senate in February, 1819? Did Mr. Calhoun understand that to be your object?'

"*Answer.* 'I never did consult Mr. Calhoun, or any other member of Mr. Monroe's cabinet, with a view of obtaining information or aid in forming the report, unless the circumstances and facts I am about to mention may be so considered.

"Previous to Mr. Forsyth's appointment as minister to Spain, and when he was a member of the committee, he had more than once stated to me his belief that you had issued orders to General Gaines, after the close of the Seminole war, directing the capture of St. Augustine, the capital of East Florida, and that these orders had been countermanded by the President. But, as the documents furnished by the War Department contained no evidence of the fact, we were uninformed on the subject until I was, long afterwards, informed by Mr. Eaton, of the committee, that orders to that effect had been issued by you, and that the place would have been taken had not the orders been countermanded; this he gave as an evidence of your firmness and decision, and the absence of those qualities in the administration. This information induced me, soon afterwards, to call on Mr. Calhoun at the War Office; Mr. Roberts, my colleague, was in company. Upon inquiry, Mr. Calhoun told me that such orders had been issued by you, and were immediately countermanded. I inquired why this correspondence had not been furnished.

"He said it never had been called for. I replied that the calls were in general terms, and comprehended all the information on the subject of the Seminole war that was safe and proper for the Executive to communicate, or words to that effect. Here Mr. Calhoun, in the most bland and conciliatory manner (I remember his words distinctly), observed, 'Had you not better try General Jackson for what he has done, and not for what he had designed to do.' I answered him I was not governed by personal hostilities to you, nor was any member of the committee; we wished to do ourselves, the country, and you strict justice; and for this purpose we wished all the information that could be rightfully obtained. If the correspondence was of a private or confidential nature, I did not ask it; if of a public nature, we had a right to receive it. Mr. Calhoun said he would be glad if I would consult the President, and if he had no objection, he would send

me the correspondence, if I would call for it as chairman of the committee. I immediately called on the President, and, when informed of the object of my visit, he said he had not examined the Seminole documents since their publication, nor did he know that the correspondence in question had been withheld (or words to this purpose), but if it were so, he was perfectly satisfied it should be furnished. I gave the information to Mr. Calhoun, and he soon afterwards sent to the committee a copy of the correspondence.

"4. 'Did Mr. Calhoun see your report, or any part of it, before it was made? Did he, before it was made, or afterwards, in direct allusion to the report, or otherwise, express to you his concurrence in the views therein expressed? What other views, or opinions, or facts, if any, relative to my conduct or his, in the affair of the Seminole war, did Mr. Calhoun communicate to you at that or any other time?'

"*Answer.* 'Mr. Calhoun never did see the report, or any part of it, before it was made, nor has he at any time, before or since the report was made, expressed to me his concurrence in the views taken therein, other than what I have already stated in my answer to the second interrogatory, and that passed in the committee room; nor has Mr. Calhoun, in any manner or upon any occasion, since I called upon him at the War Office, as above stated, communicated to me his sentiments or opinions on the subject of the Seminole war, or your conduct in Florida.'"

Any duplicity here on the part of Mr. Calhoun? Judge, reader. It is a question upon which you will have to decide by and by. It is one which rent a cabinet asunder, split a party, made Presidents, changed history.

Between the final vote of the House upon the Seminole war and the presentation to the Senate of Mr. Lacock's Report sixteen days elapsed, during which General Jackson embraced an opportunity to learn the opinions of the people upon the questions debated so long at the Capitol. The people spoke their sentiments in that language which is popularly described as "not to be misunderstood."

CHAPTER XLI.

A CHAPTER OF GLORY.

GENERAL JACKSON left Washington on the 11th of February for a visit to Philadelphia and New York. New York he had never seen. Twenty-three years had elapsed since his first visit to Philadelphia, when no one remarked him except to stare at his eelskin queue, his coarse raiment and his western style.

His arrival at Baltimore, on his way to the north, was unexpected, and the weather was inclement during his stay. He was, therefore, merely visited by the magnates of the city, who obtained from him a promise to remain longer on his return. On Monday evening, the 15th of the month, he reached Philadelphia. His four days' stay at that city was a ceaseless ovation. The officers of the city militia waited upon him as soon as he arrived, presented an address to which the General replied, and invited him to partake of a public dinner. His rooms, on the following day, were thronged with visitors. In the evening, we are told, when he visited the Olympic Theater, "the very ring in which the equestrian exercises are performed was filled with men and women! When he made his appearance, there were shouts of applause that showed how abundant was the love of the people for the saviour of our New Orleans."

The public dinner was given at the "Washington Hall Hotel, a large and respectable company being present." Major Pierce Butler presided, assisted by Charles Biddle and Chandler Price. "The toasts," say the newspapers, "were neat and appropriate. The following was given :

"*By the President of the day*—'Our illustrious guest, Major General Andrew Jackson. May he long enjoy the affection of his fellow-citizens, for his gallant services on various occasions, particularly in the signal repulse of an invading army, near New Orleans.'

"After this toast, General Jackson, in a dignified and

impressive manner, offered his thanks for the polite attentions and distinguished honors he had received, and expressing his high sense of the gratitude we owed the heroes and statesmen of the Revolution for our present happiness and elevated national character, he gave the following toast :

“ ‘The memory of Benjamin Franklin.’ ”

The next morning the General left Philadelphia. He reached South Amboy after a long day's ride, and took steamboat the next day for New York. A scene occurred in the cabin of this vessel, as she was steaming up the bay, which I have heard described by a venerable eye-witness—the Rev. Dr. Van Pelt of New York. General Jackson was sitting in the cabin, the center of a group of gentlemen who had been conversing with him on various national topics, in a quiet and amicable manner, as became the occasion. At length, a New Yorker present was so unfortunate as to say,

“ Some of our people here at the north, General, think you were rather severe in altering the sentence of Ambrister, and ordering him to be shot ! ”

A spark in a powder-flask ! The General turned quickly toward the audacious utterer of this blasphemy, looked at him sharply for a moment, rose to his feet, and began at the same moment to talk and pace the floor.

“ Sir,” he exclaimed, “ that matter is misunderstood. In the same circumstances I would do the same thing again. They were spies, sir, they were spies. Their execution was necessary. The example was needed. The war would not otherwise have ended so speedily as it did. The British government has not complained. The Spanish government does not now complain. It is only our own people who are dissatisfied. Why, sir, these men were British subjects. If the execution was unjust, why has not the British government remonstrated ? No, sir ; they were spies. They ought to have been executed. And, I tell you sir, that I would do the same again.”

No one venturing to reply to those vehement observations, the storm subsided, and the General resumed his seat.

From of old, New York has surpassed all known cities in the art of receiving distinguished strangers. You may be sure, beloved reader, that there were grand doings in Gotham on this occasion. As the steamboat rounded the Battery, no son of Manhattan need be told that a salute from an artillery company thundered welcome to the approaching guest, nor that, upon his landing, the General was escorted to the City Hall by the "Governor's Guards." Previous to his arrival the Common Council had voted him the freedom of the city in a gold box, and appointed a committee to wait upon the recipient during his stay. Upon reaching the City Hall the General received his gold box from the hands of Mayor Colden, who accompanied the gift with an address, which, it was observed, contained no allusion to the Seminole war. The General replied as follows :

"Sir, the distinguished honor which the Common Council of the city of New York has conferred by my admission as a freeman of their city is to me a source of the highest gratification, and will ever be recollected with feelings of the warmest sensibility. To be associated with those who have been distinguished for their patriotism and zealous attachment to the Republican principles of our government is the most exalted station of an American citizen. The approbation you have been pleased to express of my humble efforts in the field command my grateful acknowledgments; for those sentiments am I indebted to the bravery of the troops I had the honor to command.

"In what I have done for my country, had I erred in the discharge of my official duty, that error would have originated in the warmth of my devotion to her interest and a misapplication of the means best calculated to promote her happiness and prosperity. But to find that my conduct has been sanctioned by my government, and approved by my fellow-citizens, is a source of happiness unequalled in the occurrences of my life; for the proudest honor which can grace the soldier, and the richest reward which he can receive for the fatigues, perils and privations of his profession, is the approbation of a grateful country."

The "Croaker" of the *Evening Post* was then enjoying his first celebrity. Joseph Rodman Drake was the name of this satirical rhymers, to whom was afterwards joined a kindred wit, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and the contributions of the

poetical firm were then labelled "Croaker & Co." At the time of General Jackson's visit to New York, the partnership had not yet been formed. The following effusion, therefore, must be ascribed to the author of the Culprit Fay :

"ON PRESENTING THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY IN A GOLD BOX TO A GREAT
GENERAL.

"The board is met—the names are read ;
Elate of heart the glad committee
Declare the mighty man has said
He'll 'take the freedom of the city.'
He thanks the council and the mayor,
Presents 'em all his humble service ;
And thinks he's time enough to spare
To sit an hour or so with Jarvis."

"Hurra ! hurra ! prepare the room—
Skaats ! are the ham and oysters come ?
Go—make some savory whiskey punch,
The General takes it with his lunch ;
For a sick stomach 'tis a comfit,
And vastly useful in a surfeit.

"But see ! the mayor is in the chair,
The council is convened again ;
And, ranged in many a circle fair,
The ladies and the gentlemen,
Sit mincing, bowing, smiling, talking
Of Congress—balls—the Indian force—
Some think the General will be walking,
And some suppose he'll ride, of course ;
And some are whistling—some are humming—
And some are peering in the Park
To try if they can see him coming ;
And some are half asleep—when hark !!!

"A triumph on the war-like drum,
A heart-uplifting bugle strain,
A fife's far flourish—and 'they come,'
Rung from the gathered train.
Sit down—the fun will soon commence—
Quick ! quick, your honor ! mount your place ;
Present your loaded compliments,
And fire a volley in his face !

"They're at it now—great guns and small—
 Squib, cracker, cannon, musketry ;
 Dear General ! though you swallow all,
 I must confess it sickens me.

"CROAKER.*"

On the same day General Jackson dined with the mayor, who had invited a brilliant company to meet him. In the evening he attended the theater, which, to quote the newspapers, "was crowded to excess, and he was received with shouts of applause that for a considerable time suspended the performance."

"The next day he partook of the public dinner prepared at Tammany Hall, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The Mayor presided, supported by several most respectable vice-presidents. The company consisted of nearly four hundred persons. The toasts were all exceedingly good. We select the following as specially belonging to the occasion :

"Andrew Jackson.—The saviour of the South ; while the Mississippi bears her tribute to the ocean, his name and his deeds want no other remembrancer.

"The Spartan band of modern story.—The volunteers of Kentucky and Tennessee on the ramparts of New Orleans."

The toast offered by General Jackson on this occasion is said to have been extremely unwelcome to a part of the company. It was :—

"De Witt Clinton, the enlightened Statesman, and Governor of the great and patriotic State of New York."

To enable the reader to understand why this seemingly innocent and very appropriate toast should have excited any but agreeable feelings in the company assembled, it would be necessary to write a treatise on that most unfathomable of subjects, the Politics of the State of New York. Suffice it here to say, that then, as now, the Democratic party was divided into two hostile factions, one of which regarded Clinton as its chief, and the other, Mr. Van Buren. A large

* *New York Evening Post*, March 11, 1819.

proportion of the company present belonged to the anti-Clintonian wing of the party. There was another reason why the toast created the sensation it did. De Witt Clinton had, for some years past, cherished presidential aspirations. He had been a candidate for the presidency against Mr. Madison during the war of 1812. In 1819 he might have been defined as an Anti-Crawford, Anti-Caucus Conservative Republican candidate for the succession. It is probable that General Jackson, in proposing the name of the Governor to the company, was not quite so "innocent" as some of the gentlemen present appeared to have esteemed him. A floating paragraph of the day stated that De Witt Clinton was the standing toast at General Jackson's own table.*

The wits of the town did not fail to improve the opportunity which the toast afforded them. "It is rumored," said the *Evening Post*, (which still adhered to the Federal party, or its ghost), "that this toast was so little relished by most of those who swallowed it (which they did with the same grim-

* Governor Clinton reciprocated General Jackson's friendly feeling. One of General Scott's letters to General Jackson, which were made public about this time, contained a paragraph which was supposed to reflect upon De Witt Clinton. The Governor issued in consequence the following card:—

"TO THE PUBLIC.—General Scott, of the army of the United States, having in a letter of the 2d of January, 1818, to General Jackson, insinuated that I had written, dictated, or instigated an anonymous letter to the latter gentleman from unworthy motives and for improper purposes; and having also concealed this imputation from me until the publication of a pamphlet which reached me on the 4th instant, I have considered it proper to declare that the intimation of General Scott is totally and unqualifiedly false, to all intents and in all respects. This declaration is made from motives of respect for public opinion, and not for any regard for General Scott, whose conduct on this occasion is at such total variance with honor and propriety as to render him unworthy of the notice of a man who has any respect for himself.

"It is not probable that I can at this time have any recollection of having had the honor of seeing General Scott, as he suggests, on the 9th of June, 1817, at a dinner in New York, or of the topics of conversation. Circumstances so unimportant are not apt to be impressed on the memory. But I feel a confident persuasion that I did not make use of any expression incompatible with the high respect which I entertain for General Jackson.

"DE WITT CLINTON.

"Albany, 6th April, 1819."

ace a man takes physic, for they well knew it would not have been very safe to refuse it), that when the General left the table, which he did directly afterwards, with an air and manner that seemed to say, 'there, d—n you, take that,' a consultation was held by some few to know what steps to take to parry this deadly thrust. At length it was suggested by a shrewd old fellow that it would be an apt retaliation to drink as one of the volunteers, 'James Rabun, the enlightened Statesman and Governor of the great and patriotic State of Georgia.' This was agreed to as an excellent proposal; but it was on the whole thought most prudent to postpone it till General Jackson had returned home, and then a dinner was to be got up on purpose."

The Croaker, too, found in the General's mishap an occasion for the exercise of his talent. The following appeared in the *Evening Post* a few days after:

THE "SECRET MINE" SPRUNG AT A LATE SUPPER.

"THE songs were good, for Mead and Hawkins* sung 'em,
 The wine went round, 'twas laughter all and joke;
 When crack! the General sprung *a mine* among 'em,
 And beat a safe retreat amid the smoke:
 As fall the sticks of rockets when we fire 'em,
 So fell the Bucktails at that toast accurst;
 Looking like Corah, Dathan and Abiram,
 When the firm earth beneath their footsteps burst.

"Quell'd is big Haff,† who oft has fire and flood stood,
 More pallid grows the snowy cheek of Rose,
 Cold sweats bedew the leathern hide of Bloodgood,
 Deep sinks the concave of huge Edwards' nose!
 But see the Generals Colden and Bogardus,
 Joy sits enthroned in each elated eye;
 While Doyle and Mumford clap their fists as hard as
 The iron mauls in Pierson's factory.

* These gentlemen were noted for their weak voices and bad singing.

† The names were only indicated by initials and stars on the first publication of the poem. The names are supplied, in the copy above, by Mr. John B. Moreau of New York, who is versed in the lore of Manhattan.

"The midnight conclave met, good Johnny Targee
 Begins (as usual) to bestow advice;
 'Declare the General a fool, I charge ye!
 And swear the toast was not his own free choice;
 Tell 'em that Clinton prompted—and maintain it,
 That is the fact, I'm sure; but we can see
 By sending Aleck down to ascertain it.'
 That hint was taken, and accordingly

 "A certain member had a conversation
 And asked a certain surgeon all about it;
 Some folks assert he got the information;
 'Tis also said, he came away without it:
 Good people all! I'm up to more than you know;
 But prudence frowns—my coward goose quill lingers,
 For fear that flint-and-trigger Doctor Bronaugh*
 Should slip a challenge in your poet's fingers!

"CROAKER."

The festivities in honor of General Jackson did not terminate with the public dinner. "On the 22d," we are further told, "there was a very respectable ball and supper in honor of Washington's birthday; but the opportunity was also embraced to honor the General. Every thing was in great style. Seven hundred persons were present. When the General entered he was saluted by a discharge of artillery from a miniature fort raised on the orchestra. The supper room was thrown open at twelve o'clock, and so numerous was the company that there was scarce room for the ladies. Over the head of this elegant table was a transparency with this motto, 'In the midst of festivity, forget not the services and sacrifices of those who have enabled you to enjoy it.' This was surmounted by a bust of Washington crowned with laurel. From the joy and hilarity that prevailed, we calculated on a complete exhaustion of animal spirits in order to account for a certain flagging that appeared after supper; but to our surprise there was suddenly displayed from the new orchestra, with the swiftness of a telegraph or signal, a flag on which there was the revivifying motto, 'Don't give up the ship!'"

* Dr. Bronaugh accompanied General Jackson.

The effect was electric—the band struck up ‘Washington’s March,’ and the ball seemed but beginning! The diffusion of light upon an assemblage the most brilliant we ever beheld, the taste with which the room was decorated with nearly two hundred flags, including those of almost all the nations of the world, combined with the military glitter of about two hundred gentlemen in uniform, interspersed in the dance with the female beauty and elegance of the city, produced an effect of the most pleasing nature.”

In addition to all this, we are told that “whenever the General went into the streets it was difficult to find a passage through them, so great was the desire of the people to see him.” And, on his departure, he was “escorted by the third regiment of artillery to Staten Island, and, with many distinguished characters, partook of some refreshment with the Vice President of the United States,” Daniel D. Tompkins.

The General remained four or five days in New York. He was at Baltimore again on the 27th of February, where another distinguished reception awaited him. He reached Baltimore at the inconvenient hour of four in the morning, but “his approach was announced by discharges of artillery from a detachment of Captain Wilson’s Independent Blues, stationed on Federal Hill. On landing he was received by Captain Barrett’s fine company of Regular Blues, and very handsomely escorted to his quarters at Williamson’s Hotel. During the day he was waited upon by great numbers of our most respectable citizens, who were received by him with great affability and frankness. At one o’clock the members of the City Council and the officers of the corporation, with the Mayor at their head, visited him, and presented to him an address.”

“The General replied, with his usual tact, that the happiness which he “derived from this distinguished honor was heightened by the recollection that it was offered by a portion of his fellow-citizens who gloriously participated in the perils and privations of the late contest with a powerful nation; who, with the spirit of freemen, met the foe at their thresh-

olds, and, with valor equal to their patriotism, drove him from their shores, and saved a great and flourishing city from his incendiary grasp."

"The Common Council of Baltimore," continue the journalists of the day, "passed a resolution, unanimously, to request General Jackson to sit to Mr. Peale for his portrait, to be placed in the Council Chamber among the portraits of other distinguished characters, to which the General assented. In the course of this day the General paid a visit to Captain George Stiles, late Mayor of our city, languishing on the bed of sickness, after having suffered exceedingly, almost without the hope of recovery. The interview was remarkably affecting, the character and services of Captain Stiles being well known to the General. The Captain, influenced by a variety of reflections rushing suddenly on his mind, burst into a flood of tears on beholding, for the first time, the saviour of New Orleans, and the hardy veteran was not much less affected. He also shed tears on seeing the condition of the man to whom, more than to any other, Baltimore stood indebted for her preservation. In the evening the General visited Mr. Guy's splendid exhibition of landscape paintings, the room being brilliantly illuminated for his reception, and graced with the presence of many ladies and gentlemen. As he entered a full band of music greeted him with, 'See the conquering hero comes!'

"On Sunday evening he attended divine worship at the Independent Church, having been invited to attend there. That elegant and capacious edifice was completely filled with people, and hundreds could not get admittance. On Monday he attended a presentation of colors by Miss Eliza W. O'Donnel to that fine company of infantry the Columbian Volunteers. He then visited Fort McHenry, where he was received with the honors due to his rank. At twelve o'clock he began a review of the third and fourteenth brigades of Maryland militia, drawn up in line in Market street. Though the weather was inclement, the brigades were very full, and the street and houses, up to the chimney tops, were filled with

people. On the dismissal of the troops he was waited upon by General Heath, at the head of the officers of his brigade, and presented with a very handsome and patriotic address. At five o'clock he sat down to the public dinner at the assembly room. The Mayor of the city presided. More than two hundred of our most respectable citizens were present to partake of a luxurious feast of good things. At the back of the General was a transparency inscribed with the names of the places at which he had chiefly distinguished himself, the whole surmounted by a wreath of evergreens."

Seated in the place of honor at this luxurious banquet, we must leave General Jackson for a moment while we recount the events that had occurred in Washington during his absence, a brief outline of which was communicated to him just as the toast to the guest of the evening was about to be proposed.

On the 24th of February Mr. Lacock presented his report to the Senate. The committee consisted of five members, of whom three concurred in the report, which was couched in language temperate but plain, and had the merit of being free from canting laudation. It went dead against Jackson on every point, from the raising of the Tennessee volunteers to the taking of Pensacola. A number of the documents and affidavits, upon which the report was founded, were appended to it. Among these there were affidavits or statements by Senator Eaton and Colonel Robert Butler respecting the speculation in Pensacola lands of Captain Donelson and other friends of General Jackson in 1817. As these statements proved that General Jackson had no interest, present or prospective, in those speculations, and as Mr. Lacock did not allude to them in his report, it looked as though they were inserted among the documents for the purpose of hinting a suspicion of the purity of General Jackson's motives. Why refute a charge, he might have asked, that no one has made? Why drop a hint for hostile newspapers to take up? The publication of these documents, exculpatory though they

were, General Jackson always regarded in the light of an accusation.

Upon the presentation of the report the Senate, by a vote of thirty-one to three, ordered it to be printed (five hundred extra copies), and to lie on the table. This was but nine days before the expiration of the session.

Mr. Benton having thought proper to omit all allusion to this report from his Abridgment of the Debates, we are obliged to resort to the debates unabridged to ascertain its character and history. It was a curious coincidence that the very number of the *National Intelligencer* (that of February 25th, 1819) which records the presentation of the report and the action of the Senate thereon, contained also the announcement, in an editorial, semi-official article, arrayed in all the conspicuousness of treble leads, of the conclusion of the treaty with the Spanish minister, which, after so many years of negotiation, ceded Florida to the United States ! A direct result, thought the people, of General Jackson's energetic measures and Mr. Adams' powerful defense of them. Who cared, at such a moment, for Mr. Lacock's adverse report ? In the presence of such a FACT, what availed the protesting word ? The report would have fallen unnoticed to the ground but for the effect it produced upon the mind of the victorious General.

He heard of it, as we have said, while he was seated at the banquet of hospitable Baltimore. The toast of the evening was soon after proposed :

“GENERAL JACKSON—Who, like the Carthaginian warrior, passed the prohibited bounds of an enemy to close with him at home ; and, like Hannibal, victorious in the field, destined to be assailed in the Senate.”

The company understood the allusion. Springing to their feet they honored the toast with nine tremendous cheers, and one cheer more. As soon as silence was restored the General rose to return thanks. “What I have done,” said he, with faltering voice, “was for my country. Conscious that the first object of my heart has ever been to advance our pros-

perity and happiness, to receive the approbation of my fellow-citizens is to me a source of the highest gratification. It is the proudest reward of a soldier. Not only my public acts, but my private character have been assailed. I have been charged with personal, mercenary views in occupying Florida. I scorn to answer so degrading an accusation ; it is as base as it is absurd, and could only originate in bosoms destitute of every manly virtue. I have no fear but my country will do me justice. I now, sir, beg leave to give you—

“ ‘THE 12TH AND 13TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1814—The days on which freemen defeated the conquerors of Europe, and under the proud waving of the ‘star-spangled banner’ saved Baltimore from incendiary pollution.’ ”

At nine o'clock in the evening, while the hilarity of the occasion was at its highest, General Jackson and his suit left the apartment. A few minutes after they were riding rapidly toward Washington, forty miles distant, where they arrived at break of day on the 2d of March. But two days of the session remained.

Respecting the conduct of General Jackson after his return to Washington we have many accounts, all of which are based on the rumors current in the city at the time. Mr. Lacock, for example, wrote, and in later years reasserted, the following version of those rumors :

“ Upon the return of General Jackson to Washington his threats and menaces were repeated with increased violence ; and General Jackson's threats of vengeance, and of cutting off the ears of members of Congress, became a topic of pretty general conversation. I am very confident that there was not a man belonging to the government, holding any thing like a conspicuous station, from the President down, and few members of Congress but what heard and believed these things—nor did I ever hear of their being denied until the present canvass (1828). With others, I heard of and believed that such threats had been made ; but I did not believe he had any serious intention of carrying his threats into execution until a day or two after the adjournment of Congress, when

I heard of Commodore Decatur having prevented him from entering the Senate chamber to attack Mr. Eppes. Not having a personal knowledge of the transaction, I can not speak of the fact further than that I heard it from several respectable persons in Washington, *at the time* ; and I know, with perfect certainty, that the whole scene was thus related : that General Jackson went to the Capitol in a carriage, and near the door of the Senate he was met by Commodore Decatur, who, knowing or being informed of General Jackson's intention to fall upon Mr. Eppes, the Commodore, by entreaties and expostulations, induced the General to return to his carriage. This was told publicly, as coming from the Commodore personally, and from this authority it obtained credence as far as it was heard. I believed it and still believe it.

“Nor will I deny that I felt some apprehensions for my own personal safety. I could see no reason why General Jackson should have selected Mr. Eppes as his victim, who was at that time sorely afflicted with disease, rather than the chairman of the committee. Impressed with this belief, I mentioned this circumstance to Mr. Crawford (then Secretary of the Treasury, a name I never mention but with feelings of the strongest respect). Mr. Crawford told me that he had heard and believed in the truth of General Jackson's contemplated attack upon Mr. Eppes, and advised me to be on my guard. The same advice I received from several gentlemen, and took it so far as to apply to Walter Jones, Esq., United States attorney for the district of Columbia, who kindly furnished me with the means of defense. And as this was the *first* time in my life, when among civilized men, that I had to resort to such means for personal safety, I sincerely hope it may be the *last* in which a representative of the people, for the honest discharge of his duty, will be subjected to a like necessity.”*

This is hearsay testimony merely. Publicly and privately General Jackson denied the Decatur story; but not, perhaps,

* Truth's Advocate and Monthly Anti-Jackson Expositor for 1828. Page 307.

so explicitly as to forbid the idea that it had some foundation. It is extremely probable that his language in conversing on the subject in dispute was such as to give rise to these extravagant tales. Among the manuscript letters of General Jackson in my collection there is one written in 1827 to his friend, Colonel George Wilson, the editor of a Nashville paper, which authorizes Wilson to contradict the story respecting Decatur and Epps :—

GENERAL JACKSON TO GEORGE WILSON.

“HERMITAGE, January 4th, 1827.

“DEAR SIR : I have just received your note of this day, and give you the information required. I was not in Congress Hall during the discussion of the Seminole question. I visited no one except the President and Secretary of War—my official duty required that I should report myself to them. After the debate in the House of Representatives terminated, and before I left the city for New York, I visited the House of Representatives, and by motion a seat was prepared for me, which I occupied for about an hour. After my return from New York I was not in the walls of either House of Congress, and not at all in the Senate.

“I visited the President by special invitation and the Secretary of War in his office, both on business. But I dined with no one until the debate ended, and then only with the President. I believe this was after Congress adjourned. As I was informed, there was no debate upon the report of the committee in the Senate, and, as you observed, there could be none unless on the motion to print, and this, if any, would foreclose any member from speaking to the merits.

“I received intelligence of the report being made whilst I was in Baltimore, on my return, and on the day I dined with the citizens. At nine o'clock P. M., I rose from the table by permission of the company, took the stage and drove to the city before day. On the morning of the 2d of March I got the report, and the strictures on it appeared on the evening of the 3d. On the 4th Congress was constitutionally dead. I never heard Mr. Eppes speak in public in my life. I never saw him to know him. I had no acquaintance with him. I went to the city to demand justice, not to beg favors ; therefore, I visited no member of Congress, and no one but the Secretary of War and the President, to whom I was by the regulations bound to report ; and after I had reported to them, then on special invitation and business.

Yours, respectfully,

“ANDREW JACKSON.

“Colonel GEORGE WILSON.”

Congress adjourned without doing anything with Mr. Lacock's report, except to order it printed and to lie on the table. It would have, doubtless, lain there for ever, undisturbed and forgotten, if General Jackson had thought proper to let the subject drop. That, however, was very far from his intention. He was not given to letting things drop.

On the 9th of March the General and his suit left Washington for Tennessee. Tennessee gave him an overwhelming reception. At the distance of several miles from Knoxville he was met by two companies of horsemen, and escorted into the town, the people of which assembled *en masse* to welcome him. The inevitable public dinner succeeded. He was accompanied on his homeward way by a great cavalcade.

Nashville surpassed all her previous efforts on this occasion. We may quote the original account in the *Nashville Whig* :

"At eleven o'clock, A. M., of the 6th of April, a large assemblage of gentlemen met the General several miles from town, and escorted him into the public square, where he was met by the committee, and the following address was read in a very feeling and impressive manner by the Honorable John Overton :

"Major General Jackson—In behalf of the citizens of Nashville and its vicinity, we once more welcome your return to your friends, your family, and your home.

"Uniformly successful in the field—always victorious over the enemies of our country—it was not to be expected that you would wholly escape the censure of the envious and the malicious.

"Charges were exhibited against you, and by the representatives of the people they were repelled. Their decision is approved by the voice of the nation. To those who know you well, who perhaps know you best, who had the opportunity of witnessing your conduct—the means of appreciating your motives—to your neighbors and acquaintances, your military career has been as *satisfactory* as it has been brilliant. The battles you have fought, the victories you have won, have procured for our country the most lasting benefit, and for yourself a name imperishable.

"Your winter's march through the swamps of Florida to the ramparts of Barrancas originated in necessity, and resulted in the happiest consequences.

"Your enemies may calumniate; demagogues may rail; some two or three honorable senators may impute 'mercenary views,' unsupported by

evidence; but by us, by your country, by posterity, such insinuations are and will be deemed as ridiculous as they are unfounded.

“‘Your fame, your health, and your happiness are dear to those who address you; may you long live to enjoy them.’

“To which General Jackson made the following reply :

“‘I tender to you, sir, the gentlemen associated with you, and the citizens of Nashville and its vicinity, in whose behalf I have been addressed, my most sincere and grateful acknowledgements for the favorable sentiments expressed toward me, and the very kind and friendly welcome which you have given me upon my return among you. This additional testimony of regard and friendship from my fellow-citizens has afforded me the most heartfelt gratification, and has made a deep and lasting impression on my mind.

“‘Conscious of having, in every situation in which I have had the honor to act, honestly and zealously exerted my best faculties to support the rights and protect and advance the interests of my country, to have at any time received such an expression of approbation from the citizens of my State—those best acquainted with me—many of whom have seen me in the most trying events of my life, and have participated with me in all the fatigues, privations, and perils of war—would have afforded me high gratification. How much increased then must be the pleasure and gratification which I derive from this manifestation of your favorable opinion, at a moment when my reputation has been assailed in every manner which the most vindictive feelings could suggest; when an investigation has been instituted, not only into my public acts, but my private character. And, without having had an opportunity afforded me of being heard in my defense, have I been, by a committee of the Senate, at the close of their session, accused of conduct the most disgraceful, and pronounced guilty of having wished to involve my country in a war from personal, mercenary views; and this accusation unsupported by the least shadow of testimony.

“‘Here, sir, for the present, will I let this unpleasant subject rest; my conduct having been approved by the President, to whom alone I was responsible. I have no fear but my country will do me justice, and that the Senate, at their next session, will correct the many untruths contained in the vindictive report made by three of its members.’

“The emotion of the General in delivering his reply was so visible as to communicate its sympathetic effects to all around. It was received with cheers and acclamations from every quarter, and amid the shouts of the people he was conducted to the Nashville Inn, where a splendid dinner was prepared. Among the invited guests present were their honors John Haywood and Thomas Emmerson, Judges of the Supreme Court. Ephraim H. Foster, Esq., acted as President, and John Sommerville, Esq., as Vice President. The following toasts were drunk :

"1st. *United America*: a star which but lately rose in the West; its splendor already gives light to the benighted nations of the East. Three cheers.

"2d. *James Monroe*, President of the United States; his administration has demonstrated that a Chief Magistrate, guided by practical wisdom, can silence the tumult of *party spirit*. Nine cheers.

"3d. *The 4th July, 1776*: 'for the support of the declaration' made on that day, 'we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.' Six cheers.

"4th. *The memory of the immortal Washington*. 'Let expressive silence muse his praise!'

"5th. *The Constitution of the United States*: every experiment tends to prove the solid materials of which it is composed. Three cheers.

"6th. *The Heads of Departments*.

"7th. *Tennessee and her sister States*: their interest the same, they will act in concert in peace and war. Three cheers.

"8th. *The Governor of Tennessee*.

"9th. *Major General Andrew Jackson*: he fought for his country only; the arrows of detraction fall harmless at his feet. Nine cheers.

"10th. *The Seminole War*: forced upon us by aggression; justified by necessity; by its vigorous prosecution we have acquired a strong barrier against the inroads of savages and foreign incendiaries. Nine cheers.

"11th. *Arbuthnot and Ambrister*: they are not without their friends; may all men of similar views meet a similar fate. Silence.

"12th. *The late treaty with Spain*: that which, long protracted, negotiation could not effect, was quickly accomplished by decision in the Cabinet and energy in the field. Six cheers.

"13th. *John Quincy Adams*: the distinguished statesman, the firm patriot, the able negotiator, the eloquent supporter of his country's rights. Six cheers.

"14th. *De Witt Clinton*: the promoter of his country's best interests. Three cheers.

"15th. *The citizens of New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore*: Tennessee will remember with gratitude their hospitality to our distinguished guest. Nine cheers.

"16th. *Colonel Richard M. Johnson*: the true representative of his gallant constituents; in war a sword for the enemies of his country, in peace a shield for private virtue. Three cheers.

"17th. *The 8th January, 1815*: The American bosom will for ever throb with emotion and exultation when the deeds of that day shall be recounted. Nine cheers.

"18th. *The Navy of the United States*: preëminent in brilliant achievements. Six cheers.

"19th. *The Army of the United States*: will never be beaten while free-men fill its ranks. Six cheers.

"20th. *The next Legislature of Tennessee*: may it be composed of men who have wisdom to understand and honesty to promote the real interests of the State.

"21st. *Science and Literature*: may they always be cultivated and patronized by the American people.

"22d. *The patriots of South America*: palsied be the arm that would wrest from them the standard of liberty for which they have so nobly struggled. Six cheers.

"23d. *The Fair Sex*: lovely and beloved. Nine cheers.

"The following volunteers were given.

"*By General Jackson*.—Isaac Shelby, late Governor of Kentucky. The revolutionary patriot and distinguished hero.

"*By the Hon. John Overton*.—Smyth, Strother, and Tallmadge. The erudition of the first, cogent reasoning of the second, and eloquence of the latter, furnish elegant commentaries upon some of the plainest principles of the laws of war.

"*By Dr. J. C. Bronaugh*.—The representatives of the State of Tennessee in Congress, who have spoken the sentiments of their constituents.

"*By William Williams, Esq.*—While the waves of Mississippi flow, the laurels of Jackson will flourish.

"While at table the resolution of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, (adopted by a vote of fifty-six to twenty-six,) approbatory of General Jackson's conduct, was read by Judge Overton."

Such was the verdict of the people—such the popularity of General Jackson in 1819. The verdict, it is true, was not unanimous. Voices powerful and eloquent were raised to rebuke his proceedings in Florida, and many of the northern journals condemned them without reserve. But, as most of the censurers belonged to the party opposed to the administration, their censure was attributed to partizan animosity, and had no effect in stemming the tide of popular opinion.

At the next session of Congress, General Jackson forwarded to Washington his well-known memorial—a reply to the report of the senatorial committee. It was a long narrative of the General's connection with the affairs of Florida from the beginning. Its tone was moderate and respectful. The version it gave of the General's proceedings was similar to that of Mr. Adams, in his reply to the allegations of Don

José Pizarro. The memorial was presented to the Senate by Mr. Rufus King, of New York, who moved that it be printed. The motion was at first opposed ; but, on Mr. King's assuring the Senate that further action on the subject would not be sought by the friends of General Jackson, the printing of the memorial, with the documents accompanying it, was ordered.

CHAPTER XLII.

GENERAL JACKSON MEETS SILAS DINSMORE.

IN the autumn of this year we find General Jackson again among the southern Indians, negotiating another of the long series of treaties by which the red man ceded to the stronger race his ancient heritage. The only incident of this journey that need detain us from more important events is a scene that occurred on the treaty ground between General Jackson and his old enemy, Silas Dinsmore. An eye-witness of the scene (Colonel B. L. C. Wailes) has kindly written it out from the tablets of an excellent memory for these pages.

"In October, 1820, a treaty was held with the Choctaw Indians at Doaks' stand, on the old Natchez trace, at which General Jackson and General Hinds of Mississippi were the commissioners on the part of the United States. At that time I had occasion to visit the north, and traveling by land my route took me directly by the treaty ground, at which the commissioners had already arrived, and were awaiting the assembling of the chiefs and head men of the nation, preparatory to the negotiation, the object of which was the acquisition of Indian territory.

"Among the visitors who were attracted thither to witness the novel spectacle of Indian life and manners was Mr. Stockton, a distinguished young lawyer recently from New Jersey, and subsequently one of the judges of Mississippi. On arriving with my party, at the close of the day, within

one day's stage of the treaty ground, I met my old acquaintance, Colonel Silas Dinsmore, then residing at St. Stephens, Alabama, and who intersected our route at the same time that we arrived. There, too, we were met by Mr. Stockton and his party, returning to Natchez, after having spent some days in the enjoyment of the intercourse and hospitality of the commissioners.

"To render intelligible the subsequent part of this narrative to those unacquainted with the history and character of Mr. Dinsmore, it may be necessary to state that he was a gentleman of highly cultivated mind, of much experience and knowledge of the world, a man of unbounded wit, and possessing extraordinary conversational powers, which rendered him the life of every convivial party, of which he was on all occasions of social intercourse the center and attraction.

"His passion for disputation and argument, which gave free scope to his talent for humor and repartee, would carry him far to provoke at any time an intellectual tournament with any 'foeman worthy of his steel,' and it mattered little with him for the time on which side of a question he engaged, provided he could draw out all the powers of his competitor, and put him upon his metal. And thus it happened, when after the evening meal the assembled party engaged in conversation, it soon narrowed down, as if by some mental attraction, into an animated discussion between the two most cultivated and intellectual of the party, Dinsmore and Stockton; the others highly interested, but nearly silent listeners on the occasion. Stockton was impetuous and fiery—Dinsmore cool and wary; and, withal, having the advantage of knowing Stockton well by character, whilst he was himself unknown.

"The subject of the approaching treaty naturally became the topic upon which the conversation turned, and, observing the enthusiasm and excitability of Mr. Stockton, he drew him on adroitly into a very earnest and almost angry controversy, much to the covert amusement of those who knew Dinsmore well, and saw his drift; and when, in the course of disputation, he coolly and provokingly asserted that 'the policy of

our government towards the Indian tribes was a harsh one, the patience of his opponent was exhausted, and he could scarcely find bounds for his petulance. With his curiosity greatly excited as to this plain-looking old gentleman, under whose homely garb of a backwoods traveler he little expected to find so much knowledge and intellectual adroitness, he privately withdrew the host and anxiously inquired who this extraordinary gentleman might be.

“ ‘Why, sir,’ he replied, in surprise, ‘do you not know Colonel Dinsmore? Sir, he was the former agent of the Choctaws, a great favorite, and of unbounded influence with them.’

“ ‘This was enough. A new light broke upon him, and, as will be seen in the sequel, he acted upon the erroneous impression of the moment.

“ ‘Next morning Mr. Stockton pursued his route towards Natchez. Our party, increased by the company of Mr. Dinsmore, took our way towards the treaty ground, where we arrived early in the afternoon, the latter little conscious of the peril in which he had unwittingly involved himself.

“ ‘It is unnecessary to detail the cause of my stopping there, further than that it was occasioned by a letter from my friend, Colonel McKee, the agent of the Choctaws, then attending the commissioners, received a few days before I left home, which had reference to some supposed knowledge I had acquired of the geography of the country, of which the commissioners, I was informed, wished to avail themselves.

“ ‘On our arrival, an invitation was promptly given to us to remain some time, and take a part in the accommodations of the camp and table of the commissioners.

“ ‘Half an hour later I was accosted by General Hinds, and requested to take a walk with him. After strolling leisurely and in silence through the grove, beyond the camp, and out of hearing of the crowd, he paused and asked me if I knew Colonel Dinsmore. I replied that I had known him from my boyhood.

“ ‘Then, sir,’ said he, somewhat abruptly and with much earnestness, *‘what brings him here?’* ”

“ ‘I do not know,’ I rejoined ; ‘he has not told me, but I can give a conjecture. Two years since,’ I continued, ‘a treaty was held near the trading-house at Old Fort Confederation, at which I acted as secretary to the commissioners. At that treaty Colonel Dinsmore was present, and it was generally understood, and was the subject of frequent conversations, that, in the event of making a cession of land to the United States, which, however, the nation refused to do, a reservation was to be made to Colonel Dinsmore, to indemnify him for the destruction of some of his stock and other property, many years before, at Mount Dexter, by some turbulent young Choctaws, during his absence from the agency ; and that the principal chiefs always intended to compensate him in this way. I presume he is here at this time with the expectation that the long standing pledge of the chiefs will now be redeemed, and that they will reserve a tract of land for him in the treaty which you are about to make.’ ”

“ At this time I could not divine why I was thus interrogated. I noticed, however, that my explanation seemed to be highly satisfactory to General Hinds, and to relieve him from some brooding anxiety. We returned to the camp, and General Hinds’ stroll was extended in an opposite direction, his companion on this occasion being General Jackson ; the two evidently engaged in an earnest conversation. ”

“ All the mystery which enveloped these movements was subsequently explained, and I was much gratified to learn that my explanation to General Hinds had enabled him to interpose effectually, and to prevent Mr. Dinsmore from being placed under personal restraint, of which, although he may never have known it, he stood in great peril. ”

“ It appeared, as I afterwards learned, that one of our party, unknown to the rest, and himself unconscious of the contents of the missive, had been the bearer of a letter from Mr. Stockton to General Jackson ; that, upon learning who Colonel Dinsmore was, and adverting to the subject of their

controversy, he, Stockton, had jumped to the conclusion that Dinsmore was really disaffected towards the government, and that he was proceeding to the treaty ground to defeat by his great influence the wishes of the commissioners ; and, under this persuasion, in his intemperate zeal, Mr. Stockton hastily penned the letter, guarding General Jackson against Mr. Dinsmore's interference with the Indians.

"Thus warned, with the recollection also of the old controversy and correspondence, and supposing that Dinsmore might not feel personally friendly to him, the fiery disposition of the General was naturally aroused. The fortuitous explanation, however, which I was enabled to give to General Hinds had the effect of allaying his kindling wrath, and the gathering storm passed away. That Colonel Dinsmore, then in straightened and embarrassed circumstances, should entertain a wish, or go so far to defeat or prevent the negotiation of a treaty, upon the very success of which rested his only hope of obtaining the long promised reservation of land, now so essential to him, was too preposterous for belief.

"The evening passed away ; the following day wore on, and no sign of recognition was observed to pass between the General and his unwelcome guest, as they passed and repassed through and about the camp and among the Indians and whites who thronged the grounds, and pressed around them with friendly greetings and deferential respect. Late in the afternoon, after the business of the day was over, and the throng had dispersed in groups to their different quarters, several yet lingering about the camp were seated on a long bench in front of the commissioners' tent, engaged in a light, free conversation, in which all seemed alternately to participate. These were Mr. Dinsmore, Colonel McKee, General Jackson, the principal orator and chief, Poosh-ma-ta-ha, and myself ; perhaps one or two more, including an interpreter.

"The conversation commenced with inquiries of me by the old chief after some friends with whom, several years previously, he had spent some months in the woods. Some nearly forgotten and ludicrous incidents of the period, which he was

rehearsing in a spirit of pleasantry and badinage, soon led all to participate freely in the conversation, and all restraint and conventionalism seemed for the time broken down.

"This was the juncture chosen by Mr. Dinsmore to remove the unnatural reserve and distance so far maintained between himself and the General, and, with his usual tact and address, he led the conversation round to a more interesting and absorbing subject, that of the approaching session of Congress, at which the great Missouri question was to be fully debated for the first time; and having secured a marked attention from all, as he commented upon this momentous controversy, he turned to General Jackson and inquired if, when the treaty was concluded, he did not intend to repair to the seat of government and be present at the discussion. It was a friendly overture and adroitly made—but it failed. Turning full upon him, and assuming all that sternness of manner for which he was so distinguished, and with a pause sufficient to give full emphasis to his words, the General replied—

"'No, sir ; I never go where I have no business.'

"This closed the conversation. One by one the party dropped off, and directly the bench was entirely vacated.

"What further passed between them during the pendency of the treaty I know not. On the morrow I had resumed my journey, and was wending my way to the North. I can only add, that a treaty was effected, lands were ceded to the government ; but, in the instrument which conveyed them, there was found no clause reserving land for Silas Dinsmore."

While General Jackson was absent from home on the business of this treaty, events occurred which changed the current of his life, and gave him new occupation.

CHAPTER XLIII.

GENERAL JACKSON TAKES LEAVE OF THE ARMY.

FLORIDA is still the subject of our story. The people of the United States, when they read the announcement that Mr. Adams and the Spanish minister had signed the treaty of cession on the 22d of February, 1819, indulged the belief that they had at once acquired and done with Florida. They were destined to disappointment. If the readers of these pages have cherished a similar expectation, they also will discover that Florida is a subject not so easily disposed of.

The eclat which accrued to the administration of Mr. Monroe from the conclusion of the treaty was of short duration. It soon appeared that the Spanish government was in no haste to ratify the treaty. The Spanish government thought proper to take offense at the government of the United States on account of the undeniable sympathy felt by the people of the United States for the revolted provinces of Spain in South America. General Sir Gregor McGregor, as we read in many paragraphs of this year, had returned from looking after his estates in England; returned, too, in "the ship *Hero*, of eighteen guns," and was refitting at New Providence. Soon after we hear of Commander Aury again, who sailed southward with a considerable fleet, and was disastrously wrecked on some rock-bound coast. Texas, too, continued to be in a state of revolt, and there were not wanting American adventurers to join in the long strife between Mexico and the mother country. Poor, proud old Spain, seeing her magnificent American empire all falling to pieces and slipping through her paralytic fingers, was in no ceding humor, and could not bring herself deliberately to let go her feeble hold upon Florida. It is probable, too, that the administration did not sufficiently conceal its extreme desire for the ratification of the treaty.

Spain had, for a moment, a certain advantage over us, and put on airs accordingly.

For some months no explanation was vouchsafed respecting the delay of the Spanish government to ratify. Then it was given out that a special envoy would be sent to the United States to talk the matter all over again, and make known certain new causes of complaint; an announcement which created in the United States the most profound disgust. Its effects upon a well known Major General, whose mind had been fully made up long before upon the subject of "Spanish treachery," can be imagined. "I deprecate," he wrote to Senator Eaton, December 28th, 1819, "the idea of waiting longer for an explanation from unfaithful Spain. Can we receive a minister from that power, under present circumstances, without compromising in some degree our national character? Under the bad faith of Spain, as I believe, the only good explanation that can be given is *from the mouth of American cannon.*"*

In the nick of time, however, (October, 1820), just as the patience even of Mr. Monroe was beginning to be exhausted, and General Jackson was expecting soon to have the pleasure of making another raid into Florida, a change occurred in the Spanish ministry, and the treaty was ratified.

Another difficulty arose. The treaty had to be ratified again by the government of the United States, the previous ratification having been annulled by the delay. The opposition in Congress, headed by Mr. Clay, attacked one of the articles of the treaty, and strove to prevent its ratification. The price to be paid for Florida was, first, five millions of dollars; secondly, the relinquishment on the part of the United States of its old claim to Texas—a claim which, Mr. Monroe himself had said, was as good as that by which the United States held the island of New Orleans. Mr. Clay did not fail to remind the President of that opinion, as expressed by him in a diplomatic note to a Spanish minister at Paris in 1805. Mr. Clay urged, also, that Texas was worth a dozen

* Autograph Collection of Edward M. Thomas, Esq., Washington, D. C.

Floridas. Besides—Florida must come to us, sooner or later. “The ripened fruit will not more surely fall. Florida is inclosed between Georgia and Alabama, and can not escape. *Texas may.*”

At length, however, on the 22d of February, 1821, just two years after the first signing of the treaty by Mr. Adams and Don Luis de Onis, it was ratified a second time by the government of the United States. In the Senate there were but four voices against it. In the House thirty members voted for Mr. Clay’s condemnatory resolutions.

Whether or not General Jackson approved the surrender of Texas at this time became, sixteen years after, a subject of hot dispute. That he approved it is now beyond question. In 1820, Mr. Monroe wrote to General Jackson in explanation of the reasons which had induced him to consent to the relinquishment of Texas. “Having long known,” wrote the President, “the repugnance with which the eastern portion of our Union, or rather some of those who have enjoyed its confidence (for I do not think that the people themselves have any interest or wish of that kind), have seen its aggrandizement to the West and South, I have been decidedly of opinion that we ought to be content with Florida for the present, and until the public opinion in that quarter shall be reconciled to any further change. I mention these circumstances to show you that our difficulties are not with Spain alone, but are likewise internal, proceeding from various causes, which certain men are prompt to seize and turn to the account of their own ambitious views.”*

To this letter General Jackson replied very explicitly :

GENERAL JACKSON TO PRESIDENT MONROE.

“HERMITAGE, NEAR NASHVILLE, }
“June 20, 1820. }

“DEAR SIR: I returned from my tour to the south and southeast on the evening of the 18th instant, when I received your very friendly and interesting letter of the 23d of May last, which I have read with interest and attention. On its perusal and consideration I have determined to re-

* Benton’s Thirty Years, i., 15.

main in service until the situation of Europe fully develops itself, and our affairs with Spain are brought to a final close.

"Although retirement has been and still is the first object of my wishes, yet so long as it is believed that my military service may conduce to the benefit of my country, in any way, my exertions belong to her. I have hitherto made, and it is still my duty as a patriot to make, my private interests and views subservient to my country's good. I have, therefore, upon due consideration and reflection on the subject matter of your interesting letter, resolved not to retire from service so long as my continuing may promote the welfare, safety and happiness of our country. I am well aware, as soon as you believe the situation of our affairs will permit of my retiring without injury to our country, you will notify me thereof, and permit me to retire. Until then, my private wishes and feelings must bend to what it may be conceived will promote the public good.

"The view you have taken of the conduct pursued by our government relative to South America, in my opinion, has been both just and proper, and will be approved by nine-tenths of the nation. It is true, it has been attempted to be wielded by certain demagogues to the injury of the administration, but, like all other base attempts, has recoiled on its authors; and I am clearly of your opinion that, for the present, we ought to be content with the Floridas—fortify them, concentrate our population, confine our frontier to proper limits, until our country, to those limits, is filled with a dense population. It is the denseness of our population that gives strength and security to our frontier. With the Floridas in our possession, our fortifications completed, Orleans, the great emporium of the West, is secure. The Floridas in possession of a foreign power, you can be invaded, your fortifications turned, the Mississippi reached, and the lower country reduced. From Texas an invading enemy will never attempt such an enterprise; if he does, notwithstanding all that has been said and asserted on the floor of Congress on this subject, I will vouch that the invader will pay for his temerity.

"Present Mrs. Jackson and myself to Mrs. Monroe and your daughters and Mr. Gouverneur affectionately, and receive for yourself our best wishes for your happiness through this life, and that of your amiable family; and believe me to be, with high respect and esteem, your most obedient servant,

"ANDREW JACKSON."*

When, in the year 1836, Texas had become a leading national topic, it was asserted by one party in the House of Representatives and denied by another, that General Jackson had approved the treaty of 1819. An exciting scene

*Published by Mr. Gouverneur, from the papers of Mr. Monroe, in 1836.

occurred in the House, in which Mr. John Quincy Adams acted a conspicuous part, and made a statement which brought him into conflict with General Jackson on a question of—memory. The story has been amusingly told by an eye-witness :

“Mr. Adams continued his defense. ‘At that time,’ said he, ‘General Jackson was in this city on exciting business connected with the Seminole war ; and, after the treaty had been concluded, and only wanted the signatures of the contracting parties, the then President of the United States directed me to call on General Jackson, in my official capacity as Secretary of State, and obtain his opinion in reference to boundaries. I did call. General Jackson, sir, was at that time holding his quarters in the hotel at the other end of the avenue, now kept by Mr. Azariah Fuller, but then under the management of Jonathan McCarty. The day was exceedingly warm, and, on entering General Jackson’s parlor, I found him much exhausted by excitement, and the intensity of the weather. I made known to him the object of my visit ; when he replied that I would greatly oblige him if I would excuse him from looking into the matter then. “Leave the papers with me, sir, till to-morrow, or the next day, and I will examine them.” I did leave them, sir ; and the next day called for the hero’s opinion and decision. Sir, I recollect the occurrence perfectly well ; General Jackson was still unwell ; and the papers with an accompanying map, were spread before him. With his cane, sir, he pointed to the boundaries, as they had been agreed upon by the parties ; and, sir, with a very emphatic expression, which I need not repeat, he affirmed them.’

“This debate, while yet warm from the hands of the reporters, reached General Jackson ; and was at once pressed upon his attention. Its contradiction and refutation were deemed matters of paramount importance. The old soldier did not hesitate long to act in the matter, and speedily there appeared in the *Globe* newspaper a letter, signed Andrew Jackson, denying, in unqualified and unconditional terms,

every thing that Mr. Adams had uttered. He denied having been in Washington at the time Mr. Adams designated ; but afterwards, being convinced that he was in error, in this fact only he corrected himself, but denied most positively that he had seen the Florida treaty, or Mr. Adams, at the time of its negotiation, or that he had had the remotest agency or connection with the transaction.

“Mr. Adams responded and appealed to his diary, where every thing was set forth with the utmost precision and accuracy. The year, day of the month, and of the week, and the very hour of the day, all were faithfully recorded.

“Whilst this controversy was pending, I called at the presidential mansion one afternoon, when General Jackson, strange to say, happened to be alone. He said that he was very glad to see me, because he would like to hear from one who had an opportunity of seeing more of the press than he *saw* what was the exact state of public opinion in regard to the controversy.

“‘As far as I am capable of judging, Mr. President,’ I replied, ‘the people appear to be unanimous in the opinion that there is a misunderstanding, a misapprehension, between you and Mr. Adams ; for no one imagines for a moment that either of you would misrepresent facts ! Mr. Adams is a man of infinite method ; he is generally accurate, and, in this instance, it appears that he is sustained by his diary.’

“‘His diary ! don’t tell me any thing more about his diary ! Sir, that diary comes up on all occasions—one would think that its pages were as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians ! Sir, that diary will be the death of me ! I wonder if James Monroe kept a *diary* ! If he did, it is to be hoped that it will be looked to, to see if it contains any thing about this Adams and De Onis treaty. Sir, I did not see it ; I was *not* consulted about it.’

“The old hero was exceedingly vehement, and was proceeding to descant with especial violence, when he was in-

interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Secretary Woodbury, and I never heard another word about the matter.”*

Now, Mr. Adams, with all his method, was laboring under an error of some kind. The treaty was signed on the 22d of February, 1819, the day of the grand ball in New York, attended by General Jackson. The General, as we learn from the formal announcements of the *National Intelligencer*, left Washington on the 11th of February, and returned on the 2d of March. And when was the weather known to be “exceedingly warm” in Washington during the early days of February? Who can reconcile these contradictions?

A few days before the final ratification of the Spanish treaty, the reelection of Mr. Monroe was formally announced. There had been scarcely the show of opposition to him. New Hampshire gave one electoral vote to Mr. Adams, and Mr. Monroe received all the rest. Mr. Tompkins was reelected to the vice-presidency with almost equal unanimity.†

The reasons of this singular acquiescence in the reelection of these gentlemen were three in number. The Federal party had ceased to exist. The leading aspirants to the presidency

* Reminiscences of the late John Quincy Adams. By an Old Colony man. Quoted in Mr. Seward's Life of John Quincy Adams, p. 277.

† At Philadelphia there was a slight show of opposition to Mr. Monroe's reelection. *Nile's Register* contains this paragraph: “An attempt is making in Philadelphia to get up what its projectors call ‘an *Anti-Slavery ticket*,’ for electors of President and Vice-President of the United States. A large meeting was held on Saturday last, at which an opposition ticket was agreed upon, and a committee of correspondence, etc., appointed to promote its success. From some accounts which we see of this meeting there was a considerable degree of warmth. What the result of this business will be we cannot foretell; but it is to be expected the ticket favorable to the reelection of Messrs. Monroe and Tompkins will succeed by a very large majority notwithstanding. Almost every man in Pennsylvania is opposed to negro slavery; and at another election may cause the great weight of the State to be thrown in favor of a candidate for the presidency from a non-slaveholding State. But if we might venture an opinion, we should so far presume on the liberality of our southern friends as to suppose that, when Mr. Monroe's second term of service has expired, they will freely support a gentleman from a different section as his successor. A change in this respect seems to be dictated by a sound policy, and will do much in the work of conciliation.”

were members of the cabinet, and could not in honor oppose their chief. All the previous Presidents, except John Adams, having served two terms, it had come to be the understanding with all parties that two terms was the proper, the regular period of service in the presidency. Not to be elected to a second term would have been esteemed a condemnation of the President's conduct in the first. Thus, in the early political writings, we frequently find the defeat of Mr. John Adams, in 1800, spoken of as an "interruption" of his administration. It was regarded as a disgrace as well as a defeat. The President was supposed to have been tried and found wanting.

On the last day but two of the session, Congress passed an act for the reception and provisional government of Florida. By this act it was ordained that "until the end of the first session of the next Congress, unless provision for the temporary government of Florida be sooner made by Congress, all the military, civil, and judicial powers exercised by the officers of the existing government of the same, shall be vested in such person or persons, and shall be exercised in such manner as the President of the United States shall direct, for the maintenance of the inhabitants in the free enjoyment of their property, liberty, and religion."

It had long been the intention of General Jackson to resign his commission in the army as soon as the difference with Spain should have been brought to a peaceful conclusion. An important reduction in the army, long contemplated, was effected in the spring of 1821, and left the General without an adequate command.*

* General Jackson was utterly opposed to this reduction of the army. A Mr. Humphrey, of New York, describes a letter received by his brother from General Jackson: "The letter alluded to was written about the time when the last reduction of the army took place: it is at my command, and although I do not feel justified in placing it before the public, I will mention some of the most striking features it presents. Among other expressions he says, in express terms—'the government ought to be d——d—instead of reducing the army in a republic like this, it should be increased tenfold.' He ridicules the idea of depending upon our militia, speaks of reducing them to a proper state of subordination as an impos-

Mr. Monroe promptly appointed him to the Governorship of Florida, as well as to the office of commissioner to receive the province from the hands of the Spanish officials. The salary assigned the Governor was five thousand dollars. The President appointed at the same time ten other officers to assist the Governor in administering the affairs of the province, namely, two judges, two district-attorneys, two secretaries, three collectors, and a marshal; officers which, as Mrs. Jackson will soon inform us, the General himself expected to have the pleasure of appointing. Colonel James Grant Forbes, the marshal appointed by the President, was dispatched to Havana in the sloop-of-war *Hornet*, to receive from the Governor General of Cuba and convey to the Governor of Florida the requisite orders for the surrender of the province and its forts to the American commissioner. By the terms of the treaty, the province was to be given up six months after the final ratification of the treaty, "or sooner, if possible." The Spanish garrisons were to be conveyed to Cuba at the expense of the United States.

General Jackson accepted the appointment. His mode of bidding farewell to the army was among the most peculiar of his public acts. At first he caused an address to be prepared, which contained nothing very extraordinary. It was in the terms following:

"HEADQUARTERS, DIVISION OF THE SOUTH, {
"MONTPELIER, May 31, 1821. }

"This day, officers and soldiers, closes my military functions, and, consequently, dissolves the military connection which has hitherto existed between you and myself, as the Commander of the Southern Division of the army of the United States. Many of us have passed together days of toil and nights of vigilance. Together we have seen the termination of one

sibility, and of their utter inefficiency in cases of emergency! He dilates on the extent of our frontier, and the extreme impropriety of leaving our remote posts with the inadequate garrisons to which they are necessarily reduced in consequence of the diminution of the army. In fact, the general tenor of the letter is that of decided and bitter animadversion upon the measures pursued by the general government.—*New York American*, October, 1828.

British and two Indian wars, in which we have encountered fatigues, privations and dangers. Attachments and friendships formed by associations of this kind are the most durable, and my feelings will not permit me, in retiring from military command, to take a silent leave of my companions in arms.

"Justice to you and to my own feelings requires that I should place before our common country the testimony of my approbation of your military conduct, and the expression of my individual regard. Under the present organization for the reduction of the army, agreeably to the act of Congress, many valuable officers who have served with me have been suddenly deprived of the profession which they had embraced, and thrown upon the world. But let this be your consolation, that the gratitude of your country still cherishes you as her defenders and deliverers, while wisdom condemns the hasty and ill-timed policy which has occasioned your disbandonment; and that, too, while security was yet to be given to our extensive frontier, by the erection of the necessary fortifications for its defense, greatly extended as that frontier has been by the recent acquisitions of the Floridas. But you, fellow-soldiers, have that which can not be taken from you—the consciousness of having done your duty, and with your brother officers who are retained, of having defended the American eagle wherever it was endangered.

"To you, my brother officers, who are retained in the service of your country, permit me to recommend the cultivation of that harmony and friendship towards each other which will render you a band of brothers. It is your duty so to conduct yourselves on all occasions as that your enemies shall have no just cause for censure. It ought to be borne in mind that every captain should be to his company as a father, and should treat it as his family—as his children. Continue, then, as heretofore, when under my command, to watch over it with a father's tenderness and care. Treat them like children, admonish them, and if, unhappily, admonition will not have the desired effect—coercion must. The want of discipline and order will inevitably produce a spirit of insubordination, as destructive to an army as cowardice, and will as certainly lead to disaster and disgrace in the hour of battle: this, as you regard your military reputation and your country's good, you must prevent. Imploring from heaven a blessing upon you all, I bid you an affectionate adieu.

"ANDREW JACKSON,

"Major-General, Commanding the Division of the South."

Such was the farewell address which General Jackson designed to promulgate, and which he did promulgate. But before he gave it publicity an event occurred which induced him to append to it a "Note." This unique appendage ex-

plains itself. I need not remind the reader that the "Jacob Brown" referred to in the opening paragraph was Major General Brown, Commander-in-Chief, under the President, of the armies of the United States.

"NOTE.—My official duties having prevented the promulgation of this order until this time, an opportunity has been afforded of seeing the 'General order,' dated 'Headquarters of the army of the United States, Washington City, June 1st, 1821,' signed 'Jacob Brown.' Justice to the officers of the southern division, as well as to myself, compels me to offer some remarks upon the following extract from that order.

"The prevalence of desertion has been an evil of serious magnitude, and it does not appear to be justified by a view of the past condition of the military establishment. All research in this field for its causes has been unsatisfactory. The character of the military profession is honorable; the soldier is as well provided with comforts as the citizen in common life, and his occupation is neither more offensive nor more laborious. There are restless, discontented spirits in every sphere of life which no indulgence nor kindness can bind to stability; but these examples do not exist in sufficient number to justify the range desertion has taken in the army. The evil must be referred, in a degree, to an undue severity, or to the absence of system in the conduct of officers towards their men. The officer is the depository of the rights of the soldier, and the obligation of his office, as well as the laws of honor and humanity, claim a faithful execution of the trust. When the soldier ceases to regard the officer as his protector, the authority with which the law invests the latter loses its efficacy in his estimation. The surest remedy for the evil of desertion is contained in a rigid and steady discipline. To be salutary it must possess both these qualities; but no violation of law can be deemed essential to its enforcement. Its effect upon the soldier becomes impaired the moment he feels that the system which governs him is fluctuating in its course, or that it violates the principles upon which it is founded. The certainty of laws constitutes their principal efficacy, and however severe restrictions may be, they are obeyed so long as they are dispensed by the hand of justice, and not of oppression.'

"This censure is too general to be just. The time at which it is made, and the source whence it comes, have astonished every generous soldier.

"The part which attributes 'in a degree to an undue severity, or to the absence of system in the conduct of officers towards their men,' the unexampled prevalence of desertion in our army, so far as it relates to the division of the south, I do unhesitatingly say is not founded on fact. It is due to candor and truth to attribute this evil to its real cause. This will be found to exist in the want of adequate punishment for the crime of desertion. That prescribed by law, in a state of peace, transcends the offense,

and no other certain punishment is authorized. While this is the case, desertion will increase, let the conduct of the officers towards their men be ever so lenient. It is a well known fact that more desertions have taken place at recruiting rendezvous than have occurred in the regiments, and at no recruiting rendezvous at the division of the south has there been, as far as I am informed, any punishment inflicted upon soldiers excepting by the civil authority. It is well known that, in many instances, the soldier has found it a source of speculation to go from rendezvous to rendezvous, enlisting, receiving the bounty and deserting. In some instances, this has been practiced from Boston to New Orleans.

"The punishment at present inflicted for desertion is hard labor with the ball and chain; but this bears more heavily upon the faithful soldier, who is compelled to guard the convict under a hot sun, with all his accoutrements on, than it does upon him whom it is intended to punish. Every desertion, therefore, but adds to the duties and increases the fatigues of the faithful and trusty soldier. And suppose the convict will not labor, by what means is he to be coerced? Stripes and lashes are prohibited; there are no dungeons; guard-houses are pleasant places for the lazy and worthless soldier, who sleeps and snores, while the faithful sentinel is at his post on his nightly watch, guarding him. Is not this, with the general pardons, so frequently extended by the orders of the President, calculated to cause the best soldiers, who are oppressed with double duty in guarding the worst, to meditate desertion also?

"The government must annex an adequate and certain punishment for the crime of desertion, and experience compels me to say it, although at variance with the more refined and sensitive feelings of the day, must restore corporal punishment in the regulations for the government of the army, as it formerly existed, and as it now exists in the navy, or desertion and insubordination will still increase. But it is said to be dishonorable. Why should it be more so in the army than in the navy? Is it more dishonorable to receive twenty-five stripes and be ordered to immediate duty than to be marched with chains for months and years, an object of disgust to every freeman who sees him, more properly an appendage of ancient despotism than any thing belonging to Republican institutions? Let the deserter, in time of peace, for the first offense receive thirty-nine stripes, for the second double that number, and for the third let him feel the highest penalty of the law. I will venture to say that a few examples will put an end to that extraordinary frequency which at present prevails, and the cause of which has been so unjustly imputed 'to an undue severity, or to the absence of system in the conduct of officers towards their men.'

"I sincerely regret the cause which has given rise to these remarks, but the reputation of those officers, in common with whom I have encountered so many toils and dangers, is dear to me, and I can not remain silent when

I perceive an unjust attempt to tarnish their well-earned fame, let the motives which dictated the objectionable passage in the order be what they may. These remarks, my brother officers, flow from a pure source of justice to you. Popularity I have never sought. I have pursued the course which I deemed right, and have done justice to all according to my best judgment; this, I trust, I have rendered to you all during the time I had the honor to command you. And that happiness may attend you all, and that your country may duly appreciate your worth as her citizen soldiers, shall be my last and most sincere prayer.

“ANDREW JACKSON.

“21st July, 1821.”

This address was issued at Montpelier, Alabama, where General Jackson had been ordered to await the arrival of Colonel Forbes from Havana. He reached Montpelier on the 30th of April. We must return to note an incident or two of his journey thither.

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE GOVERNOR TAKES POSSESSION.

GENERAL JACKSON left home on the 18th of April, accompanied by Mrs. Jackson and “the two Andrews,” as the General was wont to style his adopted son, and his nephew, Andrew Jackson Donelson.

Of the passage down the river to New Orleans, and the honors paid the General at that city, Mrs. Jackson shall speak to us. The reader will be glad of the opportunity to become more intimately acquainted with the lady whom General Jackson correctly styled “the stay and solace of his life.” The letters written by Mrs. Jackson on this journey to Florida and during her brief residence at Pensacola were addressed to one of her dearest friends at Nashville, the wife of a captain in the army of the United States, an officer high in the confidence of General Jackson. To this lady the reader is indebted for the perusal of these quaint and heart-felt epistles,

which express, in language not always correct, sentiments which will find a responsive chord in many hearts.

MRS. JACKSON TO MRS. ELIZA KINGSLEY.

"CITY OF NEW ORLEANS, April the 27th, 1821.

"MY DEAR MRS. KINGSLEY: We arrived safe in this port within eight days from Nashville. My health has somewhat improved in this warm climate. We had not a very pleasant passage thither, owing to so many passengers, nearly two hundred, more than half negroes; but how thankful should we be to our Heavenly Father. In so many instances have I had cause to praise his holy name. There is not an hour of our lives but we are exposed to danger on this river. O how can I describe to you my feelings when that sad and melancholy news reached us of the Robertson steamboat. O how dreadful! Poor Sally McConnel! She traveled far to find a watery grave. O Lord, thy will be done in all thy appointments.

"I will give you a faint description of this place. It reminds me of those words in Revelations: 'Great Babylon is come up before me.' Oh, the wickedness, the idolatry of this place! unspeakable the riches and splendor.

"We were met at the Natches and conducted to this place. The house and furniture is so splendid I can't pretend a description. The attention and honors paid to the General far excel a recital by my pen. They conducted him to the Grand Theater; his box was decorated with elegant hangings. At his appearance the theater rang with loud acclamations, Vive Jackson. Songs of praise were sung by ladies, and in the midst they crowned him with a crown of laurel. The Lord has promised his humble followers a crown that fadeth not away; the present one is already withered, the leaves are falling off. St. Paul says, 'All things shall work together for good to them who are in Christ Jesus.' I know I never was so tried before, tempted, proved in all things. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that I am his by covenant promise.

"I want you to read the one hundred and thirty-seventh Psalm. There is not a day or night that I do not repeat it. Oh, for Zion! I wept when I saw this idolatry. Think not, my dear friend, that I am in the least unfaithful. It has a contrary effect.

"I have written you this through the greatest bustle and confusion. The nobility have assembled to escort the General with a full band of martial music to review the troops. Remember me to your dear husband, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. McLemore, Mrs. Martin, and all my Christian friends. Say to my father in the gospel—Parson Blackburn—I shall always love him as such. Often I have blessed the Lord that I was permitted to be

called under his ministry. Oh, farewell! Pray for your sister in a heathen land, far from my people and church. Present me to all friends. I scarcely can hear for confusion.

Yours, with affection,

“RACHAEL JACKSON.”

An incident occurred during the stay of General Jackson at New Orleans which was afterwards supposed to have made a lasting impression upon his mind, and to have been a remote cause of important events. He came into collision with the Bank of the United States. Desiring to take with him to Florida a sum of money, with which to defray the first expenses of organizing his government, he sent an aide-de-camp to the branch of the United States Bank at New Orleans to learn whether the bank would advance ten or fifteen thousand dollars on a draft to be drawn by General Jackson upon the Department of State. The messenger returned with the reply that the branch bank had no authority to advance money upon drafts. The mother bank, said the cashier, had expressly forbidden him to negotiate drafts. The aide-de-camp remonstrated and pointed out the inconveniences that might result from the refusal, but the cashier was immovable, as he was bound to be.

From the tone of the General's subsequent dispatch it is evident that he was somewhat nettled at the firmness of the cashier. “From all this,” he wrote to the Secretary of State, “you will discover that, without discount, money can not be obtained here on drafts upon the government. No delay, however, shall occur in the transportation of the Spanish troops from the want of funds, as far as I can command them; nor will I ever consent to sell bills on the government at a discount to any, and more particularly to the Branch Bank of the United States, in which is deposited all the revenue of the government received at this place. I shall endeavor, at Mobile or Pensacola, to raise the necessary funds or drafts. Should I fail there, I trust, upon the receipt of this, the government will instruct the Branch Bank to furnish me with the amount that may be necessary.

The General here joins two grievances in one. The Branch

Bank had not demanded discount, but refused, point blank, to negotiate the draft on any terms. It was the brokers of the street who would not, except at the regular discount, give the notes of the bank in exchange for the draft of General Jackson.

The General soon resumed his journey toward Florida. Mrs. Jackson may again be the chronicler of his travels and adventures :—

MRS. JACKSON TO MRS. ELIZA KINGSLEY.

“WEST FLORIDA, June 21, 1821.

“MY DEAR FRIEND: Your letter of the 15th May I have received, and am happy to hear of your health and happiness, and your dear family, except the accident of Captain Kingsley getting his ankle sprained, which I heard by young Mr. Rutledge. I hope, ere this, he is quite restored.

“I will now give you an account of our journey to this place. We took shipping on Lake Pontchartrain, crossed the Gulf Stream, and landed at Mobile Bay, at a town known by the name of Blakely. There we tarried nine days. From thence we went to Mount-Pelier (Montpelier, Ala.). There we tarried *five weeks*, waiting the arrival of the *Hornet*, that went with dispatches to the Governor General of Cuba on this Florida business. At length she arrived, and we set out for Pensacola, and are now within fifteen miles of that place. The General and the Spanish governor are negotiating the business. We are at a Spanish gentleman's, waiting the exchanging of flags, and then we go into that city of contention. Oh, how they dislike the idea! They are going to the Havana—don't like the Americans, nor the government.

“Oh, how shall I make you sensible of what a heathen land I am in? Never but once have I heard a Gospel sermon, nor the song of Zion sounded in my ear.

“Often I think of the Babylonish captivity, when they tauntingly called on them to sing the song of Zion. The answer was, ‘Oh, how shall I sing the Lord's song here in a foreign land?’ One replied, ‘When I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its craft or cunning; let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth when I esteem not Jerusalem above my chiefest joy.’ Oh, I can, with all my heart and soul, say with truth, I, above all things, prefer the prosperity of the Church. Oh, I feel as if I was in a vast howling wilderness, far from my friends in the Lord, my home and country. The Sabbath entirely neglected and profaned. The regiment at Mount P., where we stayed five weeks, were no better than the Spaniards at this place. I was twice at the memorable Fort

Mims, Fort Montgomery, near the Alabama. Stayed two nights with Mrs. Mims; she is an intelligent woman in worldly affairs. Every step I have traveled on land is a bed of white sand; no other timber than long-leaf pine on the rivers, the live-oak and magnolia. The most odoriferous flower grows on them I ever saw. Believe me, this country has been greatly overrated. The land produces nothing but sweet potatoes and yams. One acre of our fine Tennessee land is worth a thousand.

"The General, I believe, wants to get home again as much as I do. He says to Captain Kingsley he will write to him so soon as he reaches Pensacola. We have the best house in town, I am told, and furnished. Dr. Bronaugh attends to it until the exchange of flags. So much detention, I think the General wishes he had taken my advice. His health is not so good as when he left home.

"I fear I have tired your patience. Please to remember me to all my friends, particularly to your dear husband, Miss Nancy, Mrs. Somerville, dear Mr. Blackburn. May the Sovereign of the universe grant you a continuation of his blessing forevermore. Amen.

"RACHEL JACKSON.

"MRS. E. KINGSLEY.

"Please to write me often. Remember me in prayer, for I can't find one in all my travels to help me on to God. The scripture says—'as iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the face of friend his fellow.' No, not one in this wilderness. Oh! how I wept when I read your letter. Oh, be thankful for your privilege. I have never seen Major Nicholas yet, but you would be surprised to see how many of our Tennesseans I have seen come to try to mend or better their situation."

The many weeks of delay alluded to in this letter more than exhausted the patience of General Jackson. The detention of the *Hornet* was unaccountable, and, until the *Hornet* arrived, nothing could be done. The General soon began to consider it another instance of Spanish treachery. "I am at a loss," he wrote to the Secretary of State, from Blakely, on the 7th of May, "to conjecture the causes of the delay of the *Hornet*. A few days will give us the reason, and I hope it may not be found to exist in any understanding between our merchants and the Governor General of Cuba. But, sir, it is rumored and believed here that such an attempt will be made by merchants to prevail upon the Governor General to withhold the order for the delivery of the Floridas until the

last moment, to give time for the arrival of large shipments of goods for Pensacola."

The General made repeated attempts to come to an understanding with Colonel Callava, the Governor of Pensacola, and to effect a provisional arrangement for the delivery of the country. Colonel Callava's reply to all proposals was, that he could do nothing without the orders of his chief, the Governor General of Cuba. Much correspondence passed between General Jackson and Colonel Callava, both before and after the arrival of the *Hornet*, and a part of this correspondence was of a hostile character. Let us not revive those trivial disputes.* The *Hornet* arrived at length with the requisite orders. Some further delay occurred in consequence of the loss of a vessel designed to assist in the transportation of the Spanish troops. But early in July all difficulties seemed on the point of being removed. The General wrote in a cheerful, and even merry mood, to his friend, Captain Donelson, upon the prospect before him.

* Their character may be judged from one specimen given by General Jackson's secretary and translator: "During my absence from Manuels, fifteen miles from Pensacola, where the General had established his headquarters, a letter had been received from Callava, and was translated by Mr. Rutledge. The word *compromiso* had been rendered into the English word nearest in sound, *compromise*, instead of *compromit*. I found the General in a rage. 'Now,' said he, 'I have found out this rascally Spaniard; I always knew these Spaniards to be treacherous. See here, after all our correspondence on the subject of the artillery, which we claim along with the forts, and after the compromise agreed upon that they are to remain, and the question to be finally decided by the respective governments, this fellow now says he will consent to no *compromise*!' I assured him that the word was not *compromise*, but *compromit*, or *compromited*.' The pride of my young friend was touched, and he persisted in his translation; the General, out of humor, declared that he could not decide between us, and I was obliged to submit, where it was useless to contend. It became necessary for me to write a long letter recapitulating the previous correspondence on the subject of the fortifications, and the compromise agreed upon. The reply was a short answer of assent, no doubt wondering at the letter which thus placed us at cross purposes. The consequences of this small mistake were most unfortunate. The unfavorable impression never could be removed from the mind of Jackson, and the effect of such an impression may be readily conceived. I firmly believe it to have been one of the causes which led to the subsequent unfortunate difficulty with Callava."—*Letters of H. M. Brackenridge*.

"I have been here," wrote the General, July 3d, "fifteen miles from Pensacola, since the evening of the 17th, with my troops. Mrs. Jackson and the two Andrews have been in Pensacola since the 28th ult. Mrs. J. came up last evening to see me, and goes down to day, and I hope in four days to be in complete possession of the country, when I will write you, and be able to form an opinion when I will be able to see you (if life lasts) at my residence in Tennessee. I have had a very tedious and disagreeable time since the first of May, owing, first, to the delay of the Hornet, and secondly the delay occasioned by the loss of the transport ship, the Cora ; but I am happy to think that the time is near at hand when full possession of the Floridas will be had. Pensacola is crowded, and it is impossible under existing circumstances that any business can be profitable, although I have no doubt but Pensacola will rise into notice as a commercial city faster than any other place in the United States ; but it will take time for the necessary capital to concentrate there, and many in the first instance will be disappointed and go off dissatisfied. A great field is now open to the real capitalist, and real property, well situated, must in a few years become very valuable. Mrs. Jackson requests me to return you her thanks for the pleasant and minute detail you were pleased to give her of her chickens, ducks, and goslings. If old Hannah* should be able to report *as present* as many chickens on our return in November, say to her, her mistress will dub her a knight of the feather and give her a medal plume. I am fearful the owls will destroy them. We are happy to hear that little Andrew J. Hutchings is so well contented. Say to him his cousin Andrew will bring him a pretty present when he returns, and I will buy him a pony.

"Your son, Captain John Donelson, parted from us here a few days since highly pleased with his purchase made in 1817 in Pensacola, and I have no doubt if he holds it that in ten years it will gain 1,000 per cent."

* A favorite servant of Mrs. Jackson's—still living in 1858, and eloquent in praise of her old "missus."

Some further delays occurred of a character calculated to exasperate an impatient and debilitated commissioner. But, at length, on the 17th of July, all the numberless preliminaries having been settled, the long-expected ceremony took place, and Florida became a Territory of the United States.

The great event was described, the day after, by an officer who took part in the proceedings: "Yesterday, after a series of delays and disappointments, of a piece with the whole tenor of our twenty years' negotiations with Spain, the American authorities were finally and formally put in possession of this city, of the fortress of the Barancas, and of the dominion of the Floridas. Out of tenderness to the feelings of the Spaniards, deeply excited by the painful separation about to take place between those who go and those who remain—and who are allied not only by ties of intimacy and friendship contracted during a long period of a common residence in this pleasant and salubrious region, and confirmed by a community of habits and religion, as well as of lineage and language, but knitted together by the most sacred and endearing bands of consanguinity and affiance, the ceremony was conducted with very little ostentation. The Spanish Governor's guard, consisting of a full company of dismounted dragoons of the regiment of Tarragona, elegantly clad and equipped, was paraded at an early hour of the morning in front of the Government House. About eight o'clock a battalion of the 4th regiment of United States infantry, and a company of the 4th regiment of United States artillery, the whole under the command of Colonel Brooke, of the 4th infantry, were drawn up on the public square, opposite to the Spanish guard, having marched into town from the encampment at Galvez' Spring. The usual military salute passed between them. Four companies of infantry from the American line, under the command of Major Dinkins, of the 5th infantry, were then detached to take possession of the Barancas, which is nearly nine miles below this city.

"At ten o'clock, the hour previously appointed, General Jackson, attended by his aids, secretary, interpreters, etc.,

crossed the green, passed between the double line formed by the troops of both nations, who simultaneously saluted him by presenting arms, and entered the Government House, where the formality of the transfer was soon dispatched, and the Spanish sergeant's guard at the gate was immediately relieved by an American guard. After a few minutes, Governor Jackson, accompanied by Colonel Callava, the late commandant, and their respective suites, left the Government House, and passed through the same double line of troops to the house which the Governor has rented for the temporary accommodation of his family. The Spanish troops were then marched to the place of embarkation—the American flag was displayed upon the flag-staff, and grand salutes were fired by the artillery company and the United States ship *Hornet*, a gun being given to each State and Territory of the Federal Union, not forgetting Florida, and the regimental band, and that of the *Hornet*, playing the 'Star Spangled Banner' all the while. In the course of the day a number of the citizens waited on the new Governor to pay their respects and offer their congratulations. The delivery of the Barancas was performed with a little more parade. The Spanish flag was lowered to half-mast. The American flag was raised to a level with it. Both flags were, in this situation, saluted by the Spaniards. After which, the Spanish colors were hauled down and the American ensign was hoisted. The Americans then saluted their national flag. The American troops made a fine and martial appearance, and the *Hornet* was gaily dressed.

"We may now, at length, felicitate ourselves on our opening prospects. Pensacola is destined eventually to become the great emporium of the Gulf of Mexico, and to enjoy a large share of the trade of the West. Under the paternal government of Jackson, we hope soon to emerge from the weakness of infancy, and to escape from the restrictions of nonage. High expectations are entertained of his wisdom and magnanimity in his civil capacity. Of his courage and decision, his military career has already afforded conspicuous proofs. To the hand that so ably wielded the weapons of

war against foreign enemies are now committed the sword and the scales of justice, to weigh the rights of his fellow-citizens and to mete out punishment according to the measure of their wrongs ; to him who so gallantly stood forth the champion of his country is now confided the nurture and guardianship of the last offspring of freedom, the youngest child of the family of free and federated America. He will feel the elevation and responsibility of the trust reposed in him, of protecting the rights and promoting the interests, of developing the resources, of giving tone to the character, and determination to the energies of this embryo sovereignty, and he will act under a full conviction of his duty.

"We have yet no press established in this city, though the printing apparatus for the office of *The Floridian*, a gazette some time since announced to be published here, was shipped from Philadelphia early in June. Indeed, we are daily looking for the arrival of the publisher of a paper from the District of Columbia, whose proposals have been laid before the public in your journals. By a happy coincidence, however, the theater was opened for the first time in this city on the very evening of the day which witnessed the change of flags."*

Mrs. Jackson, who had been living at Pensacola for two or three weeks before the exchange of flags, witnessed that interesting ceremonial from the galleries of her house, and was moved thereby to write to her friend in Nashville, perhaps the longest, and certainly one of the most interesting, of her letters. Her letter is worth a score of official dispatches, at least for biographical purposes.

MRS. JACKSON TO MRS. ELIZA KINGSLEY.

"PENSACOLA, 23d July, 1821.

"MY DEAR FRIEND : I have been in this place four weeks. The reason I have denied myself the pleasure of writing you is that I was waiting for the great events which have taken place in this our day. O that I had the pen of a ready writer that I might give you a correct detail of the great

* *National Intelligencer*, August 17, 1821.

transaction, but it is as follows. We having a house prepared and furnished, the General advised me to move down and remain until he could with propriety march in with the fourth regiment.

"Three weeks the transports were bringing the Spanish troops from St. Mark's in order that they should all sail to Cuba at the same time. At length they arrived, but during all this time the Governor of this place and the General had daily communications, yet his lordship never waited on the General in person. After the vessels returned from St. Mark's, the General came within two miles of Pensacola. They were then one week finishing the preliminaries and ceremonies to be observed on the day of his entrance into the city. At length, last Tuesday was the day. At seven o'clock, at the precise moment, they hove in view under the American flag and a full band of music. The whole town was in motion. Never did I ever see so many pale faces. I am living on Main street, which gave me an opportunity of seeing a great deal from the upper galleries. They marched by to the government house, where the two Generals met in the manner prescribed, then his Catholic majesty's flag was lowered, and the American hoisted high in air, not less than one hundred feet.

"O how they burst into tears to see the last ray of hope departed of their devoted city and country—delivering up the keys of the archives, the vessels lying at anchor, in full view, to waft them to their distant port. Next morning they set sail under convoy of the *Hornet*, sloop of war, *Anne Maria*, and the *Tom Shields*. How did the city sit solitary and mourn. Never did my heart feel more for any people. Being present, I entered immediately into their feelings. Their manners, laws, and customs, all changed, and really a change was necessary. My pen almost drops from my hand, the effort is so far short, so limited to what it might be.

"Three Sabbaths I spent in this house before the country was in possession under American government. In all that time I was not an idle spectator. The Sabbath profanely kept; a great deal of noise and swearing in the streets; shops kept open; trade going on, I think, more than on any other day. They were so boisterous on that day I sent Major Stanton to say to them that the approaching Sunday would be differently kept. And must I say the worst people here are the cast-out Americans and negroes? Yesterday I had the happiness of witnessing the truth of what I had said. Great order was observed; the doors kept shut; the gambling houses demolished; fiddling and dancing not heard any more on the Lord's day; cursing not to be heard.

"What, what has been done in one week! A province delivered to the American people; the laws of the land we live in they are now under.

"You can't conceive what an important, arduous, laborious work it has been and is. I had no idea of it until daily it unfolded the mystery to view.

I am convinced that no mortal man could do this and suffer so many privations, unless the God of our salvation was his help in every time of trouble. While the General was in camp, fourteen miles from Pensacola, he was very sick. I went to see him, and to try and persuade him to come to his house. But, no. All his friends tried. He said that when he came in it should be under his own standard, and that would be the third time he had planted that flag on that wall. And he has done so. O how solemn was his pale countenance when he dismounted from his horse. Recollections of perils and scenes of war not to be dissevered presented themselves to view.

"There were no shouts of joy or exultation heard; but, on the contrary, we sympathized with these people. Still, I think, the Lord had a controversy with them. They were living far from God. If they would have the gospel of Jesus and his apostles, it would have been otherwise, but they would not. The field is white for harvest, but where are the laborers? Not one. Oh, for one of our faithful ministers to come and impart the word of life to them. I have heard but one gospel sermon since we left home. But I know that my Redeemer liveth. He is my shield. I shall not want. He will not leave me nor forsake me in all my trials through this wilderness. Oh, pray for me; I have need of that aid from my dear Christian friends.

"I will give you a faint description of the country and of this place; knowing that my dear friend will throw a veil over my errors and imperfections. 1. Pensacola is a perfect plain; the land nearly as white as flour, yet productive of fine peach trees, oranges in abundance, grapes, figs, pomegranates, etc., etc. Fine flowers growing spontaneously, for they have neglected the gardens, expecting a change of government. The town is immediately on the bay. The most beautiful water prospect I ever saw; and from ten o'clock in the morning until ten at night we have the finest sea breeze. There is something in it so exhilarating, so pure, so wholesome, it enlivens the whole system. All the houses look in ruins, old as time. Many squares of the town appear grown over with the thickest shrubs, weeping willows, and the Pride of China; all look neglected. The inhabitants all speak Spanish and French. Some speak four or five languages. Such a mixed multitude, you, nor any of us, ever had an idea of. There are fewer white people far than any other, mixed with all nations under the canopy of heaven, almost in nature's darkness. But, thanks to the Lord that has put grace in this his servant to issue his proclamation in a language they all understand, I think the sanctuary is about to be purged for a minister of the gospel to come over to the help of the Lord in this dark region.

"There is a Catholic church in the place, and the priest seems a divine looking man. He comes to see us. He dined with us yesterday, the Gov-

ernor, and Secretary, French, Spanish, American ladies, and all. I have as pleasant a house as any in town.

"We have a handsome view of the bay on Main street. You will scarcely believe me, but it is a fact, the vessels are daily coming in loaded with people. The place is nearly full; a great many come for their health. It is very healthy—so pure and wholesome. No fields of corn or wheat in all my travels, except one place near Mount Pelier. The growth entirely pine, some live-oak, magnolia, bay, which are all evergreens. The weather is oppressively warm to me, and raining every day. Sometimes the streets are two feet deep in water. But for the sand, we could not live. It has rained three months, almost every day, since we left New Orleans. I have the society of Amanda Grage, and the mother of Mr. Grage, and two more Christian ladies. I fear I shall put your patience to the test. I pray you bear with me a little. I have so many things to write you, and it may be the last opportunity I shall have, and I know I have not half done justice to the picture. I hope you will see it from some able penman. My dear husband is, I think, not any the better as to his health. He has indeed performed a great work in his day. Had I heard by the hearing of the ear I could not have believed.

"Have we all gone from you so far that no intelligence can reach our place of destination? There is no mail, no post-office here. All these inconveniences will be remedied shortly. Miss Grage received a letter from Mrs. Berryhill, wherein she states the illness of Mr. Campbell and several others in Nashville, but some pleasing news of the church. Oh, for Zion! I am not at rest, nor can I be, in a heathen land. Say to Captain Kingsley the General sends his best wishes to you both. He will write when he can have a moment. Remember me with much love to all my friends. Say to Mrs. Foster not to forget me, Mrs. Judge Campbell, Miss P. Lewis, Miss Nancy Ayers, Mrs. Somerville, and all and every one. How happy and thankful should you be in a land of gospel light and liberty.

"Oh, rejoice and be glad, far more it is to be desired than all the honor and riches in this vain world. Farewell, my dear friend, and should the great Arbiter of fate order his servant not to see her kindred and friends again, I hope to meet you in the realms of everlasting bliss. Then I shall weep no more at parting.

"Do not be uneasy for me. 'Although the vine yield no fruit, and the olive no oil, yet will I serve the Lord.'

"Adieu, adieu,

"RACHEL JACKSON.

"MRS. ELIZABETH KINGSLEY.

"Say to Mr. K. Andrew is learning Spanish."

CHAPTER XLV.

THE GOVERNOR IS DISAPPOINTED.

GENERAL JACKSON'S powers, as Governor of Florida, were extraordinary, but strictly limited. "Know ye," ran his commission, "that, reposing special trust and confidence in the integrity, patriotism, and abilities of Major-General Andrew Jackson, I do appoint him to exercise all the powers and authorities heretofore exercised by the governor and captain-general and intendant of Cuba, and by the governors of East and West Florida ; provided, however, that the said Andrew Jackson, or any person acting under him, or in the said territories, shall have no power or authority to lay or collect any new or additional taxes, or to grant or confirm to any person or persons, whomsoever, any title or claims to land within the same."

The long delay in the surrender of the province had given the Governor ample time to prepare the requisite measures, and, accordingly, on the very day after the exchange of flags, he began to publish ordinances for the government of the towns. He appointed mayors and aldermen, and empowered the mayors and aldermen of each place to "levy such taxes as may be necessary for the support of the town government." This act, it has been often charged, was in direct violation of his commission, which forbade the imposition of "new or additional taxes." But it has never been shown that the taxes imposed by the town governments were either new or additional. The council of St. Augustine, for example, laid a tax of twenty-five cents on every hundred dollars' worth of real estate, a tax of one dollar a year on each slave over seven years of age, two dollars a year upon each dog, twenty-four dollars a year upon every dram-shop, fifty dollars a year upon billiard tables, ten dollars upon every "riding carriage," seven and a half per cent. upon the gross amount of auction

sales. If either of these impositions were new or additional, then the Governor transcended his powers.

Another of Governor Jackson's ordinances was selected by his opponents in later years for special animadversion. He was required by the language of his commission, and by an act of Congress, to protect the people of Florida in the "free enjoyment of their religion." The first ordinance issued by the Governor contained the following section: "As the Christian Sabbath is observed throughout the civilized world, it is ordained that, in order to remove any doubt which might be entertained with respect to the powers of the mayor and council on this subject, the said mayor and council be authorized to make any regulations on the observance thereof *which they may deem proper.*" Under such an ordinance, the mayor and council, *if* they had deemed it proper, might have shut up the Catholic churches and silenced the priests. But they did not deem it proper so to do. The ordinance meant simply this: Mrs. Rachel Jackson desires, and Governor Andrew Jackson ordains, that the theater and gambling houses be shut on Sundays. And the theater and gambling houses were shut on Sundays, accordingly. From what we can learn of the people of Florida, it does not appear that the witnessing of plays or the frequenting of gambling houses on the first day of the week was a requirement of their "religion."

It appears, however, that no class of the inhabitants of Florida looked upon the change of government with so much disgust as the Catholic priests. A scene occurred at St. Augustine, immediately after the exchange of flags at that post, which would have gladdened the heart of Mrs. Jackson to witness. Among the crowd assembled in the public square to behold the ascent of the stars and stripes to the summit of the flag-staff was a Methodist preacher, with a bundle of tracts under his arm. The instant that the preacher saw the flag of his country fling out its beautiful folds to the breeze, saluted by the troops, by martial music and the cheers of the multitude, he left the exciting scene to begin the great work

of evangelizing the country. He went about the town, leaving a Protestant tract at every house, and giving one to every man, woman and child he met. Soon a Catholic priest came forth indignant to remonstrate, and prevent his further proceedings. The preacher pointed to the American flag. The priest looked at it in silence for a moment. Blank dismay overspread his countenance, and he vanished without another word. The preacher continued to distribute his tracts, triumphant.*

Governor Jackson proceeded with the organization of his government, and, in a very few days, had completed the preliminary measures, and set the wheels of government in motion. The Spaniards, with the exception of Colonel Callava and a few of his officers and servants, had left the province. Pensacola was full of new-comers from the United States, in pursuit of fortune. Pensacola, it was generally supposed, would at once become an important and prosperous commercial city, and they who came earliest would be the first to rise with its rising fortunes. It had not occurred to these eager gentlemen that, before a town can attain commercial greatness, there must be a population behind it to buy what it imports and produce what it exports. Pensacola, they thought, would become a second New Orleans, without a Mississippi river.

All were disappointed, and no one so much so as Governor Jackson. He had not, it is true, indulged those extravagant expectations respecting the business of Pensacola. But he had come to Florida in the hope of being able to provide several of his friends with lucrative appointments, and that expectation had been one of the strongest motives which induced him to accept the Governorship. Upon learning, therefore, that the best offices in the Territory had been already given away by the President, he was a disappointed man. To provide bountifully for those who had served him, and for those to whom he was attached, was one of the ruling pas-

* Sewall's St. Augustine. Anecdote related to Mr. Sewall by the victorious preacher.

sions of Andrew Jackson. He demanded from his friends an entire devotion to his interests, a complete acquiescence in his cherished opinions, an absolute deference to his will. Grant him these, and he would girdle the earth to serve you, and defy every thing but Omnipotence. Alone, against the world, he would stand up for your honor or your interest. This disappointment was, therefore, one which wounded and exasperated him beyond measure, and the more as the climate of Florida and his manifold vexations previous to his arrival had brought on a recurrence of a disease which both debilitates and irritates.

A very few weeks sufficed to sicken him of his governorship thoroughly. Mrs. Jackson wrote to one of her brothers, August 25th : "There never was a man more disappointed than the General has been. In the first place he has not the power to appoint one of his friends ; which, I thought, was in part the reason of his coming. But far has it exceeded every calculation ; it has almost taken his life. Captain Call says it is equal to the Seminole campaign ; well I knew it would be a ruining concern. I shall not pretend to describe the toils, fatigue and trouble ; those Spaniards had as leave die as give up their country. He has had terrible scenes ; the governor has been put in the calaboose ; which is a terrible thing, really. I was afraid there would be a rebellion, but the Spanish troops were all gone to the Havannah ; several officers remaining here yet. We have a hope of setting out on the 1st of October for home. Little Andrew and Colonel Butler have started for Tennessee ; he was the most anxious creature I ever saw in my life. They all begin to think with me that Tennessee is the best country yet. Tell our friends I hope to see them again in our country, and to know it is the best I ever saw. What a pity that some do not know when they are well off in this world. They not only hurt themselves but those that are innocent."

A month later she wrote to her friend, Mrs. Kingsley : "The General, I think, is the most anxious man to get home I ever saw. He calls it the wild-geese chase, his coming here.

He tells me to say to you and Captain Kingsley that in the multiplicity of business, if he had or could have seen any advantages for your better prospects, he would have written Captain K. long since. You are in the best country in America. Oh, how has this place been overrated. We have had a great many deaths ; still I know it is a healthy climate. Amongst many disadvantages, it has few advantages. I pity Mr. J., he will have so much fatigue. Not one minister of the gospel has come to this place yet ; no not one ; but we have a prayer-meeting every Sabbath. The house is crowded so there is not room for them. Sincere prayers are constantly sent up to the Hearer of Prayer for a faithful minister. Oh, what a reviving, refreshing scene it would be to the Christians, though few in number. The non-professors desire it. Blessed be God, he has a few even here that are bold in declaring their faith in Christ. You named, my dear friend, my going to the theater. I went once, and then with much reluctance. I felt so little interest in it, however, I shall not take up much time in apologizing. My situation is a peculiar one at this time. I trust in the Lord my dear child, Andrew, reached home in safety. I think you all must feel a great deal for me, knowing how my very heart recoiled at the idea of what I had to encounter. Many have been disappointed. I have not. I saw it as plain as I now do when it is passing. Oh Lord, forgive, if thy will, all those my enemies that had an agency in the matter. Many wander about like lost sheep ; all have been disappointed in offices. Crage has a constable's place of no value. The President made all the appointments, and sent them from the city of Washington."

General Jackson himself wrote home to his friends in a similar strain. A letter of his, written on the 3d of September, to his brother-in-law, Captain John Donelson, may find place here. Only a small part of it relates to Florida, but the other portions well illustrate the care and exactness with which he managed his business affairs. This letter, for various reasons, which will be apparent to the intelligent reader, demands particular attention.

GENERAL JACKSON TO CAPTAIN JOHN DONELSON, SEN.

"PENSACOLA, September 2d, 1821.

"DEAR SIR: Last night's mail brought me yours of the 1st of August, for which I sincerely thank you. I have received, after a tedious delay on the passage, all your letters, and for your attention to my interest in my absence I cherish, and will through life, the most friendly and lively recollection. I have received no letter from Mr. Saunders on the subject of my cotton. Dr. Beebe writes, the 28th of July, that on that day he stated to him the amount of sales of my cotton to be five hundred and fifty-one dollars. There is an express agreement that he is to pay me the exchange at Nashville for the money of New Orleans. This I have no doubt he will acknowledge. Old Mr. Richardson must be paid as soon as the work is done; and when you apply to Mr. Saunders for money for this purpose, you will please settle with him the exchange, and have it added to the amount of sales before you receive it. That for the use of the money for which the cotton was sold at New Orleans he is to allow me at Nashville the exchange for New Orleans money, I am well assured he will acknowledge. I hope before the other contract for the cedar becomes due I shall be at home. Should I not, I have informed Mr. Saunders that the money is to be applied by you to those debts, and that I had given you a memorandum of them and an order for the money. I am certain he will pay it when you apply. The balance of cotton coming to you you will retain out of the first money Mr. Saunders pays out of the proceeds of the cotton.

"I hope we will be able to leave here by the first of October for home. Mrs. Jackson's health is not good, and I am determined to travel her as early as my business and her health will permit, even if I should be compelled to come back to settle my business and turn over the government to my successor. I am determined to resign my office the moment Congress meets, and live near you the balance of my life.

"I fear the paper system has and will ruin the State. Its demoralizing effects are clearly seen and spoken of everywhere, and I have but little doubt (at least I fear it) that it has predominated in your late elections, although I am unadvised how they have terminated. But from Dr. Butler's letter I learn that he is doubtful that Colonel Wood will lose his election. If this should be the case, let every honest man take care of himself, and have nothing to do with the new rags of the State; for, be assured, it will be a reign of immoral rule, and the interest of speculators will be alone consulted during the existence of the new dynasty.

"Say to Mr. Saunders that he well recollects that I objected to the new State bank bills. I never had one of them, and I never will receive one of them. In this country you could not pass them, and get one dollar in specie

for ten dollars in them. I therefore protest against receiving any of the trash, and I am sure Mr. Saunders will not offer it. I will take the old State bank or its branches at the exchange for Orleans.

"Before this reaches you, Colonel Butler and our little son will be with you. I hope, I trust, you will extend your care over him until we are where he has gone. You may be sure your sister will not remain long behind. We all enjoy tolerable health at present, but I am wearied with business this hot weather.

"Present us affectionately to your lady and family, and all our friends, and accept for yourself our choicest blessings. Adieu.

"ANDREW JACKSON."

With the insight afforded by these letters into the Governor's feelings, the reader will be able to judge correctly the extraordinary scenes to which Mrs. Jackson alludes, when she states that Colonel Callava had been in the calaboose. "Which is a terrible thing really," remarks the good lady. It was not a very terrible thing really. It was only terrible apparently—terrible in print.

One or two anecdotes, however, before we proceed to that agitating subject. A few days after General Jackson's arrival at Pensacola a fire broke out near the center of the town. The Spanish population rushed to the public square to view the spectacle; but not a man of them attempted to extinguish the flames. General Jackson soon arrived, and, seeing the apathy of the people, uttered one of his fiercest yells, which was intended merely to rouse the spectators to exertion. The poor Spaniards, not comprehending the phrase employed by the General, and having imbibed impressions respecting the ferocity of his disposition that rendered him an object of terror, were struck with consternation, and took to their heels. The General was left in the square the sole spectator of the conflagration, until the troops came running in from the barracks.

Another event of a far different nature occurred about this time, which I would gladly omit, but must not. Judge Brackenridge tells the story: "In the plenitude of his power he permitted a fatal duel to be fought in Pensacola, in the most public and notorious manner, when a single word from

him would have prevented it ! I allude to the unfortunate affair of Hull and Randal, two young officers; the former just then reformed, the other still in the army. Randal came from Baton Rouge on purpose, it was generally said, to draw a challenge from Hull, who had thrown out threats against him. The challenge was accordingly given by Hull ; the duel took place ; Dr. Bronaugh, the bosom friend of General Jackson, acting as physician. I was present when the doctor returned to communicate the result to the General, who was waiting impatiently to hear it. Poor Hull was shot through the heart ; his pistol, which was a hair trigger, had stopped at half cock. The General was much displeased. ‘D—n the pistol,’ said he ; ‘by G—d, to think that a brave man should risk his life on a hair trigger !’ He was sufficiently generous not to arrest Randal, but gave him an intimation instantly to quit the town, which might have been given before the affair had taken place.”*

General Jackson, then, still believed in the pistol. Yes, reader ; his wife had not yet succeeded in converting him from that bad faith. Will she ever do it ? Not till her tongue is still in death ; not till she has for many a year spoken to him from her tomb in the Hermitage garden.

CHAPTER XLV.

COLONEL CALLAVA IN THE CALABOOSE.

OF the governors of Pensacola with whom we have had to do in the course of our history Colonel Callava, the last of the Spanish governors, was by far the most agreeable and the most respectable character. He was a Castilian, of a race akin to the Saxon, of light complexion, a handsome, well-grown man, of dignified presence and refined manners. He

* Letters of the Hon. H. M. Brackenridge. Pamphlet, 1832.

won rapid promotion by good service in the Peninsular war, and was a colonel and a governor before he was forty years of age. After the surrender of his town to General Jackson, he still retained, as he supposed, the office of Spanish commissioner, and continued to reside in the place, to superintend the embarkation of artillery, and other unfinished business. With the officers of the fourth regiment, which formed the American garrison of Pensacola, he was a favorite, and was frequently invited by them to entertainments. Nor were the American ladies in the town averse to the society of the handsome Castilian; though most of them found it difficult to converse with a gentleman whose ignorance of the English language was as complete as their ignorance of Spanish.

If an angel from heaven had appeared to General Jackson in the guise of a Spanish governor he would not have liked him—so rooted was his prejudice against Spanish governors. And that Spanish governor from heaven would have found it difficult to so far forget or overlook what General Jackson had formerly done in Florida as to regard the General with an entirely friendly eye. The presence, therefore, of Colonel Callava in Pensacola—particularly after what had occurred previous to the surrender—furnished the material for a grand explosion, provided the governor and the ex-governor should by any accident come into collision.

A collision was destined to occur, and a worthy gentleman of General Jackson's own household was to be its innocent and astonished cause.

On his journey to Florida, General Jackson fell in with a young lawyer and scholar, Mr. Henry M. Brackenridge, of Pennsylvania, who was also on his way to Pensacola. Mr. Brackenridge, who had already distinguished himself as a reviewer, author and pamphleteer, and had held a foreign appointment, had been assured by the President that he should not be forgotten in the distribution of the Florida offices, and he was going to the new territory upon that assurance. As he was an accomplished linguist, particularly well versed in the Spanish and French languages, General Jackson, who

needed the assistance of just such a gentleman, invited him to become a member of his official family, and to aid him in forming his government. The invitation was gladly accepted by Mr. Brackenridge, and most of the dispatches and proclamations, signed by General Jackson during his brief tenure of office in Florida, were penned by him. In after years, we may add, Mr. Brackenridge became Judge Brackenridge, and a member of Congress ; and he still lives, in honorable retirement in his native State, to serve the reader of these pages by contributing to them from the stores of his well-filled memory.

After the exchange of flags, General Jackson appointed Mr. Brackenridge to the office of Alcalde of Pensacola, part of whose duty it was to receive from the Spanish authorities, and preserve, the papers and records relating to private property. By the terms of the treaty all such documents were to be given over to the authorities of the United States.

For the complete understanding of the comedy about to be unfolded, it is necessary to introduce to the reader another of the persons of the drama—Elijius Fromentin, Judge of the United States for West Florida.

No public man of the United States has had such a strange career as this Judge Fromentin. He was a native of France, where he was educated at a college of the Jesuits for the priesthood, and was, in due time, ordained. When he had exercised the priestly functions for some years, the French revolution closed the churches and expelled the priests. Fromentin then laid aside his gown, emigrated to the United States, taught French in one of the academies of Maryland, married into an influential family of that State, removed to Louisiana, acquired a smattering of law, and established himself in New Orleans as a practitioner of the same. His knowledge of French and English, his Jesuit scholarship, the insinuating suavity of his manners, and the influence of his wife's relatives, all combined to enable him to achieve a position, and, in a few years, this Jesuit priest was a senator of the United States from the State of Louisiana ! He served one term,

and not altogether without distinction, if we may judge from the printed debates, but he was not reëlected.

The Bourbons were restored. Priestly influence was in the ascendant in France. The Jesuits had new hopes. Then our priestly senator abandoned his wife, went to France, sought restoration to his priestly office, and indulged dreams of high preferment in the church. But the story of his American marriage leaking out, the double renegade was disappointed, and returned to America. His wife, not aware of the full extent of his turpitude, listened indulgently to his protestations and excuses, and consented to live with him again. Fromentin reappeared in New Orleans, to find that the report of his unworthy conduct had preceded him, and that the door to all profitable employment was closed against him. By the influence of his wife's family, however, Mr. Monroe, ignorant of the man's true character, was induced to give him the temporary appointment of judge in Florida, rejecting the application of General Jackson himself on behalf of one of his Tennessee friends. He reached Florida some weeks after the cession of the province, but in time to take a leading part in the comedy of *Much Ado about Less than Nothing*, which we are about to describe.

These, then, were the principal actors : General Jackson, Colonel Callava, Alcalde Brackenridge, and Judge Fromentin. The subordinate characters were numerous, but do not need particular introduction. There was, also, a large force of supernumeraries, such as Spanish officers, American soldiers, awe-struck Creoles, terrified populace, excited Americans, and ladies in a state of consternation.

SCENE I.—Alcalde Brackenridge in his office. Enter a quadroon woman, with a bundle of papers in her hand. The quadroon states her business with the Alcalde.

“You see before you, sir,” (she might have said, and did in substance say,) “a woman robbed of her inheritance by wicked and powerful men. I am one of the heirs of Nicholas Maria Vidal, who died in Florida so long ago as the year 1807, leaving large possessions—a tract of sixteen thousand

acres at Baton Rouge, besides valuable property in Pensacola. The estate fell into the hands of the great commercial house of Forbes & Co., represented here by Mr. Innerarity. They will not disgorge, illustrious Alcalde. We, the lawful heirs of the deceased Vidal, have petitioned, and petitioned, and petitioned ; but always in vain. Our petitions have been granted in word, but not in effect. Governors of Pensacola have ordered Forbes & Co. to render an account of their stewardship ; but that powerful house laughs at governors, and we are still kept out of our inheritance. At this time, Señor Alcalde, we are about to lose all hope ; for the papers upon which we depend for the gaining of our rights are about to be carried away to Havana. They are in the custody of one Domingo Sousa, an officer under Colonel Callava. Sousa will permit us, he says, to copy the papers, which consist of hundreds of pages of manuscript ; but we are poor, and can not pay the expense of copying. Now, we throw ourselves upon the justice of the American government, and beg that our papers may not be carried out of the province, and that our inheritance may be given to us."

The tender heart of the Alcalde was touched by this recital. He examined the papers brought by the woman. They appeared to confirm her story. It was evident that the papers in the possession of Sousa belonged to the class of documents which, by the treaty of cession, were to be left in Florida. The Alcalde determined that, as far as in him lay, he would cause justice to be done to the heirs of Vidal. The papers should not be carried off, at least.

SCENE II.—General Jackson in his office. The Alcalde enters. The Alcalde repeats the piteous tale of the quadroon. The soul of General Jackson swells with virtuous indignation as he listens to the story. He, too, resolves that the papers shall be rescued from Sousa's strong box, and the wrongs of the heirs righted. Yes—by the Eternal !

"But stop, Mr. Alcalde. This is a serious matter, and may lead to important consequences. We will have everything put into writing. Prepare a written application to me,

as Governor of the territory, for authority to demand the papers from Domingo Sousa."

The Alcalde obeyed. The Governor, in turn, drew up the requisite order, addressed to three gentlemen, Alcalde Brackenridge, George Walton, Secretary of West Florida, and John Miller, Clerk of the County Court. "Gentlemen," ran the Governor's order, "having been officially informed that there are a number of papers or documents in the possession of an individual of the name of Domingo Sousa, of a public nature, and which belong to the office of the Alcalde of this town, although not delivered with the other documents relating to private property, you are hereby authorized and instructed to proceed to the dwelling of the said Domingo Sousa, and to make a demand of all such papers or documents as may be in his possession. In case the said Sousa should refuse to exhibit and deliver the same, you will immediately report the fact to me in writing."

SCENE III.—An apartment in the house of Don Domingo Sousa. Enter Messrs. Brackenridge, Walton, and Miller, received by Don Domingo with profound salutations. They make known their errand. Señor Sousa, at once, acknowledged that he had in his possession two boxes of papers, but they belonged to the military tribunal and to the revenue department, and had no connection with private property. In testimony whereof, he produced the boxes and permitted the commissioners to examine their contents. Most of the papers proved to be of the character which Señor Sousa had represented them to be; but in one of the boxes the documents relating to the estate of Nicholas Maria Vidal were found. The commissioners demanded those documents. Señor Sousa replied that he was but the servant of Colonel Callava, who had placed these boxes in his custody, and that, without an order from Colonel Callava, he could not in honor deliver up any part of their contents. The commissioners presented to him a written demand for the papers, to which Señor Sousa returned a written refusal.

Exeunt commissioners. Don Domingo Sousa, with the

assistance of a negro servant, conveyed the boxes in haste to the house of Colonel Callava, and hopes he has washed his hands of them.

SCENE IV.—At the office of General Jackson. The General receives the report of the commissioners, and is filled with indignation at Sousa's audacity. He issues an order to the following effect: "Colonel Robert Butler, of the army of the United States, and Colonel John Miller, clerk of the county of Escambia, are hereby commanded forthwith to proceed to seize the body of the said Domingo Sousa, together with the said papers, and bring him and them before me, at my office immediately, to the end that he then and there answer such interrogatories as may be put to him; and to comply with such order and decree touching the said documents and records, as the rights of the individuals may require and the justice of the case demand."

The astonished Sousa is soon brought in a prisoner, and subjected to a rigorous questioning. He could only reply that he had taken the papers to the house of Colonel Callava, and there left them, in the absence of Callava, in charge of the major-domo, whose name was Fullarat. General Jackson ordered Sousa to be conducted under military guard to Colonel Callava, to procure the papers, and to bring them to him, in default of which he was to be committed to the calaboose, and therein confined until the delivery of the papers. Lieutenant Sousa departs under guard.

SCENE V.—A dining-room at the headquarters of the fourth regiment. A large party seated at the dinner table, among them Colonel Brooke of the fourth regiment, Captain Kearney of the United States navy, Judge Fromentin, Mrs. Brooke, and other ladies, Colonel Callava and a number of Spanish officers. A noise heard without. Enter, Domingo Sousa, in a state of wild excitement, demanding to see his chief, Colonel Callava, and exclaiming, "They are conducting me to prison."

"For what cause?" inquired Colonel Callava, rising from the table.

"Sir," replied Sousa, "yesterday, three American citizens came to my house demanding of me, with authority (as they said) of the Governor, Don Andrew Jackson, that I should deliver them certain civil causes of the military jurisdiction and of the finance, which they had been told were in my possession. I had some boxes, with papers of the military tribunal and of that of the finance, which you had put under my care for their preservation till they should be sent to the Havana with those of the secretary's office. I said that I was your subaltern, subject to your immediate orders in your commission, and, therefore, without your express order, I could deliver nothing; for which reason I represented to them that they should make their request to you. The three persons mentioned went away, and after a short space they paid me another visit, with the same demand in writing, and requiring me to answer it in the same manner. I did so; and this morning having gone to you to communicate it to you, I did not find you in the house, and my mind told me to place those boxes there immediately. I carried them and placed them in your apartment in charge of your servant, and I gave him a message to deliver to you the moment you came in, if I did not see you before; but in a short time I having informed you in the street, you answered me that it was well. My house was presently searched by the same three persons, and they told me that, unless I delivered the papers, I must go to prison. I answered that the boxes were in your house; and they are carrying me to prison."

Colonel Callava then ordered his aide-de-camp to go to Don Andrew Jackson, and inform him that Sub-Lieutenant Sousa was indeed one of his officers, and had no authority to deliver the papers intrusted to him. If Don Andrew would only address himself to him, Colonel Callava, Don Andrew should have every satisfaction.

Exeunt Sousa and the officers in whose custody he was. Exit the aide-de-camp. Exit Colonel Callava stricken with indigestion. Colonel Callava goes home in agony. Dinner

party disperses. Mrs. Brooke compassionate. Sousa is conducted to the calaboose.

SCENE VI.—The office of General Jackson. The General has been informed of the result of the interview between Sousa and his colonel. The blood of the terrible Don Andrew is now thoroughly up. He will have the papers before he sleeps, or know the reason why. He writes the following brief but ominous order, addressed to Colonel Brooke: "Sir, you will furnish an officer, sergeant, corporal, and twenty men, and direct the officer to call on me by half past eight o'clock P. M. for orders. They will have their arms and accouterments complete, with twelve rounds of ammunition."

At the time appointed, Lieutenant Mountz, of the fourth regiment, with a file of twenty men, arrived at the office of Governor Jackson and waited for further orders. The irate Governor proceeded with much circumspection. His orders were that Colonel Robert Butler, of the army, Dr. Bronaugh, and Alcalde Brackenridge, should proceed to the house of Colonel Callava, accompanied by the troops, and demand the papers. If Colonel Callava gave them up, well; if not, Lieutenant Mountz was ordered "immediately to take the said Colonel Callava and his steward Fullarat into custody and bring them before me, to answer such interrogatories as are required by the circumstances attending the case."

SCENE VII.—At the residence of Don José Callava, Colonel in the Spanish army and ex-Governor of Pensacola. Of the scenes that there transpired we have several accounts, two of which shall here be given. The official report, signed by Colonel Butler and Dr. Bronaugh, is as follows:

"We proceeded to the house of Colonel Callava, who was absent, but again returning to his house shortly after we found him accompanied by a number of Spanish officers clothed with their side arms, and Mr. John Innerarity in the porch. The demand was formally made of the documents enumerated in your order and peremptorily refused, when he was informed that his refusal would be considered as setting at defiance the

authority exercised by you as Governor of the Floridas in the execution of the laws ; and they were again demanded, and the consequences of refusal on his part enumerated, but in which refusal he still persisted, and we were about taking our leave to prepare for the final execution of your order when Colonel Callava declared that if we would furnish him with a copy of the memorandum setting forth the documents required he would deliver them to us, to which we assented.

“The alcalde, H. M. Brackenridge, accordingly waited on him with a copy of the memorandum herewith accompanied, and informed him that he would call in two hours for the reception of the documents as promised. We proceeded at the appointed time and found the gate and front part of the house closed. The former we opened by removing a bar, and on reaching the latter a considerable stir seemed to be made in the house. We knocked several times without receiving any answer, when admittance was demanded in the name of the Governor in three instances, still without reply. The guard was then ordered to advance and form in front of the house, and part detached to the rear, when it was discovered that the back door was open, and several Spanish officers, with Mr. Innerarity, were in the porch. We inquired for Colonel Callava, to which we were answered they did not know where he was. Lights were procured, and the rooms searched, when Colonel Callava was found on his bed, divested of his coat. Demand was then made of the documents, agreeably to his promise, and to our astonishment they were still refused, and several attempts were made on his part to show that he was not amenable to the laws ; to which he was answered that the Governor was, in the execution of the laws, bound to demand the papers, as they appertained to the rights and property of individuals resident in Pensacola, and that formal complaint had been made that they were improperly withheld, and that the Governor knew no distinction between Colonel Callava and any other man under his government. We then proposed that Colonel Callava should deliver the

papers, and he should have our receipt for them, which was also refused. We then again demanded them, reiterating our sentiments, that his refusal would be viewed as an act of open mutiny to the civil authority exercised in the Floridas, and that he must expect the consequences. He persisted to refuse, and the officer of the guard was ordered to take him and his steward Fullarat into custody and bring them before your excellency, which is now done. We would add, in conclusion, that Colonel Callava repeatedly asserted that he would not be taken out of his house alive, but he seemed to act without much difficulty when the guard was ordered to prime and load. A corporal and three men were detached to remain and guard the house of Colonel Callava, and to prevent the removal of the boxes which had contained the documents, and which Mr. Brackenridge recognized in the bed-room."

Such is the American narrative. Colonel Callava shall now give us his version. We shall at least learn from it that there are two ways of telling the same thing. Colonel Callava may as well tell his whole story, although the reader is already acquainted with part of it. It is not every day that we have the pleasure of perusing so peculiar a piece of composition.

"At four in the afternoon," says Colonel Callava, "and not much before, I was dining at the table of Colonel George M. Brooke, of the fourth regiment of the United States line, and of the garrison at Pensacola, by whom I had been invited with all the Spanish officers residing there. Don Domingo Sousa presented himself to me, with an officer of the United States, telling me that he was a prisoner, and that the reason was that the three persons of the former day had returned to his house the day before, telling him that they came with orders from Governor Andrew Jackson to seize the papers; that having informed them that he had that morning sent them to my house, they searched his house, and at last carried him to prison; and he related, before the company, what had occurred about the papers with the same persons the preceding day.

"I immediately ordered my aide-de-camp, Don Bernardo Prieto, accompanied by Alma, who was the public interpreter, to present my compliments to Don Andrew Jackson, and to inform him that Sousa was in fact, as he had intimated, an individual of my commission, and was under my power

and authority ; and that he could not deliver the papers in question of himself. That if he would have the goodness to ask me in writing for such as he might find it proper to claim, and if they were to be given by the regulation of the treaty, or other particular circumstances, I would deliver them to him by the same procedure which indispensable regularity dictated, as had been done with the other papers ; or that he should have, in the same way, a distinct explanation of the reasons which prevented their delivery, and that every direct mode of conciliation should be sought, if there was any thing that could be of use to him in any way.

"The aide-de-camp and interpreter brought back for answer that Sousa should go to prison, and that they should tell me, *that I should be put into another dungeon with him.*

"It appearing to me that Don Andrew Jackson had not been well informed of my message by the interpretation (although the incident offended me and surprised those at table), I made the same persons return and inform him a second time ; and that gentleman repeated to them in a loud voice, in presence of several persons, and upon the street balcony, the same thing, saying, '*Colonel Callava to the dungeon.*'

"An occurrence so strange and abusive in the presence of those who surrounded me at table, a great part of whom were there as a greater compliment to me, and others, my subordinates, could not but raise a blush in my face, and disorder my stomach in the very act of eating, and in the convalescent state in which I was ; and I felt myself attacked by a deadly pain (which I almost habitually suffered, and which had frequently attacked me on the preceding days ;) notwithstanding, I concealed the circumstance so as to render it impossible to be discovered ; that upon quitting the table I might go and reflect, for it was not known upon what such answers or occurrences rested.

"We all left the table. Brooke's lady was very much grieved ; and I was going to the street, when three persons presented themselves to me in Brooke's house, telling me, from Don Andrew Jackson, that they came for the papers which Sousa had carried to my house, or to carry me with them to Jackson's house ; because the Governor, with his authority could not respect me in any other light than as a private individual.

"Astonished to find myself involved in such events, with expressive actions I intreated them to do me the honor of returning to the Commissary Governor with my compliments, asking him how he could forget that I was the Spanish commissary who had delivered to him that province, and whom he had found as governor in it, and who at the same time had not been removed by his government, nor concluded the delivery, nor withdrawn the artillery, (the destination of which was expected), nor of other things under my power ? That I was surprised at what passed between us ; that he would have the goodness to reflect that every paper in my pos-

session, on that day, belonged to the government which I had exercised in that province, and was sacred, under my authority and character, by the privilege of the law of nations, which has always been mutually observed and respected among nations; and it is a thing unknown that any authority has forcibly violated a trust so sacred, without cause or reason; that whatever paper he might wish to ask, he might demand of me in *writing*.

"The officers went away to carry this answer, which was given them in the presence of all at Brooke's house; and I, feeling now a recurrence of my pain, requested them to permit me to go home, whither several of those persons accompanied me. As soon as I arrived, I caused my secretary to extend in my office all that I had said to the persons sent, and with him I sent Lieutenant Colonel de Villiers, accompanied by another officer, to the Governor, thinking that thus my answer might be more correctly understood by him; but, when it was presented he would not receive it, and they brought it back to me unopened.

"After these officers returned to me, now at my own house, the same three persons came with a determined and brief message that I must not make any pretensions to official situation or other considerations—'*the papers, or go with them.*' I was surrounded by my officers, and other persons of character, whose countenances I saw filled with pain and surprise to see me in the sad state of suffering and unable to remain tranquil. Till then I knew not of what papers they spoke, as I had not entered upon an inquiry, nor had they given me an opportunity of doing so; and I answered them that I was unable to go out of my house. I intreated that they would, at least, give me an abstract of what papers and of what class those were which they demanded, and I would inform Don Andrew Jackson that I was sick.

"Without giving me any answer they went away, and I laid myself on the bed. An hour afterwards one of the three presented himself in my house, and gave me an abstract, written on a half sheet of paper, in the English language, and signed *Alcalde Brackenridge*. I took it; I told him that I should have it translated, and should reply to it; he went away; I gave it to the interpreter at that hour, which was nine at night, and sought repose on the bed; but, a while after, and without further preliminaries, a party of troops, with the commissioners, assaulted the house, breaking the fence, (notwithstanding the door was open), and the commissioners entered my apartment; they surrounded my bed with soldiers with drawn bayonets in their hands, they removed the mosquito net, they made me sit up, and demanded *the papers, or they would use the arms against my person.*

"It ought to be remarked that, of the three, only one spoke and understood a little of the Spanish language; he was the only interpreter, and I neither speak nor understood one word of English, and thus I neither knew

what he said to his companions respecting what I answered, nor did they know what was asked me. I had to do with him alone, and he was one who had gone and returned with them in all their visits. Some officers and other persons who had accompanied me from the house of Brooke, and who had not yet retired, and were seated in the gallery of the house, leaving me to repose, entered the room, and I answered, in their presence, that the note had not yet been returned translated, but that this was of no consequence; that there were all the boxes containing papers, my trunks and all my house; that, since force had once openly been used in their demand, they there had every thing at their disposal without any resistance on my part; but that, before they should proceed to take what they thought fit, I represented to them that now, since my person was not secure as a free man, and in a free country, in the asylum of my house, and in the dead of the night, and that what ought to be preserved to my nation was not respected in my official situation and character, I laid these things before the government of the United States, and took refuge under their laws, and hoped that they would respect both.

"They did not proceed to search for papers, nor did they move any further question about them when they now saw them at their disposal; but they ordered the troops to carry arms, leave me alone, and send from my house those who assisted and accompanied me. This they did, and to one who appeared desirous to interpret in English what I had said for their better understanding, they intimated, with threats, that he should be silent as soon as he had begun, and I continued alone sitting on the bed, and they in the apartment looking at each other.

"In fine, a short while after one of the three went out, and returned accompanied with an officer, who, placing himself before me, told me I was a prisoner, and ordered me to dress myself. I answered that I was so, but that he would have the goodness to observe that I was so sick that I ought not to be taken out of my house at that hour. He made no answer to the interpreter, and remained silent; but one of the three deliberately ordered me to dress. I dressed in my uniform, was going to put on my sword, but, upon reflection, thought it better to deliver it to the officer. I did so, and one of the three took it from his hand and threw it upon the chimney, and in this manner I was conducted through the streets among the troops."

SCENE VIII.—Again at the office of General Jackson. Time, about ten in the evening. Present, a great crowd of excited spectators. Colonel Callava, the Alcalde, Colonel Butler, and Dr. Bronaugh, enter the apartment, and General Jackson politely waves Colonel Callava to a seat. What

occurred on this occasion was circumstantially recorded at the time by Judge Brackenridge.

“On entering the Governor’s office, Colonel Callava was invited to take a seat, which he did at the table fronting the Governor, while I was seated at one end of it, in the capacity of interpreter. The Governor then requested me to say to Colonel Callava that he was brought before him to answer interrogatories touching certain papers which had been delivered at his house by Domingo Sousa in boxes, according to the confession of Sousa, and a list of the papers was read. This was fully and faithfully interpreted to him in the presence of Mr. Rutledge, of Mr. Cruzat, the secretary of Colonel Callava, both of whom understood the Spanish and English languages well. Colonel Callava on this rose, and, looking at his watch, said that it was then ten o’clock; that, at that hour, he had been violently taken from his house; that he protested against the proceeding; that he was commissioner of Spain, and was not answerable as a private individual.

“When this was interpreted, the Governor declared that he would hear no protest against his authority while sitting in his judicial capacity; that he could not know him as commissioner, and then ordered me to propound the question (whether he had the papers) which he had just written.

“Colonel Callava repeated in substance what he had said before, but with more prolixity and warmth. After some time passed in this way, he said he would yield to compulsion, but would answer only in his own language and in his own way. When this was granted, he began to write, and after writing a few lines complained that his eyes were weak, and requested that his secretary might write, which was granted. He then dictated to Mr. Cruzat something in the shape of a protest, as a preliminary, as I understood, to his answering the question. After writing five or six lines, it was observed by H. Bigelow, Esq., who happened to be standing near the Governor, that he was dictating a protest. The Governor, on this, with considerable warmth, striking on the table and addressing himself to me, said:

“‘Why do you not tell him, sir, that I will not permit him to protest?’

“Which was intended as a reprimand to me for suffering Colonel Callava to proceed in this way, when he was repeatedly told that such a course would not be allowed. Colonel Callava then stopped, and his secretary left off writing in the middle of a word. I was now called upon to put the interrogatory, and to say that none but a direct answer would be received. I called upon Mr. Cruzat to assist in interpreting, feeling great anxiety that there should be no misunderstanding, but he declined. The question was then repeated in the manner I have certified in the proceed-

ings. (Had he, or had he not, the papers at his house?) It was fully and clearly explained to him. Much was said by way of enforcing the question on the one side, and of the objections on the other to answering, all of which I did not consider myself called on to explain; and, in fact, it was not possible: there was considerable warmth on both sides, and there was frequently not sufficient interval between what was said to enable me to convey more than the substance of what was thus spoken by way of arguments, while much of it consisted of repetitions. When, at last, Colonel Callava found that he would not be permitted to answer in the manner he thought proper, he declined answering at all.

"The steward, Fullarat, was then called up, and Colonel Callava objected to his being examined, on the ground that he was not of sufficient age. Some time was also employed with this examination: he answered that the boxes spoken of by Sousa had been delivered to him, and were then in Colonel Callava's house. The Governor, after the close of Fullarat's testimony, said, in a very deliberate and impressive manner, 'that the papers had been seen in the possession of Sousa; that Sousa had acknowledged that they were delivered to the steward in the same boxes, and, by his declaration, were proved to be in Colonel Callava's house.' The proof was therefore complete that the papers were in Colonel Callava's possession, and he was there called upon to deliver them: he was told that an officer would be sent with some one he should name, and bring the boxes; that he might open them in the presence of the Governor, and the papers specified surrendered.

"This was distinctly made known to Callava by me; and the Governor called upon Callava's friends, among whom was Mr. Innerarity, and who were acquainted with both languages, to explain it well. I was occasionally assisted by Mr. Rutledge, and every pains were taken that this part of the subject should be clearly explained. His answer proved that he did understand it. He repeated what he had said before, that he could not deliver the papers unless demanded of him as commissioner, or late Governor; that they could not be in his hands as a private individual; that he could not say whether they were in his possession or not; enforcing the same positions with a variety of other reasons, and of which I interpreted as much as I could; among them, he said, that he could only be tried by a tribunal de residencia, which, at first, I did not exactly comprehend, until explained by Mr. Innerarity, at my request, to mean a court specially appointed to try governors of provinces, etc., not amenable to the ordinary tribunals. The Governor, in the same manner, enforced his demand of the papers by a variety of reasons; he observed they were such papers as were contemplated by the second article of the treaty, which was read to him; that it was his duty to see, for the safety of the inhabitants and the protection of their rights, that all papers relating to the property of indi-

viduals should be left. The conversation, as is natural, was warm on both sides, and some expressions were softened by me in the interpretation, and others, tending only to irritate and provoke, omitted altogether. These were principally the appeals of Colonel Callava to the bystanders, which were frequent, loud, and inflammatory. And, on the part of the Governor, strong expressions against what he considered a combination between him and others to withdraw the evidences of the right of property required by individuals, which combination I understood, and so expressed it, to be between Colonel Callava, Sousa, and the steward Fullarat, but which seemed to excite some indignation, as he said, 'Souza is my domestic, my servant, he is nothing in this business.'

"The Governor did at one time remind him of the fact that the testamentary papers of Vidal had been, by his own decree, ordered to be restored to the office, whence, as he expressed it, 'they had been *stolen*.' As this expression had no allusion to Colonel Callava, and, as I was not particularly called upon to interpret it, I supplied its place by a milder term. I considered the expression as dictated by a high sense of the injustice said to have been done the heirs of Vidal in withholding the papers, and as expressive of astonishment that Colonel Callava, who had compelled the restoration of those very papers to the office whence they had been taken, should think of carrying them out of the country after he had obtained possession of them. In the course of these remarks the Governor reminded Colonel Cavalla of his having promised to deliver the papers if found in the boxes. Here Colonel Callava exclaimed, 'It is false!' meaning that he had never made any such promise, but which was mistaken by the bystanders. I stated that Colonel Callava denied the promise, and that it was possible that I might have misunderstood him, which drew from the Governor an expression of displeasure. In a strong tone of voice he asked, 'Why then, sir, were you not more cautious?' Words which proceeded only from the irritation of the moment, while he was almost sinking with fatigue; it was then midnight, and he had been sitting, with scarcely any interval, from ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon. After the lapse of two hours the Governor rose from his seat, and called upon me distinctly to state that Colonel Callava must deliver the papers, or abide by the consequences; he, at the same time, called upon the friends of Colonel Callava who understood English to explain to him his situation. It was fully explained to him. This was several times repeated, and at length a blank commitment, which had been prepared in case of necessity, was signed, and Colonel Callava committed to prison."

The Spanish officers who witnessed this extraordinary scene were amazed at the demeanor of the Governor—as well they might be. "The Governor, Don Andrew Jackson,"

wrote one of them, "with turbulent and violent actions, with disjointed reasonings, blows on the table, his mouth foaming, and possessed with the furies, told the Spanish commissary to deliver the papers as a private individual ; and the Spanish commissary, with the most forcible expressions, answered him that he (the commissary) did not resist the delivery of papers, because he still did not know what papers were demanded of him ; that, as soon as he could know it, if they were to be delivered, he would deliver them most cheerfully ; and that, if papers were demanded of him which he ought not to deliver, he would resist it by the regular and prescribed means ; that all these questions were not put to him in writing ; that his answers were the same as he had given to every interrogatory which had been put to him, because he was not permitted to write in his own defense ; and also, that he would answer for the future consistency of it, as well as what had been asked of him, and all that had been done to him ; that he wished for this protection of the law to every man ; and that he would never yield.

"The Governor, Don Andrew Jackson, furious, did not permit the interpreter to translate what the Spanish commissary answered, that the bystanders, it appears, might not understand it ; and the interpreter made such short translations that what the Spanish commissary took two minutes to explain he reduced to only two words ; and that, when the Governor gave him time enough, (as has been since related by various persons who spoke both languages), of what the Spanish commissary said, not even half was interpreted, and that little not faithfully. Lastly, the Governor, Don Andrew Jackson, after having insulted the Spanish commissary with atrocious words, took out an order, already written, and made the interpreter read it, and it contained the order for his imprisonment.

"The Spanish commissary said that he obeyed it, but asked if the Governor, Don Andrew Jackson, was not afraid to put in execution deeds so unjust against a man like him ; and, rising to his feet, he addressed himself to the secretary, whom

the Governor kept on his right hand, and said, in a loud voice, that he protested solemnly, before the government of the United States, against the author of the violations of justice against his person and public character.

“The Governor, Don Andrew Jackson, answered to the protest that for his actions he was responsible to no other than to his government, and that it was of little importance to him whatever might be the result, and that he might even protest before God himself.”

SCENE IX.—After midnight. An unenclosed place in Pensacola, with a narrow, low, small brick building in the midst thereof, similar in size and appearance to an old brick stable. This building was the calaboose. It had served, for some time, as a guard-house; giving shelter to twenty or thirty Spanish soldiers, whose occupation of it had not improved its appearance within or without. In short, the calaboose was as forlorn, dirty and uncomfortable an edifice as can be imagined. It contained two prisoners, Lieutenant Sousa and a young man from New Jersey, who had been arrested for shooting a snipe on the common, contrary to orders. Colonel Callava, his major domo, and all the Spanish officers in the town, escorted by Lieutenant Mountz and a file of American troops, arrive at the calaboose. All the Spaniards enter. Sentinels are posted outside.

Upon getting within the calaboose, Colonel Callava, who was really a good fellow, was seized with a sense of the ludicrousness of his situation, and communicated the same to his officers. Peals of laughter were heard within the calaboose. Clothes, chairs, cots, beds, were sent for and brought in, also a superabundant supply of provisions, including cigars, claret and champagne. There was a popping of corks and a gurgling of wine. There were songs, jokes, imitations of the fiery Governor, and great merriment. In short, Colonel Callava and his officers made a night of it.

SCENE X.—Very early the next morning. At the resi-

dence of Judge Fromentin. "My house," wrote the Judge to the Secretary of State, "was soon filled with people of all descriptions and languages," and all were clamoring for his interference in behalf of the imprisoned ex-Governor. But what could he do? How procure even a copy of the warrant upon which Callava had been arrested? In the course of the morning four Spanish gentlemen of the highest respectability, among whom were Innerarity and two Catholic priests, made a formal demand of a writ of habeas corpus for the deliverance of Callava. "Although," continued Judge Fromentin, "I do not believe a word of what is attempted to be laid in the charge of Colonel Callava, yet, in consequence of the state of agitation into which the whole country was thrown, I deemed it a duty under the discretionary power vested in all the judges, who have a right to grant the writ of habeas corpus, to require security, and I informed the friends of Colonel Callava who applied to me for the writ that I would, before setting Colonel Callava at liberty, require security for the production before me of the papers said to be in his possession. Security was offered to any amount. I mentioned forty thousand dollars; Colonel Callava himself in twenty thousand, and the two securities in ten thousand dollars each. Mr. Lama and Mr. Innerarity agreed to become securities. I then issued the writ and delivered it to be served on the officer who had the guard of the prison where Colonel Callava was confined."

That officer courteously received the writ, but observed that no notice would be taken of it. He handed the document to his superior officer, who conveyed it to Governor Jackson.

SCENE XI.—Office of General Jackson. Present, the General, the alcalde, and various American officers and citizens. The question now occurred, What next? Callava was in prison, Sousa was in prison, Fullarat was in prison; but the PAPERS were still in a sealed and corded box at Callava's house. Pensacola had, so far, been convulsed to no purpose. The learned alcalde then suggested that the next thing to do

was to send commissioners to the residence of Colonel Callava, take the papers out of the box, and bring them to the Governor. The suggestion was approved and adopted. The commissioners soon returned with the papers. The object of the Governor was accomplished.

The question again arose, What next? Obviously, the discharge of the prisoners. This proposal also met the Governor's approbation. The order for the discharge was written, signed, and about to be issued, when, what should the Governor receive but the writ of habeas corpus granted by Judge Fromentin! Fire and fury! Terrible was the wrath of General Jackson at this interference with his proceedings. The order for the discharge of the prisoners, however, was issued, and Callava was conducted to his house and released. Sousa, Fullarat and the snipe-shooter were also set free. With regard to Judge Fromentin, the General caused the following document to be drawn and served:

"Elijius Fromentin, Esq., will forthwith be and appear before me to show cause why he has attempted to interfere with my authority as Governor of the Floridas, exercising the powers of the Captain General and Intendant of the island of Cuba over the said provinces, and of the Governors of said provinces respectively; in my judicial capacity as supreme judge over the same, and as chancellor thereof, having committed certain individuals, charged with a combination to secrete, and of having attempted to secrete, and carry out of the territories ceded to the United States, the evidence of individual right to property within the said territories, which has been secured to each individual under the second article of the late treaty with Spain, and in open contempt of the orders and decrees made by me. And that the said Elijius Fromentin, Esq., be and appear before me, at my office, at five o'clock P. M., in Pensacola, to make known the above cause, and to abide by and perform such order and decree as the undersigned may of right deem proper to make of and concerning the same."

SCENE XII.—Judge Fromentin did not appear at the office of General Jackson at five P. M., but sent an excuse to the effect that he was suffering under so severe an attack of rheumatism that he could not walk. He waited, during the evening, in momentary expectation of being carried away to the calaboose by a file of soldiers. That felicity was denied him, however, and he slept undisturbed.

“The next day,” says Judge Fromentin in his official narrative, “about noon, Colonel Walton returned, and observed that both the General and myself must be desirous of making a report of this affair to the government by the next mail ; that there was no time to be lost ; and that it was the General’s wish that I should call at his office the next day, in the morning. After the colonel had withdrawn, I reflected that the state of things was now somewhat different from what it was the day before ; a reason was assigned for my having an interview with the General, the force of which I felt ; and ultimately a longer resistance would only end in affording General Jackson the scandalous triumph of once more trampling upon the laws of his country. I determined to go there that very afternoon, and accordingly, at four o’clock P. M., I went to the office of General Jackson. The conversation, as you may suppose, was nearly all on one side, not unmixed with threats of what he said he had a right to do for my having dared to interfere with his authority. He asked me whether I would dare to issue a writ to be served upon the Captain General of the island of Cuba ? I told him, no ; but that if the case should require it, and I had the necessary jurisdiction, I would issue one to be served upon the President of the United States. Ultimately, he wished to know the names of the persons who had applied for the writ of *habeas corpus*. I unhesitatingly told them to him. Then he wished to know whether they had made the usual affidavit, stating that they had been refused a copy of the warrant upon which Colonel Callava was confined. I told him, no ; that the application to me was a verbal one. General Jackson then required me to sign what I had just declared ; I told him I was

ready to do it, and I did it accordingly ; Dr. Bronaugh, who was present at the conversation, having reduced that part of it to writing. Much more was said by the General respecting the extent of his powers, the happy selection made of him by the President, the hope that no living man should ever in future be clothed with such extraordinary authority. How fortunate it was for the poor that a man of his feelings had been placed at the head of the government, etc., etc., etc., etc., the whole intermixed with, or rather consisting altogether of the most extravagant praises of himself, and the most savage and unmerited abuse of Colonel Callava, and of myself for doing my duty in attempting to set him at liberty. The first time the authority of General Jackson is contested, I should not be surprised if, to all the pompous titles by him enumerated in his order to me, he should superadd that of grand inquisitor, and if, finding in my library many books formerly prohibited in Spain, and among others the Constitution of the United States, he should send me to the stake."

Other accounts represent this scene to have been an extremely stormy one. General Jackson himself says that he gave the Judge a "lecture" which he hoped he would remember ; and, in his dispatch to the Secretary of State, he denounces the hapless Judge in terms of unmeasured severity. "For poor Sousa and Fullarat," wrote the General, "Judge Fromentin seems to have had no bowels of compassion. They might have perished and rotted in prison before he would have stepped forward, with the sanction of his authority, for their deliverance. The fact was, they had no wealth or influence, and the Judge was not, consequently, clothed with the power to issue a writ of *habeas corpus* for their relief. Agreeably to his principles, the laws of the United States are only made for the punishment of the humble and penniless ; but whenever opposed to wealth and power they must either remain inoperative, or, if enforced, it must be done with great delicacy and respect. This course of proceeding may very well comport with the corrupt and inquisitorial system of former Spanish tribunals, but they are clearly and palpably

unjust, and merit the unqualified reprobation of every honest and intelligent American. I can assure you that, so far as I have been enabled to collect an expression of public sentiment relative to the conduct of Judge Fromentin, it has evidently rendered him so odious and contemptible that his name is only mentioned in genteel circles to be deprecated and despised. It is considered so flagrant and flagitious a departure from justice and propriety as seriously to impair his standing, and rather to produce disaffection than inspire respect and confidence in the American authorities in Florida.

* * * * *

“Elevated as he was, I had hoped that I should meet with a manly feeling and lofty integrity corresponding with his honorable station, but I sincerely regret to say that he has displayed a want of honesty and candor only becoming an apostate priest, and which is enough to suffuse the cheek of depravity itself with a blush. I may, perhaps, express my indignation upon this subject with too much freedom. If the language is harsh, I am willing to acknowledge that it does not altogether become me, but I am not convinced that it is not merited in its application.”

FINALE.—A few days after his liberation Colonel Callava left Florida for Washington, to protest against the indignity done him. Several of his officers who remained behind published a statement of the late proceedings ; in the course of which they said that “none of the interrogatories and highly offensive accusations of the General were faithfully interpreted to Colonel Callava, any more than the replies of the latter to the former. It was therefore out of the power of our chief, not knowing what was said to him, to make the auditory understand how innocent he was of the foul charges with which his unsullied honor was endeavored to be stained.” They also observed that they “shuddered” at the violent and tyrannical course of General Jackson.

Upon reading this statement, (which was, in fact, a reply

to one issued on the part of the Governor,) General Jackson published a proclamation to the following effect : "Whereas, the said publication is calculated to excite resistance to the existing government of the Floridas, and to disturb the harmony, peace, and good order of the same, as well as to weaken the allegiance enjoined by my proclamation, heretofore published, and entirely incompatible with any privileges which could have been extended to the said officers, even if permission had been expressly given to remain in the said province, and, under existing circumstances, a gross abuse of the lenity and indulgence heretofore extended to them :

"This is therefore to make known to the said officers to withdraw themselves, as they ought heretofore to have done, from the Floridas, agreeably to the said seventh article, on or before the third day of October next ; after which day, if they, or any of them, shall be found within the Floridas, all officers, civil and military, are hereby required to arrest and secure them, so that they may be brought before me, to be dealt with according to law, for contempt and disobedience of this my proclamation."

This proclamation allowed the officers four days in which to prepare for their departure. They sailed on the fourth day, leaving behind them for insertion in the *Floridian* another protest ; which, that paper refusing to publish, found its way into the columns of the *National Intelligencer*. "We are induced to obey the Governor's orders," said the banished officers, "neither by the terror of his prisons, nor by the dread of the many vexations which a judge so despotic as he has shown himself to be is capable to exercise against us—a judge glutting at every expense the vengeance excited in his breast by the firm and courageous manner with which our worthy superior, Don José Callava, maintained his own dignity, and treated with merited contempt his furious and inconceivable outrages."

They added that they left the province to assist Colonel Callava in getting before the world and the two governments

interested the whole truth respecting General Jackson's arbitrary and indecent conduct.

And so ended this comedy of much ado about less than nothing.

I say less than nothing. To be exact, I may add, one hundred and fifty-seven dollars less than nothing. For, upon a legal examination of the papers and evidence in the case of the heirs of Vidal against Forbes & Co., it appeared that the estate of the deceased Vidal, after the payment of all claims against it, was **indebted to the house of Forbes & Co. in the sum of one hundred and fifty-seven dollars!!!*

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE NEW HERMITAGE AND ITS INMATES.

HOME again on the 3d of November. The administration still sustained him—though Mr. Adams said afterwards to a friend, who repeated the remark to me, that he dreaded the arrival of a mail from Florida, not knowing what General Jackson might do next; and knowing well that whatever he might do the Secretary of State was the individual who would have to explain it away to the Spanish government.

“Since my arrival at home,” wrote General Jackson to Judge Brackenridge in November, “I have received a very friendly letter from Mr. Monroe, in which he has expressed his satisfaction in my having placed you in the office of alcalde; and from the manner he speaks of you, I have no doubt but he is disposed to extend to you any kindness in his gift,

* Documents relating to the misunderstanding between General Jackson and Judge Fromentin, p. 266. The same volume, which is a solid octavo of 325 pages, contains the whole story of the arrest of Callava, and all the correspondence relating to it.

as he speaks of your talents and merits as they deserve. By yesterday's mail from the East I received a letter from Mr. Adams, Secretary of State, accompanied with the Callava protest, Mr. Salmon's (Chargé des Affaires of Spain) letter to Mr. Adams, and Mr. Adams' letter to the minister of Spain in reply to Mr. Salmon, and a copy of a letter to Judge Fromentin, copies of which are herewith inclosed to Colonel Walton, with instructions to present them to you for your perusal. All things, you will see, are as they ought to be; and Judge Fromentin's jurisdiction explained to extend merely to the two acts of Congress extended over the Floridas, as I explained to him. His honor will find that his active and despicable conduct in aid of that base and unprincipled man Callava, will not elevate him in the view of the American nation, however it may have benefited his pockets. Mr. Adams' letter is just like himself—a bold, manly, and dignified refutation of falsehood, and justification of justice and moral rule. I know you will be pleased with it; and I would be pleased that Mr. Smith should see it and the letter to Judge Fromentin; it will have a good effect.”

The country judged the General's proceedings in Florida very leniently. Congress talked the matter over a little, annulled some of the Governor's acts, but did nothing worthy of particular record. The following is a sample of the comments of the press upon the banishment of the Spanish officers: “We feel,” said the *National Advocate*, a New York paper, “toward General Jackson all the respect and gratitude which his great and eminent services deserve; and, without the least disposition to cavil or find fault, we can not approve of the above proclamation any more than with the proceedings as to Colonel Callava. . . . What, then, has been the conduct of these officers? They have published a defense of their former commander, Colonel Callava, and under a government, and in a territory where the freedom of the press and of speech prevails; and for this they are prescribed, ordered to quit the territory, and if found in Florida after the 3d of October they are to be seized and brought before the American ‘Captain

General of Cuba,' and 'to be dealt with according to law.' We don't understand this new system of government, and can not conceive that there is danger in permitting these Spaniards to say what they think, or what they please."

The vast majority of the people, however, received the impression that General Jackson had only acted with his usual energy and promptitude, and that the pulling of one Spanish nose more or less was a consideration of very little importance.

Moreover, the public dispatches of General Jackson exhibited him in the always engaging light of a defender of the weak against the powerful. "I did believe," said he, in one of these documents, "and ever will believe, that just laws can make no distinction of privilege between the rich and the poor. And that, when men of high standing attempt to trample upon the rights of the weak they are the fittest objects for example and punishment. In general the great can protect themselves, but the poor and humble require the arm and the shield of the law. Colonel Callava's powers having ceased here with the surrender of the country, it was only a display, and so considered by me, of pompous arrogance and ignorance, in his claiming the privileges of diplomacy, which, in fact, he never possessed, and his powers having ceased, his commission accomplished, the pretension which he set up was an insult to the weakest understanding."

Seven persons in ten accepted this version of the facts, as General Jackson himself did.

It is not the business of the biographer to comment upon the acts of his subject, though he may do so if he will. Every reader perceives that the conduct of General Jackson in this affair was well-intentioned, hasty and wrong. As a soldier, he should have respected the honorable scruples of Lieutenant Sousa, and applied respectfully to Colonel Callava for the papers which Colonel Callava alone could lawfully deliver. He should have been patient with the respectable Callava, and allowed time for him to comprehend what was required. Even in the last extremity, he should have forborne to put so

oss an indignity upon an honorable soldier and worthy gentleman as to thrust him into the place appointed for the safe-keeping of felons. If arrest was necessary, how easy to convey him to his own house. It is evident that Colonel Callava had no ill intention in retaining the Vidal papers, but was resting with willingness to give them up, if they proved to be of the character attributed to them. Vidal had been a Spanish officer and, consequently, the papers relating to his estate were placed with those of the military tribunal, and either Sousa nor Callava had the slightest interest in keeping concealing them. The papers, as we have seen, proved to be valueless.

The real sinners in this business were Old Prejudice and Ironic Diarrhea. The prejudice of General Jackson against Spaniards was a thing of forty years' growth. He expected perfidy from a Spanish governor; and an expectation of that kind very easily becomes conviction. If you think a man is a horse-thief, you resent his looking at your stable. The disease, too, under which the governor labored is one which flames the temper and relaxes self-control, nourishes suspicion and kills charity. Nevertheless, after giving due weight to these extenuating circumstances, many readers will still think that General Jackson's treatment of Sousa, Callava, and Comentin was only saved from being atrocious by being ridiculous.

And now, patient reader, we have done with Florida; the affairs of which have cost me more labor than any other subject yet treated in these volumes.

General Jackson was fifty-four years of age when he returned home from Florida to spend the evening of his life among his neighbors on the banks of the Cumberland. He had already lived, as it were, two lives. He had first assisted to subdue the western wilderness, and then taken the lead in tending it. He had first broken the power of the southern Indians, and then, by a series of treaties, regulated the terms on which they were to live in neighborhood with the conquering race. He had first won by his diligence and skill a

fair private estate, and then acquired, by his valor and conduct in war, national renown and intense popularity. He might well think that he had done his part, had borne his share of private and public burdens, and might now, with impaired health and strength, sit down under his own vine and fig tree and rest.

That such was his sincere desire and real intention there are sufficient reasons to believe. Civil service he appears always to have accepted unwillingly, and resigned gladly. Nothing but a summons to the field ever completely overcame his reluctance to leave his happy home ; and now that the aspect of the world was such as to promise a lasting peace to his country, he had, doubtless, no thought but to pass his remaining days in the pleasant labors of his farm and the tranquil enjoyment of his home.

A far different lot awaited him. His life, we may almost say, was yet to begin ; these fifty-four years that we have reviewed being but preliminary to the important events yet to occur, in which he was to play the most conspicuous part. A brief interval of repose, however, was granted him. Let us avail ourselves of this to look in upon his home, to glance at its surrounding scenes, to renew our acquaintance with some of its inmates, and form an acquaintance with others. In doing this we need not trammel ourselves with dates, but take a general view of the home-life of our hero from about the year 1819 to 1825.

The new Hermitage has been built ; a grand mansion for that day, much the most imposing private residence in the vicinity. It was begun in the summer of 1819, when the General returned from the Seminole war, sick, and, as he supposed, not long for this world. Major Lewis tells me that he rode out to the Hermitage one day soon after General Jackson began to get about after his severe illness. With slow and faltering steps, leaning heavily on his stick, the General took him to the site selected for the new residence—a very level spot in a large flat field, near the old block-house. Ma-

jor Lewis recommended another site slightly elevated above the almost prairie-like level of the farm.

"No, major," said the General, "Mrs. Jackson chose this spot, and she shall have her wish. I am going to build this house for *her*. I don't expect to live in it myself."

And there the house was built. Let us go and see it. We must start from Nashville, eleven miles and a quarter from the Hermitage—Nashville, to which the General used in those years to ride in a carriage drawn by four handsome iron-grey horses, attended by servants in blue livery with brass buttons, glazed hats, and silver bands. "A very big man, sir," remarked one of the aged waiters of the City Hotel of Nashville. "We had many big men, sir, in Nashville at that time, but General Jackson was the biggest man of them all. I knew the General, sir; but he always had so many people around him when he came to town that it was not often I could get a chance to say anything to him. He didn't used to put up at our house. No, sir; the old Nashville Inn was General Jackson's house. He was a mighty quick man, sir; used to step around lively." Thus, Washington, for thirty-five years waiter in the City Hotel.

Pleasant Nashville! Unconnected, until within these few years, with the railway systems either of the North or of the South, Nashville has grown comparatively unobserved, from the cluster of log-houses which Mr. Astronomer Baily found on the banks of the Cumberland in 1797, to be one of the most vigorous and beautiful cities of the Southwest.

North Carolina is the Massachusetts of the South, without a Boston. Tennessee is the Pennsylvania of the South, with a Philadelphia.

As the stranger rides in the slow Chattanooga cars from the southern border of Tennessee towards its capital, he finds it difficult to believe at times that he is not traveling in Pennsylvania. The "lay" of the land, the Alleghany-like mountains, the clear rippling streams, the long trains of coal-cars, the hard-wood forests, the prevalence of wheat and corn

over cotton, all remind him of the Key-stone State. Only the villages are not Pennsylvanian. The villages of Tennessee, as of all the Southern States, are few, small, scattered, shadeless, and to the northern eye desolate and forlorn looking beyond description. Nashville, however, is curiously Philadelphian. The brick pavements, the huge, square, old family mansions of the same material, the unpretending solidity of the place, the markets, the stores, all have a Philadelphian air. And lo ! here is "Vine street," "Race street," "Cherry street," "Broad street," all Philadelphia names. Cincinnati itself is scarcely more Philadelphian than Nashville. Indeed, all the western cities that sprung into existence while Philadelphia was the metropolis of the country copied the peculiarities of the mother city, and exhibit them to this day. Boston, too, stamped her features upon many cities of the North. And of late years, New York, slatternly and splendid, magnificent and unclean, has had a numerous progeny of towns which reflect or caricature their mother's image.

Pleasant Nashville ! Its situation is superb. A gently undulating, fertile valley, fifteen or twenty miles across, quite encircled by hills. Through this panoramic vale winds the ever-winding Cumberland, a somewhat swiftly-flowing stream, about as wide as the Hudson at Albany. The banks are of that abrupt ascent which suggested the name of bluffs, high enough to lift the country above the reach of the marvelous rises of the river, but not so high as to render it too difficult of access. In the middle of this valley, half a mile from the banks of the stream, is a high, steep hill, the summit of which, just large enough for the purpose, would have been crowned with a castle if the river had been the Rhine instead of the Cumberland. Upon this hill stands the capitol of the State of Tennessee, the most elegant, correct, convenient and genuine public building in the United States, a conspicuous testimonial of the wealth, taste and liberality of the State, and a worthy monument of the architect, Strickland, whose remains, by his own request, are inclosed within its marble walls, sealed hermetically in a cavity left for the purpose.

“Circumspice !” From the cupola of this edifice the stranger, delighted and surprised, looks down upon the city of Nashville, packed between this capitol-crowned hill and the coiling Cumberland, looks around upon the panoramic valley, dotted with villas and villages, smiling with fields, and fringed with distant, dark, forest-covered mountains. And there is one still living who was born in that valley when it was death from the rifle of a savage to go unattended to drink from a spring an eighth of a mile from the settlement.

Pleasant Nashville ! It was laid out in the good old English, southern manner. First, a spacious square for court-house and market, lined now with stores so solid and elegant that they would not look out of place in the business streets of New York, whose stores are palaces. From the sides and angles of this square, which is the broad back of a huge underground rock, run the principal streets—and there is your town.

Saturday is the great day at Nashville. It has been a custom from the early days of the settlement for the planters to come to town on the last day of the week, whether for business or for recreation. Then the great square is a busy scene indeed. The market-house, in the midst thereof, deserted on other days because market is over before breakfast, is filled on Saturdays with buyers and sellers. Long rows of produce-wagons, hay-wagons, wood-wagons, tangled strings of mules ; groups of laughing negroes ; here, an auctioneer roaring the praises of a horse ; there, a knot of burly planters in high riding boots well splashed with mud ; there, a town lawyer held by the button by a huge client from the country, anxiety depicted only on the lawyer’s face, for his office is full of country clients awaiting his return ; a crowd around the court-house door ; the stores filled with customers. Along the pavements flit elegantly dressed ladies, looking extremely like their elegantly dressed sisters on this side of the mountains. Occasionally may be seen an ancient, faded, family coach, a relic of old grandeur, of the days when country gentlemen drove to town in chariots and four, and the four had

as much as they could do to draw the lumbering vehicle through the mud.

Those healthy-looking, sturdy, fully-developed farmers of western Tennessee—what a pleasure to look at them ! It is nothing uncommon to see a ruddy old boy of eighty riding along to town, erect and blithe, who would pass for fifty-eight in New York. As a rule, the northern visitor must to the apparent age of Tennesseans add ten years, in order to arrive at their real age. “Old Hannah,” for example, whose care of the chickens at the Hermitage General Jackson extols, is now sixty-seven years of age, and she appears to be still in the very prime of her vigor. She strode about the Hermitage farm with us on a chilly wet day in February, bare-headed, with a spring in her step that belongs to thirty-five. When informed of her age, I stared incredulous.

Pleasant Nashville ! The wealth of Nashville is of the genuine, slowly-formed description, that does not take to itself wings and fly away just when it is wanted most. It came out of that fertile soil which seems to combine the good qualities of the prairie with the lasting strength of forest land. Those roomy square brick mansions are well filled with furniture the opposite of gimcrack, and if the sideboards do not “groan” under the weight of the silver plate upon them, the fact is to be set down to the credit of the sideboards. Where but eighty years ago the warwhoop startled mothers putting their children to bed, the stranger, strolling abroad in the evening, pauses to listen to operatic arias, fresh from Italy, sung with much of the power and more than the taste of a prima donna. Within, mothers may be caught in the act of helping their daughters write Italian exercises, or hearing them recite French verbs. Society is lighted with gas, and sits dazzling in the glorious blaze of bituminous coal, and catches glimpses of itself in mirrors capable of full length portraitures. Better than such things as these—the schools are equal to those of the northern cities.

In all Nashville, there is but one object that reminds the traveler that he is in a city of the South. It is a little silver

plate upon the front of a large house that looks like a private bank, and upon the little silver plate are three little words, meaning much. They are: "NEGROES FOR SALE." There is not another sign of the peculiar institution to be observed in the place.

Sunday is the great day to colored Nashville, and particularly Sunday afternoon, when the slave women come out in the largest hoops that ever encircled the female form in any part of the globe, and those hoops covered with silk dresses, black, flounced, voluminous and long. The men delight in broad-cloth of reverend black, upon which the gold chains, with gold watches at one end of them, show to advantage. In well-built churches of their own, the slaves assemble in great crowds, and conduct their meetings with dignity and pathos. There is, of course, some grotesque gesticulation and some frantic shouting. But these are indulged in, as in white congregations, only by a very few half-sincere, very ignorant members, who ought to be authoritatively shut up and powerfully held down, whether white or black. Shall I ever forget the lame Stentor who, with voice not less melodious than powerful, in a manner not less tasteful than sincere, rolled out, Carl Formes like, "I would not live alway;" the rest of the congregation gradually ceasing to sing, that they might make the hymn a solo? Shall I ever forget the well-grown, erect, and stalwart African whose discourse was essentially this, "Religion is honesty?" Never. Nor the yellow damsel in flounced black silk and white kids, who flung aloft her two snow-ball hands, exclaiming, that the article wanted in Nashville was "real *old-fashioned* religion." They conduct their meetings quite in their own way, it appears, and are by no means kept strictly to the rule which requires them to be at home by nine o'clock.

The old sports, it seems, are still occasionally pursued in the vicinity of Nashville. Within the last four or five years there was a cock-fight of unexampled proportions. Tennessee and South Carolina against Georgia and Alabama. Two hundred of the warlike birds were brought to the ground.

There were fifty fights. The winning States received five thousand dollars, and the affair lasted three or four days. Two hundred writs, however, were issued for the arrest of the sportsmen; and, though the leaders escaped, a large number of the participants were fined. The sport is looked upon by nine-tenths of the people as infamous and absurd.

But really, at this rate of progress, we shall be long in getting to the Hermitage.

The country between Nashville and the Hermitage is more pleasing to the eye of a farmer than to that of the scenery hunter. Fields nearly level, or slightly rolling—very large fields compared with those of the North,—fine groves and forests of hard wood, creeks flowing through deep ravines into the Cumberland; the Cumberland not visible, but its course indicated by the contour of the bluffs; only an occasional field of cotton, with its low black stubble tufted with white, to remind the visitor that he is not in the agricultural regions of Pennsylvania.

Seven miles from Nashville we rumble across the old covered bridge of Stone's river, and come in sight of the block-house where Jackson and Coffee kept their store, and contracted for the building of Burr's boats—a pile without inhabitant now, to ruin running, a specter of a house in a large field. Near by is Clover Bottom, where John Donelson encamped and planted corn, and lost his crop by an overflow of the Cumberland; where, too, General Jackson ran his horses, and strode tremendous to the rescue of Patton Anderson, wading knee-deep in dinner.

Soon we reach the Hermitage farm, a thousand acres in extent; four hundred cleared and cultivated; the rest forest—thick, lofty, luxuriant; only less so than the forests of western New York or Ohio. No mansion yet in sight, however. What is this minute edifice of brick, too small for a school-house, too desolate for a lodge? That is the Presbyterian Church which General Jackson built for the solace of his wife, soon after she joined the Church; and a solace indeed it was to the good lady, and to her religious friends

in the neighborhood. It stands quite alone in a lane, out of sight of the Hermitage.

Now we leave the turnpike and turn into a private road, straight, narrow, a quarter of a mile long, the land on both sides a dead level. We come to a low iron gate in a white wooden frame, which admits us to an avenue of young cedars, ending in a grove, through which a guitar-shaped lawn is visible. But still no house. Not till the carriage begins to wind about the lawn, within a very few yards of the front door, does the mansion disclose itself to view—so level is the land, so dense the surrounding evergreen foliage. We alight, at length, on the stone steps of the piazza, and the Hermitage is before us.

It is not a very spacious building, and very far indeed from being an elegant one. A two-story brick house, with a double piazza, both in front and in the rear; the piazza wooden and painted white, supported by thick grooved pillars of the same material and color. The floors of the lower piazza are of stone, and each end terminates in a wing of the house. Just behind the edifice is a large garden, with pebbled paths, and beds bordered with bricks. The rooms are lofty, rather small, and plainly furnished. The parlors are hung with portraits of the General and his friends, Coffee, Bronaugh, Gadsden, Eaton, and others. There is a portrait of Mrs. Jackson in white satin, topaz jewelry, low neck and short sleeves; fat, forty, but not fair. In the hall are busts of Edward Livingston, Mr. Cass, and Levi Woodbury.

One would have expected to find the stables of such a lover of horses extensive and commodious; but they are neither. One building of unhewn logs, with stalls for nine or ten horses, and another still smaller for the shelter of the huge family coach, are all the out-buildings that now remain. The negro cabins, some of logs and a few of brick, are scattered about the farm, instead of forming a compact little street, as is often the case on large plantations.

General Jackson, as we have mentioned before, was a vigi-

lant and successful farmer. His tastes and habits were simple and farmer-like, as are those of southerners generally. The visitor is constantly reminded, in the southern States, that he is in a region where the ruling interest is agriculture, where the *élite* of the people are farmers. Cotton, the staple product, is also the staple topic, and all life has the farm-house flavor and tone. A certain primitive simplicity pervades every thing. To go southward is to make a journey into the past. Travel twenty-four hours into the southern States, and then get ten miles away from the railroad, and you have arrived at Sixty-Years-Ago. You are handling the implements, you are enjoying the usages, you are contemplating the cast of character, you are eating the viands, you are sitting in the fire-places, you are snuffing the candles, of the year 1790. Often, too, you will have the heart-felt satisfaction of observing, particularly in North Carolina and Tennessee, that along with the primitive manners and customs of another age have been preserved the primitive health, feelings, and virtues—a certain hearty, honest, homely dignity of character which we have heard our great-grandfathers possessed. Every thing is done slowly at the South, and people have time to live, to grow fat, and to grow old. Even General Jackson, a marvelously active man for the South, was never an early riser when at home. He sat down to breakfast between eight and nine ; and, after dinner, he and his wife took a leisurely and dignified pull at their reed pipes.

Can we recall the group that used to gather round that fireside and listen to Aunt Rachel's stories after dinner ? There sits the General in his rocking-chair, tranquilly smoking, tranquilly listening, occasionally laughing at his wife's quaint narratives, and sometimes, when the tale threatens to be too long, taking it out of her mouth, and giving it a summary graceful finish. The "two Andrews" have outgrown the possibility of sharing the General's chair. Andrew, the adopted, is a stout boy of eleven, as much indulged as ever. Andrew Jackson Donelson has graduated with honor at West Point, and is now a fine young officer of the engineer corps.

“Lieutenant Donelson,” says the General in one of his letters of 1821, “is young, but I trust you will find him modest and unassuming ; possessing as good an education as any of his age in America ; of good, moral habits, and entirely clear of all the dissipations too common to the youth of the modern day.”*

To show the tender affection felt by General Jackson for the young relatives of his wife, I will transcribe part of another letter, in which he communicates to a friend the sudden death of one of the Donelson youths. “The news,” he says, “was a shock to my feelings. On these children I had built my hopes of happiness in my declining days. They have, somehow, always appeared as my own. How fleeting sublunary things, and how little ought they really to be estimated. He is gone—how I regret his suffering and want of medical aid. But if he is gone, he has left us this pleasing consolation, that he has not left a stain or blemish behind ever to bring a blush in the cheek of his surviving friends. They can reflect on him with pleasure, while they regret his untimely exit. Prepare the mind of his tender mother for the shock before you communicate it, and keep from her knowledge, for the present, that he wanted for any thing in his illness.”†

Besides the young gentlemen, there was always a young niece or two of Mrs. Jackson living at the Hermitage. They could easily please the General with their music. Two songs especially always delighted him, *Auld Lang Syne* and *Scots wha ha’ wi’ Wallace bled*. When ladies asked him to write something in their albums, he was as likely to write “When I can read my title clear” as any thing else.

The spare rooms of the Hermitage were not often unoccupied. General Coffee came occasionally to visit his old commander. Major Eaton, of the Senate, was frequently there, a portly man, devoted to General Jackson, whose life he had just written. Major Eaton and Major Lewis were brothers-

* Autograph Collection of H. C. Van Schaack, of Manlius, N. Y.

† MSS. of Historical Society of Tennessee.

in-law, both having married wards of General Jackson. The General, therefore, looked upon them both almost as sons-in-law, as well as tried friends and comrades. Dr. Bronaugh, the General's military surgeon, a high-spirited Virginian, a stickler for the code of honor, heartily believing in the pistol as the great social regulator, and always prompt to act in accordance with that faith, was a frequent visitor. Colonel Robert Butler, a somewhat haughty soldier of the old school, Captain Call, also a devotee of the pistol, Captain Gadsden, Colonel Hayne (brother of the Senator replied to by Webster), Judge Overton, General Carroll, General Sam Houston, Captain John Donelson and his sons, were always welcome. The clerical friends of Mrs. Jackson were entertained at the Hermitage with a peculiar warmth of hospitality. Indeed, clergymen of all denominations were welcomed there at all times, and treated with the most marked distinction. Mr. Earl, an artist, often commissioned to paint General Jackson's portrait, became at length a member of his household; and having employed the last twelve years of his life in continually painting the General's portrait, died at the Hermitage, and was buried in the garden beside the General's own tomb. "In memory of R. E. W. Earl, Artist, Friend and Companion of General Jackson, who died at the Hermitage, 16th Sept., 1837," is the inscription on his tombstone.

Another friend of General Jackson, a frequent visitor at the Hermitage in these years, demands a passing notice—Henry Lee, the son of General Henry Lee of the Revolution. Henry Lee, in the prime of his years, fell into the greatest of human calamities, the commission of a crime. His offense, though of the deepest dye and utterly inexcusable, was one which a man may once commit and yet not be wholly base. The sister of his own wife, an inmate of his own house, residing there in double trust, was the participant of his fault. The seducer fled from the indignation of his neighbors, and went, ruined but repentant, to General Jackson, under whom he had served in the war of 1812. For his father's sake, and believing also in the sincerity of his contrition, and giving due

weight to certain extenuating circumstances, General Jackson received him to his house for a while, and remained his fast friend and benefactor to the close of his life. He employed his masterly pen in the preparation of his public papers, and afterwards gave him office, not heeding senatorial opposition. Major Lee wrote some striking works, began a life of General Jackson, and has a place in catalogues and literary cyclopædias. It is probable that the memorial of General Jackson to the Senate in defense of his conduct in the Seminole war was the composition of Henry Lee. Many of the General's campaign letters and other political papers were doubtless "copied" by him before they met the public eye.

After the war of 1812 General Jackson was never seen at the cock-pit, and seldom on the race ground, though his love of horses was a love that never grew cold.

He was no great reader of books. His library at the Hermitage consists chiefly of presentation copies and the biblical commentaries so eagerly read by the General at a later day. He was always a devourer of newspapers, however, and was particularly fond of hearing an eloquent speech read aloud in the family circle. In earlier years he had been a warm admirer of the eloquence of Henry Clay. He once declared with peculiar emphasis that it was the perusal of Mr. Clay's speech against the recharter of the United States Bank, in 1811, that convinced him of the unconstitutionality and impolicy of a national bank. The later speeches of Mr. Clay in favor of the bank, we are well aware, could not shake the convictions of 1811. Mr. Calhoun's war speeches were keenly relished by the General, as were the diplomatic dispatches of Mr. John Quincy Adams. Monroe, Calhoun, Adams, and De Witt Clinton were the public men who stood highest in his regard at this period.

The conversation of General Jackson, when at home among his familiar friends, related chiefly to the warlike exploits of himself and his companions. Revolutionary anecdotes, of which his old friend, General Overton, had a large stock, were particularly pleasing to him, and he was fond of

telling over the story of his own boyish adventures during that contest. In speaking of the defense of New Orleans, he usually attributed his success to the direct interposition of Providence in support of the weak against the strong.

A little scene that occurred at the Hermitage table, as described to me by a lady who witnessed it, may serve to illustrate the curious blending of the Presbyterian with the soldier and man of the world, sometimes exhibited in General Jackson's behavior. After his wife had joined the church, the general, in deference to her wishes, was accustomed to ask a blessing before meals. The company had sat down at the table one day, when the General was telling a warlike story with great animation, interlarding his discourse, as was then his custom, with a profusion of expletives most heterodox and profane. In the full tide of his narration the lady of the house interrupted her lord, "Mr. Jackson, will you ask a blessing?" Mr. Jackson stopped short in the midst of one of his most soldier-like sentences, performed the duty required of him, and then instantly resumed his narrative in the same tone and language as before. If it were admissible to give here the exact words of the interrupted sentence, with the grace in the midst thereof, this would be a capital story. The reader can imagine it, however.

Another kind informant gave me a glimpse of the General, of peculiar interest. We have before had occasion to mention the name of Parson Craighead, a noted Presbyterian clergyman, long a resident of Nashville, a lover of the family at the Hermitage. It was Parson Craighead who, on that Sunday morning when the citizens of Nashville were assembled in town meeting to discuss the massacre at Fort Mims, eloquently harangued the multitude, urging them to fly to the rescue of their fellow-citizens in the south. During the Creek war that followed, Parson Craighead gave to General Jackson the support of his eloquence and influence. Years after, the patriotic clergyman incurred the disapproval of a portion of his brethren, and was, at length, openly and formally accused of heresy. An evening was appointed for the investigation

of the charge. General Jackson, Mrs. Jackson, and a lady of their household were in prompt attendance to stand by their friend in his time of trouble.

At nine o'clock in the evening the parson rose to reply to the accusation, or, rather, to state fully and precisely what his opinions were, and to show that they accorded with the writings recognized by the church as authoritative. His address was, perhaps, the longest, and, to a man like General Jackson, certainly the least interesting ever delivered in Tennessee. After the first hour, the large congregation began so rapidly to melt away that, by eleven o'clock, there were not fifty persons in the church. The eager parson, however, kept sturdily on stating his points and arranging his texts, regardless of the emptying pews; for there sat General Jackson in the middle of the church, bolt upright, with his eyes intently fixed upon the speaker. Midnight arrived. There were then just four persons in the church—the party from the Hermitage, and the lady to whom the reader is indebted for this story. The General still listened with a look of such rapt attention, that he seemed to produce upon the speaker the effect of a large assembly. “I was dying to go,” said my informant, “but I was ashamed to be outdone by General Jackson, who was more fit to be in bed than any one who had been present, and so I resolved to stay as long as he did, if I dropped asleep upon the floor.” The parson wound up his discourse just as the clock struck one. General Jackson went up to him as he descended from the pulpit, and congratulated him heartily upon his triumphant vindication.

“The General would have sat till daylight,” said the lady, “I saw it in his eye.”

Another small anecdote from the same friendly source. Whenever clergymen visited the Hermitage they were invited to perform family prayers. A certain Doctor of Divinity, of much consequence in his denomination, accompanied by his wife who felt that consequence, was the guest of the General on one occasion. Before the evening devotions began the wife of the General's overseer entered the apartment. Mrs.

Jackson rose and made room for her on the sofa upon which she had herself been sitting, and treated her with quite as much consideration as though she had been a lady of the first distinction. The wife of the Doctor of Divinity lifted her orthodox eyebrows at this proceeding, and addressed to the lady who sat next to her an inquiring stare. "Oh, yes," whispered the lady thus interrogated, "that is the way here; and if *she* had not done it, the General would." Then to prayers. An overseer, northern readers may not be aware, is regarded at the South as a person decidedly inferior in social rank to his employer.

There were grand doings at Nashville and at the Hermitage when, in the spring of 1825, the Marquis de Lafayette visited Tennessee. The Marquis came up the Cumberland in a steamboat, and was received by General Jackson and enthusiastic crowds of people at the Nashville levee. At the banquet given in honor of the nation's guest at Nashville General Jackson presided, and afterwards made the tour of Tennessee in his company. Of Lafayette's visit to the Hermitage we have, from the pen of M. Levasseur, his secretary, an account which is interesting, but French :

"At one o'clock," says M. Levasseur, "we embarked with a numerous company to proceed to dine with General Jackson, whose residence is a few miles up the river. We there found numbers of ladies and farmers from the neighborhood, whom Mrs. Jackson had invited to partake of the entertainment she had prepared for General Lafayette. The first thing that struck me on arriving at the General's was the simplicity of his house. Still somewhat influenced by my European habits, I asked myself if this could really be the dwelling of the most popular man in the United States, of him whom the country proclaimed one of her most illustrious defenders; of him, finally, who by the will of the people was on the point of becoming her Chief Magistrate. One of our fellow-passengers, a citizen of Nashville, witnessing my astonishment, asked me whether in France our public men, that is

to say, the servants of the public, lived very differently from other citizens ?

“ ‘Certainly,’ said I ; ‘thus, for example, the majority of our generals, all our ministers, and even the greater part of our subaltern administrators, would think themselves dishonored, and would not dare to receive any one at their houses, if they only possessed such a residence as this of Jackson’s ; and the modest dwellings of your illustrious chiefs of the revolution, Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, would only inspire them with contempt and disgust. They must first have in the city an immense and vast edifice, called a hotel, in which two large families could live with ease, but which they fill with a crowd of servants strangely and ridiculously dressed, and whose only employment, for the most part, is to insult those honest citizens who come on foot to visit their master. They must also have another large establishment in the country, which they call a chateau, and in which they accumulate all the luxuries of furniture, decorations, entertainments, and dress—in fact every thing that can make them forget the country. Then they must have, to enable them to go from one to the other of these habitations, a great number of carriages, horses, and servants.’

“ ‘Very well,’ interrupted the Tennessean, shaking his head as if in doubt, ‘but who provides these public officers with all the money thus swallowed up in luxury, and how do the affairs of the people go on?’

“ ‘If you ask them they will tell you that it is the King who pays them, although I can assure you that it is the nation, which is borne down by taxes for the purpose ; as to business, it is both well and badly attended to, but generally the latter.’

“ ‘And why do you submit to such a state of things?’

“ ‘Because we can not remedy it.’

“ ‘What ! you can not remedy it ? A nation so great, so enlightened as the French, can not prevent its officers, magistrates, and servants from enjoying, at their expense, a scandalous and immoral luxuriousness, and at the same time

not attending to their duties ! whilst we, who have just assumed our name among nations, are enjoying the immense advantage of only having for magistrates men who are plain, honest, laborious, and more jealous of our esteem than solicitous for wealth. Permit me to believe that what you have told is only pleasantry, and that you wished to amuse yourself for a moment with a poor Tennessean who has never visited Europe. But rest assured that, however ignorant we may be of what passes on the other side of the water, it is not easy to make us credit things which militate so strongly against good sense and the dignity of man.'

"Do what I could, I could never make this good citizen of Nashville believe that I was not jesting, and was obliged to leave him in the belief that we were not worse governed in France than in the United States.

"General Jackson successively showed us his garden and farm, which appeared to be well cultivated. We everywhere remarked the greatest order and most perfect neatness ; and we might have believed ourselves on the property of one of the richest and most skillful of the German farmers, if, at every step, our eyes had not been afflicted by the sad spectacle of slavery. Everybody told us that General Jackson's slaves were treated with the greatest humanity, and several persons assured us that it would not surprise them if, in a short time, their master, who already had so many claims on the gratitude of his fellow-citizens, should attempt to augment it still more by giving an example of gradual emancipation to Tennessee, which would be the more easily accomplished, as there are in this State but seventy-nine thousand slaves in a population of four hundred and twenty-three thousand, and from the public mind becoming more inclined than formerly to the abolition of slavery.

"On returning to the house some friends of General Jackson, who probably had not seen him for some time, begged him to show them the arms presented to him in honor of his achievements during the last war ; he acceded to their request with great politeness, and placed on a table a sword, a saber,

and a pair of pistols. The sword was presented to him by Congress ; the saber, I believe, by the army which fought under his command at New Orleans. These two weapons, of American manufacture, were remarkable for their finish, and still more so for the honorable inscriptions with which they were covered. But it was to the pistols that General Jackson wished more particularly to draw our attention ; he handed them to General Lafayette, and asked him if he recognized them. The latter, after examining them attentively for a few minutes, replied that he fully recollected them to be a pair he had presented, in 1778, to his paternal friend, Washington, and that he experienced a real satisfaction in finding them in the hands of one so worthy of possessing them. At these words the face of 'Old Hickory' was covered with a modest blush, and his eye sparkled as in a day of victory.

" ' Yes, I believe myself worthy of them,' exclaimed he, in pressing the pistols and Lafayette's hands to his breast ; ' if not from what I have done, at least for what I wished to do for my country.'

" All the bystanders applauded this noble confidence of the patriot hero, and were convinced that the weapons of Washington could not be in better hands than those of Jackson."

There is current in Nashville a curious story of the General, which, though it belongs to a later period, may be allowed a place here. When his adopted son Andrew had grown to manhood, the General established him upon a plantation near his own. Young Andrew, it appears, was of a very speculative turn ; prone to make costly experiments, and to embark in enterprises that promised largely, but did not fulfill their promise. It often happened, therefore, that the young speculator was embarrassed, and had long bills at the stores, which the General was accustomed in a quiet way to liquidate. A large quantity of wheat was once brought from the Hermitage to a store in Nashville for sale. As the operation had been superintended by young Andrew, the storekeeper jumped to the natural conclusion that the wheat

was his, and so placed the proceeds of the sale to his credit. As the long-standing account of the young gentleman was thus paid off, the merchant felicitated himself upon the transaction.

A few weeks after, General Jackson called to inquire about his wheat. Was it all right? How much did it measure? What was the amount realized? It was all right. It measured correctly. It realized so much.

"Very well," said General Jackson, "if it's no inconvenience to you, I'll take the money now."

"But, General," replied the merchant, with a long face, "we have a large amount on our books against your son, and supposing the wheat to be his we have given him credit for it."

"His? Nay, my dear sir, this wheat is my wheat—grew on my plantation. My son's crop was a failure."

The merchant was sufficiently acquainted with General Jackson to know that remonstrance would be worse than useless, and therefore counted out the money and gave it to the General, who put it into his pocket and buttoned his pocket up. After sitting awhile, the General rose to go. He stopped near the door, however, and said, taking out his pocket-book :

Well, Mr. M., I shan't want more than twenty dollars of this money. Here, place the rest to my son's credit."

He had, doubtless, meant to make that disposition of the money from the beginning, but did not relish its being done by others.

And yet another anecdote—the contribution of a lady well known to the people of Nashville. "My father once gave a dinner party to Mrs. —— (the daughter of Henry Clay), a visitor then at Nashville. Just as dinner was about to be announced who should arrive but the General and Mrs. Jackson ! My poor mother was in consternation, for the General's wrath against Mr. Clay was notorious. At length, seeing no other course, she went to General Jackson and frankly stated her dilemma.

“ ‘Madam,’ said the General, in his grandest style, ‘I shall be *delighted* to meet Mr. Clay’s daughter.’

“He entered the drawing-room and greeted the lady with peculiar warmth. He conducted her to the dining-room, sat beside her, and paid her the most marked attentions during the repast. The dinner passed off delightfully ; every lady present adoring General Jackson, and we grateful to him beyond measure.”

And, now, from the peaceful and pleasant scenes at Nashville and the Hermitage we must turn away for a while to follow the series of events which induced the Hermit to abandon his intention of passing there the remnant of his days, events which led him, ere long, to take up his abode in a mansion wherein happiness has never dwelt. Esteemed the goal of an honorable ambition, it turns out to be, when reached, a **PILLORY**.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

SIX RICHMONDS IN THE FIELD.

NINE times the country had survived a presidential election. Five Presidents had been chosen—Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe. Yet there had been but one evenly balanced, well-contested presidential campaign—that which ended in placing Thomas Jefferson at the head of affairs in 1801 ; an event so profoundly satisfactory to the people that it was followed by a comparative political calm of more than twenty years’ duration. During all that long period Jefferson and his Virginian pupils ruled. They conducted the country through a war with Great Britain. They annihilated the Federal party.

The Jeffersonian impulse, so to speak, appeared then to have spent its force. The older politicians, who came before the people invested with the sanctity of revolutionary asso-

ciations, were passing from the stage, and the second generation of public men had acquired experience and celebrity. Of these new men, all who could reasonably hope to reach the highest office were members of the same party, and professed similar opinions. There were latent divergencies between them, which time developed ; but these entered not into the canvass of 1824. That contest was to be decided on grounds partly sectional, chiefly personal. Men, not principles, were the subjects of controversy and the objects of exertion.

These presidential elections of ours, peculiar, unexampled, do certainly exhibit, to the wonder of onlookers, some painful and hideous phenomena. But, upon the whole, have they not been beneficial to us ? Along with much idle personality, and many revolting slanders, and much abominable perversion, there has been eager and able discussion of great principles. Presidential campaigns have doubtless aided to intellectualize the people ; doing for many of us what the discussion of knotty theological problems did for the people of earlier times. The distracting subject of slavery, for example, the agitation of which has been deemed an unmixed evil—does it not embrace all history, all natural history, all morals, all politics ? Could any thing so educate a people as the passionate discussion of a subject which involves the review of man's whole existence in this world, and the intense reconsideration of all that the experience of ages was supposed to have settled ? What an astounding fool a man must be who is no wiser, no more habituated to reflection from what he has heard, read and spoken on this topic during the last ten years ! The mental activity and moral sense which we acquire from the consideration of slavery the last generation drew from the agitation of questions relating to the nature of government.

The presidential campaign of 1824, however, was the least profitable one that ever occurred, because it was the one most exclusively personal. But it was far from being the least exciting. The long lull in the political firmament had given every one a keen desire for a renewal of the old excite-

ments, and there was everywhere an eager buzz of preparation. During the last three years of Mr. Monroe's second term the great topic of conversation throughout the country was, Who shall be our next President?

Six candidates were spoken of and paragraphed.

First, William Harris Crawford, of Georgia, Secretary of the Treasury. He was the heir apparent of the Virginian dynasty, and the "regular," the "caucus" candidate of the Republican party. Mr. Crawford, however, managed his affairs with no more skill than he had displayed in playing Cato in his pedagogic days. He was first precipitate, then foolish, lastly unfortunate. Mr. Monroe had scarcely been reelected, before the friends of Crawford in Georgia began an active and open canvass in his behalf, claiming that he alone in the cabinet was a pure Republican of the Jeffersonian school. The scheme was to unite in behalf of Crawford the southern interest with one of the large northern States—an old game now, then less familiar. New York gave the best promise to the friends of Crawford, a State supposed to be the political property of Martin Van Buren. Mr. Van Buren, then but beginning his senatorial career, had not yet acquired national celebrity, powerful as he was in his native State.

To nail Mr. Van Buren to his support Mr. Crawford hit upon a scheme that reminds us again of his histrionic performance. Mr. Joseph B. Cobb, of Georgia, the connection of Crawford's most trusted ally, has told the world* what this notable scheme was. "Crawford," says Mr. Cobb, "being at the head of a dominant and powerful party in Georgia, resolved upon a stroke of policy which, unseemly as it might and did appear even to his own friends, it was hoped might win to his support the great State of New York. This was none other than the nomination of Van Buren for the vice-presidency by the State of Georgia. The project was no sooner made known than carried out, for Crawford's wish was law to his party in that State. The nomination was made reluc-

* Leisure Labors, p. 209.

tantly by the Crawford party, and was received with laughter and ridicule by his old enemies and opponents in Georgia, the Clarkites. As an amusing illustration of this, when the next General Assembly of the State convened, the Clarkites, being in a decided minority, kept Van Buren as their standing candidate for all the lower order of appointments, with no other design than, by thus showing their contempt for the nomination, to annoy their sensitive opponents. There are many now living who may remember with a smile the description of tickets that were exhibited and read out on such occasions. They had Van Buren caricatured on them in every possible form. Sometimes it was a half man joined to a half cat, then half fox and half monkey, or half snake and half mink—all bearing some resemblance to the object of ungenerous and indecent satire. He was designated on them as ‘Blue Whisky Van,’ ‘Little Van,’ ‘Vice-President Van,’ and many other nicknames, far more disgraceful to the perpetrators than disparaging to Van Buren.”

Crawford, however, was a strong candidate. His strength lay in his being the predestined nominee of the congressional caucus, and there was no hope of beating him except by breaking down the caucus system. At the North he had little personal popularity. Party drill and Mr. Martin Van Buren were his main reliance in that quarter.

Next to Mr. Crawford the candidate most prominent was John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, Secretary of State. Beginning his public life a Federalist, Mr. Adams had gone over to the Republican party, and served it unflinchingly. During the presidency of Mr. Monroe the diplomatic department of the administration had been particularly prominent, and the correspondence of the Secretary of State with foreign powers had filled the newspapers, and given the country a high idea of the Secretary’s vigor, patriotism, and ability. Mr. Adams, so cold in temperament, so repulsive in manner, had justified General Jackson’s most doubtful actions with the warmth of magnanimity defending injured innocence. He shared the popularity of General Jackson in consequence,

and would have been, we are told, Tennessee's second choice for the presidency. He had in his favor the feeling that the North was fairly entitled to the next presidency, since it had only once been represented in the presidential chair.

To the caucus system he was opposed, of course. "It places the President," he wrote in 1819, "in a state of undue subserviency to the members of the legislature; which, connected with the other practice of reëlecting only once the same President, leads to a thousand corrupt cabals between the members of Congress and heads of departments, who are thus made, almost necessarily, rival pretenders to the succession. *The only possible chance for a head of a department to attain the presidency is by ingratiating himself with the members of Congress*; and as many of them have objects of their own to obtain, the temptation is immense to corrupt coalitions, and tends to make all the public offices objects of bargain and sale."

Are these remarks to be viewed in the light of a confession? Or, amid the scene of continuous and furious electioneering, was Mr. Adams alone a passive looker-on? Dr. Quincy answers the question; but, in so doing, contradicts Mr. Adams' assertion that no member of the cabinet could be elected President without ingratiating himself with the members of Congress. "Whilst these intrigues were progressing," says the biographer, "Mr. Adams was zealously and laboriously fulfilling his duties as Secretary of State, neither endeavoring himself, nor exciting his friends, to counteract these political movements, one of the chief objects of which was to defeat his chance for the presidency."

If Mr. Adams was passive, his friends were not so. He had great strength in New England, much in New York, some at the West, little at the South. All over the North and East his friends were zealous and confident, and nowhere more so than in New York. Mr. Van Buren will find it no easy task to bring the Empire State into line on this occasion.

Another candidate for the presidency was John C. Cal-

houn, of South Carolina, Secretary of War, then but forty-one years of age. The present generation knows little of this remarkable man, because it remembers only his later years ; when, disappointed and haggard, he lived among his peers, as Miss Martineau has it, "in intellectual isolation ;" the advocate of doctrines with which his age could not sympathize. He seemed, toward the close of his career, like a spectral statesman, gaunt and grim, coming out of the past to repeat to wondering ears the maxims of other ages.

How different he appeared in the earlier years of his public life ! "Calhoun," wrote William Wirt, in 1824, "is a most captivating man. If the Virginians knew him as well as I do, he would be as popular in Virginia as he is in South Carolina. His is the very character to strike a Virginian—ardent, generous, high-minded, brave, with a genius full of fire, energy and light—a devoted patriot, proud of his country, and prizing her glory above his life. I would turn him loose to make his way in Virginia against any other man in the United States, the ex-Presidents excepted. He wants only what age will give him to assure him, I think, the universal confidence of the nation. He is, at present, a little too sanguine, a little too rapid and tenacious ; but he is full of the kindest feelings and the most correct principles, and another presidential term will, I think, mellow him for the service of his country."*

And this warm admiration of the Carolinian was not confined to southern gentlemen. Judge Story of Massachusetts wrote of Mr. Calhoun in 1823 in a similar strain : "Few men of our country have more enlarged and liberal views of the true policy of our government. But his age, or rather his youth, at the present moment, is a formidable obstacle to his elevation to the chair. Sound policy would, in general, dictate that no man should be President under fifty years of age."† A strange remark to fall from a gentleman who was appointed to a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States in his thirty-third year !

* Kennedy's Life of Wirt, ii., 185. † Life and Letters of Judge Story, i., 426.

Mr. Calhoun came naturally enough by his Democratic principles. His father, Patrick Calhoun, a man of north-of-Ireland stock, one of the bravest of the brave, one of the toughest of the tough, told his son when he was but nine years of age, that "that government is best which allows the largest amount of individual liberty compatible with social order and tranquillity, and that the improvements in political science would be found to consist in throwing off many of the restraints then imposed by law, and deemed necessary to an organized society."* The boy remembered the lesson.

Educated at Yale, he left warm friends in New England, and learnt much from New England that he afterwards forgot. As early as 1820, he had adopted the cardinal EXCEPTION to his Democratic creed. "Your (equal rights) principles," said he to Mr. Adams in 1820, "are just and noble, *but* in the Southern country, whenever they are mentioned, they are always understood *as applying to white men*. Domestic labor is confined to the blacks; and such is the prejudice that, if I were to keep a white servant in my house, although I am the most popular man in my district, my character and reputation would be irretrievably ruined." Mr. Adams replied that this confounding the ideas of servitude and labor was one of the bad effects of slavery. Mr. Calhoun thought it was attended with many excellent consequences. "It did not apply to all sorts of labor; not, for example, to farming. He himself had often held the plough. So had his father. Manufacturing and mechanical labor was not degrading. It was only menial labor, the proper work of slaves. No white person could descend to that. And it was the best guarantee of equality among the whites. It produced an unvarying level among them. It not only did not excite, but did not admit of inequalities, by which one white man could domineer over another."†

Mr. Calhoun's hopes of reaching the presidential chair were founded, like those of Mr. Crawford, upon an expecta-

* Jenkin's Life of Calhoun, p. 23.

† Quincy's Life of John Quincy Adams, p. 197.

tion of winning to his support one of the great northern States. As Mr. Crawford depended chiefly upon New York, Mr. Calhoun relied most upon Pennsylvania. It was thought, too, by his friends that New England would cast many electoral votes for a man who was looked upon with peculiar pride by her young and aspiring scholars. His high reputation at college for diligence, talents and good morals was still remembered, and tutors pointed to him as an instance of youthful virtue meeting its just reward.

In South Carolina, then as always, his preëminence was unquestioned. His conduct as Secretary of War, during the administration of Mr. Monroe, was universally admired; and the more admired as, previous to his appointment, he had been looked upon as a scholar and reasoner, rather than a man of business. His industry and promptitude in dispatching the business of his department seems to have surprised even his own friends.

Henry Clay of Kentucky, long the Speaker and pride of the House of Representatives, was also a candidate. The great West had grown into importance at this time, and gave promise of the magnificent development it has since exhibited. No President, no Vice-President, no Secretary of State had yet been chosen from that part of the Union; and the time had now come, it was thought, when the States west of the Alleghanies should be represented in the highest office. Those States had borne the brunt, had won the victories, had reared the General of the war of 1812. Those States had shown peculiar and constant attachment to the principles of the Republican party. Would it not be a graceful and becoming act, a just and politic concession, to select from one of those young and patriotic States the candidate of the party in behalf of which they had fought as well as voted? Unquestionably it would, thought the lovers of Henry Clay, all of whose friends were lovers.

De Witt Clinton of New York, whose canal policy had given him national renown, while the name of its originator was unknown, was also frequently spoken of for the succes-

sion to Mr. Monroe. But he could not indulge hopes of being then elected, whatever his expectations of the future may have been. The field was preoccupied, the competitors were too numerous. A proud, aspiring, unpliant man, he could never have reached the highest place. He would not stoop to conquer. He was as unskilled in the arts of conciliation as he was destitute of the spirit of complaisance. He was a statesman without being a politician.

These candidates do not appear to have anticipated the serious proposal of Andrew Jackson for the coveted office. I see an occasional paragraph in the northern papers of 1822 and 1823, suggesting his name for the vice-presidency. The friends of Mr. Adams seem to have had a dream of that kind. But in computing their chances of success I do not believe that either Crawford, Adams, Calhoun, or Clay took into account the possible candidateship of General Jackson until the year 1823.

The starting of General Jackson as a competitor in the race was effected in such a remarkable manner that it may properly be the subject of another chapter.

APPENDIX.

THE CESSION OF FLORIDA.

THE following important letter from General Jackson to Major Eaton, (received too late for insertion in the proper place), shows that the administration in 1819 had serious thoughts of seizing Florida, and that General Jackson was disposed to annex Texas also. The unexplained delay of Spain to ratify the treaty of cession, signed at Washington, February 22, 1819, was the cause of these hostile feelings. See Chapter XLIII.

GENERAL JACKSON TO SENATOR EATON.

“HERMITAGE, December 28th, 1819.

“DEAR SIR: Having received a confidential communication from the Department of War which rendered it probable that I might be ordered to take the field, I found it necessary early this month to proceed to Florence to make some arrangements for such an event, from whence I returned on the 26th, where I found your letter of the 7th instant, for which I thank you.

“I am happy to find that on the Florida question the members of Congress begin to feel like Americans—and I hope by a firm and just course they will save our national character, and not only do justice to our citizens, but consult the safety of our country by seizing on such points as will give us a lasting security, as well as full indemnity to our citizens for losses sustained.

“I reciprocate the idea, and fully appreciate it—of abandoning all temporizing policy through fear of the Holy Alliance. It is time to be just to ourselves as well as to be just to others; to maintain our rights at all hazards—by which alone our nation will be respected abroad and we can enjoy a lasting peace with foreign powers. I deprecate the idea of waiting longer for explanation from unfaithful Spain. Can we receive a minister from that power under present circumstances without compromising in some degree our national character? Under the bad faith of Spain, as I believe, the only good explanation that can be given is from the mouth of *American*

cannon. Although I have long wished for retirement, and am doubtful whether my enfeebled constitution would bear me out in the attempt of leading another campaign, still, before I would see our growing Republic truckle to Spain, or the whole united European world, I would make the attempt and bury myself in defense of our national rights. And if my government orders it, will soon give an emphatic explanation to the infidelity of Spain by seizing again the strongholds in Florida. The national security and indemnity to our citizens for spoliation by Spain may require much more—the *key* to the commerce of the west ought to be ours—it is the Gibraltar* of the south-west, and if ever possessed by a maritime power will embargo the mouth of the Mississippi when *its possessor pleases*. By occupying the whole extent of Louisiana, it will aid our South American neighbors, and soon bring from Spain an explanation of her duplicity and perfidy to us that will be durable and lasting. These crude and hasty hints are alone for consideration and the decision of Congress. They are the guardians of the nation, and I hope will faithfully execute their trust.

“Ere this Doctor Bronaugh is with you, and my several letters, with my answer to the report of the committee of the Senate, will have been received. They will have taken such a direction as your wisdom dictated, with which I will be content. I had, upon the most mature reflection, deemed my answer the only proper course. If you have thought with me I will be gratified. I fear not investigation. I wish to be judged agreeable to facts, not falsehoods, and the mode proposed of presenting the letter to the President of the Senate with the documents—would (as I believe) never be read. I hope ere long to hear from you on this subject.

“In my late tour I had bad weather, was exposed in the whole of it, and feel the worse of my jaunt. Present me to Doctor Bronaugh and Captain Easter, if with you—I will write Doctor Bronaugh as soon as I have leisure. I am engaged perusing the lengthy trial of Colonel King, and preparing, if possible, to forward it to the Department by to-morrow’s mail. Present me to my worthy friend, Colonel G. Gibson, and all those who inquire for me. Your friends are all well here. Accept assurance of my friendship and esteem.

“ANDREW JACKSON.

“MAJOR J. H. EATON,

“Senator in Congress.”†

* “Giberalter” in the original.

† The original in the collection of Edward M. Thomas, Washington, D. C.

